The Ypsilantian

NINTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY. SEPT. 20, 1888. NUMBER 455.

DIRECTORIES.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

Baptist.

Washtenaw Association.

Church on Washington street, corner of Cross—Rev. J. L. Cheney, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:00; Sunday school at noon; prayer meeting at 6:30, p. m. Young people's meeting Tuesday evening. Prayer meeting Thursday.

Congregational.

Jackson Association.

Church on Adams, corner of Emmet — ——, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Methodist Episcopal.

Detroit District—Detroit Conference.

Church on Washington street, corner of Ellis—Rev. J. Venning, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; class meetings at noon and 6:30 p. m.; Sunday school at noon; young people's meeting at 6. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Presbyterian.

Detroit Presbytery—Synod of Michigan.

Church on Washington street, corner of Emmet—Rev. W. A. McCorkle, D. D., pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:30; Sunday school at noon. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Protestant Episcopal.

Diocese of Michigan.

St. Luke's Church, Huron street—Rev. —— rector. Service at 10:30 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at noon. Evening service at 4:30 every Friday evening.

Roman Catholic.

Diocese of Detroit.

St. John's Church, Cross street, corner of Hamilton—Rev. Wm. DeBever, pastor. First mass at 8 o'clock Sunday morning; second mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m.; Sunday school at 2 p. m. Daily morning mass at 8.

Evangelican Lutheran (German).

Church on Congress street, corner of Grove—Rev. M. Kionke, pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at noon.

African Methodist Episcopal.

First District—Michigan Conference.

Church on Buffalo street, corner of Adams—Rev. R. Jeffries, pastor. Preaching Sunday morning at 10:30, and evening at 7:15; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Thursday evening.

Colored Baptist.

Rev. W. H. Johnson, pastor. Preaching every Sunday morning and evening, in McAndrew Hall.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, at the Methodist church in January, Presbyterian in February, Baptist in March, and Congregational in April, and so repeating. Warren Smith, president; Geo. McKinstry, secretary.

Young Women's Christian Association.

Meeting every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at the residence of Mrs. Leonard corner Cross and Hamilton streets. Maggie Adair, president; Mrs. Bailes, secretary.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor.

Meeting at Congregational church every Sunday evening at 6 o'clock. B. L. D'Ooge, president; Miss Lutie Densmore, secretary.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

MASONIC.

Phœnix Lodge, No. 12, F. & A. M.—Meet in Masonic Hall Tuesday evening on or before the full moon of each month. C. C. Vroman, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 128, F. & A. M.—Meet last Thursday in each month, in Masonic Block. A. McNicol, W. M.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Sec.

Excelsior Chapter, No. 25, R. A. M.—Meet first Friday of each month, at Masonic Hall. A. S. Turnbull, H. P.; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.

Union Council, No. 10, R. & S. M.—Meet third Wednesday in each month, at Masonic Hall. Howard Stephenson, T. I.; W. L. Pack, Sec.

ODD FELLOWS.

Wyandotte Lodge, No. 10, I. O. O. F.—Meet at Odd Fellows' Hall, Union Block, every Monday evening. F. L. Thompson, N. G.; L. Z. Foerster, Sec.

GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

Carpenter Post, No. 180—Meet in A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Fridays of each month. Col. O. E. Pratt, Com.; E. Holbrook, Adjt.

ROYAL TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Council, No. 47—Meet first and third Mondays in each month, in Good Templar Hall. Mrs. Mercy Whipple, S. C.; W. H. Hall, Rec. Sec.; C. F Comstock, Fin. Sec.

GOOD TEMPLARS.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 282—Meet every Tuesday evening, in Good Templar Hall. H. Neiman C. T.; Miss Lettie Wilkinson, Sec.

SONS OF TEMPERANCE.

Ypsilanti Division, No. 106—Meet every Wednesday evening, in Good Templar Hall. Lottie Mitchell, Patriarch; Hattie Ruthruff, Scribe.

PATRONS OF HUSBANDRY.

Ypsilanti Grange, No. 56—Meet in Grange Hall, Union Block, every Wednesday evening. Mortimer Crane, M.; Mrs. N. C. Carpenter, Sec.

UNITED WORKMEN.

Ypsilanti Lodge, No. 15—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, second and fourth Wednesday of each month. J. H. Whitney, W. M.; P. W. Carpenter, Rec.; Math. Stein, F.

Washtenaw Lodge, No. 27—Meet first and third Friday of each month in Masonic Block. F. J. Swaine, M. W.; C. D. Wilcoxson, Rec.; A. A. Bedell, F.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Meet in Masonic Block, first and third Wednesdays of each month. O. E. Thompson, Dic.; J. N. Howland, F. R.; Wm. Judd, Rep.

ROYAL ARCANUM.

Ægis Council, No. 117—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall second and fourth Mondays in each month. A. Lodeman, Regent; P. W. Carpenter, Sec.; W. B. Eddy, Col.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

Wolverine Tent, No. 77—Meet in Masonic Block, second and fourth Wednesdays in each month. E. Thompson, S. K. C.; E. Holmes, R. K.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT ASSOCIATION.

St. John's Branch, No.39—Meet every Tuesday evening, in St. John's School Hall. Jas. McCann, Pres.; Jos. Forbes, Sec.

FRATERNAL MYSTIC CIRCLE.

Ypsilanti Ruling, No. 25—Meet at A. O. U. W. Hall, first and third Thursdays of each month. F. H. Barnum, W. R.; P. W. Carpenter, W. Rec.; H. D. Wells, Col.

MUTUAL BENEFIT SOCIETY (COLORED).

Meet every Wednesday evening, at hall on Chicago avenue. Chas. Anderson, President; Elijah Artis, Sec.

GOOD SAMARITANS AND DAUGHTERS OF SAMARIA.

Meet every Friday evening, at Davis' Hall. T. S. Roadman, Chief; David York, Sec.

ATTORNEYS.

D. C. GRIFFEN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Money Loaned, Notes and Mortgages bought and sold. No. 2 South Huron Street.

J. WILLARD BABBITT, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, No. 1 South Huron Street, Ground Floor.

F. HINCKLEY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW AND Real Estate Exchange. Laible Block, Huron Street, Second Floor.

F. C. MORIARTY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. Allen & McCorkle's office, Huron Street., Ypsilanti, Mich.

PHYSICIANS.

A. F. KINNE, M. D., RESIDENCE AND OFfice, corner Cross and Adams Streets.

F. M. OAKLEY, M. D., OFFICE AND RESIdence, first dwelling south of Engine House, Huron street, Ypsilanti.

CHRISTINE ANDERSON, M. D., SUCCESSOR to Dr. Ruch. Residence and office. cor. Washington and Ellis strees, near M. E. church. Office hours from 2 to 4 o'clock p. m.

F. K. OWEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURgeon. Office and residence, Adams street, between Cross and Emmet.

O. E. PRATT, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYsician and Surgeon, office and residence on Washington street, opposite Baptist Church.

A. FRASER, M. D., HOMEOPATHIST, WASHington Street, near Michigan, Ypsilanti.

DR. JAMES HUESTON, PHYSICIAN AND Surgeon, office and residence corner Huron and Ellis streets, Swift place. Telephone No. 45.

C. W. MEAD, M. D., D. S., OFFICE AND residence on Washington Street, near Forest Avenue, in what is known as the Salyer residence.

THOMAS SHAW, PRACTITIONER OF MEDicine, Surgery and Gynecology, No. 35 Huron Street, Ypsilanti, Mich.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. B. MOREHOUSE, REAL ESTATE, FIRE and Life Insurance, Notary Public and Conveyancer. Money to Loan on Real Estate. Office with Hon. E. P. Allen.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX, DEALERS IN Italian and American Marble, Scotch, Irish and American Granite. Fine monuments a specialty. Estimates furnished on building work, flaag wlks, etc. Washington street.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITHE & OSBAND, Publishers.

(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - WM. M. OSBAND.)

THE YPSILANTIAN is published each Thursday afternoon, from the office, Savings Bank Building, entrance from Congress street.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Payable in Advance.

Family Edition, eight pages: Per year, $1.50; six months, 75c; three months, 40c; one month, 15c; single copies, 5c.

Local Edition, four pages: Per year, $1; six months, 50c; three months, 30c; one month, 10c; single copies, 3c.

Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich.

RAILROAD TIME-TABLES.

MICHIGAN CENTRAL.

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	No. 4 Mail.*	2 Day Express.*	6 New York Express.†	10 Atlantic Express.†	12 Night Express.*	14 Gr. Rapids Express.*
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	
Chicago	5 00	9 00	3 10	10 10	9 10	.....
		pm		am	am	am
Kalamazoo	10 20	1 33	6 58	3 35	2 27	7 10
					pm	
Grand Rapids	.....	1 10	5 40	.....	10 45	6 45
	pm				am	
Jackson	1 20	4 15	8 49	6 15	4 45	9 35
Ann Arbor	2 43	5 30	9 41	7 50	6 00	10 40
YPSILANTI	3 00	5 45	9 53	8 08	6 17	10 53
Denton's	3 10	.....	.....	.....	‡	.....
Wayne Junc.	3 25	6 05	.....	8 33	6 43	11 11
West Detroit	4 00	6 35	10 35	9 10	7 20	11 40
Detroit	4 10	6 45	10 45	9 20	7 30	11 50
		am	am	pm		
Buffalo	.....	3 35	6 15	4 55	.....	.....

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	No. 11 Mail.*	3 Day Express.*	5 Chicago Express.*	15 Gr. Rapids Express.†	7 Evening Express.†	9 Pacific Express.†	21 News Express.*
		pm	am		am	pm	
Buffalo	.....	11 30	5 35	.....	9 00	1 00	.....
	am	am	pm	pm	pm		am
Detroit	7 30	9 10	1 20	4 00	8 00	10 15	3 45
West Detroit	7 40	9 20	1 30	4 10	8 10	10 25	3 55
Wayne Junc.	8 11	9 53	1 54	4 45	8 38	10 55	4 25
Denton's	8 25	.....	.....	‡5 00	.....	.....	.....
YPSILANTI	8 33	10 17	2 12	5 12	9 00	11 18	4 45
Ann Arbor	8 50	10 40	2 24	5 30	9 15	11 35	5 00
						am	
Jackson	10 13	11 45	3 27	7 10	10 55	12 54	6 00
		pm					
Grand Rapids	.....	3 15	.....	10 15	.....	6 00	10 00
	pm				am		
Kalamazoo	12 50	2 04	5 15	9 45	1 20	3 07	8 40
Chicago	6 10	6 40	9 30	.....	7 00	7 45	.....

*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Stop on signal. Trains run on central standard time.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago. B. M. DAMON, Station Agt, Ypsi.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM YPSILANTI. Mail Fr'gt*	and ex.‡		TO YPSILANTI. Mail and ex.‡	Fr'gt†
6 30am	9 00am	Ypsilanti	5 10pm	4 00 pm
7 10	9 18	Pittsfield	4 53	3 30
7 35	9 28	Saline	4 42	3 05
8 15	9 45	Bridgewater	4 28	2 35
10 03	10 03	Manchester	4 10	2 00
10 35	10 15	Watkins	3 57	12 30
11 20	10 30	Brooklyn	3 43	11 30 am
11 52	10 44	Woodstock	3 30	11 02
12 30pm	10 50	Somerset	3 23	10 50
12 55	10 55	Somerset Centre	3 18	10 25
1 45	11 05	Jerome	3 09	10 00
2 58	11 16	North Adams	2 58	9 25
3 30	11 35	Hillsdale	2 40	8 30
.....	6 50pm	Chicago	7 25am	.....
.....	5 05	Toledo	9 35	.....
.....	9 40	Cleveland	5 35	.....
.....	3 30am	Buffalo	11 40pm	.....

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only. †Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays only. ‡Daily except Sunday.

TOLEDO, ANN ARBOR AND N. M.

Going North.				Going South.		
pm	pm	am		pm	pm	pm
11 00	3 25	9 15	Toledo	1 10	5 00	10 45
1 05	4 31	10 25	Milan	12 00	3 50	9 40
1 40	4 52	10 45	Pittsfield	11 40	3 22	9 18
2 00	5 07	10 55	Ann Arbor	11 27	3 07	9 08
2 25	5 27	11 10	Lelands	11 10	2 50	8 50
2 47	5 45	11 24	Whitmore L'k	10 56	2 36	8 36
3 55	6 28	12 00	Howell	10 15	1 55	7 55
6 50	7 55	1 35	Owosso	9 03	12 30	6 35
am	pm	pm		am	pm	pm

FLINT AND PERE MARQUETTE.

Going North.				Going South.		
am	pm	am		am	pm	pm
10 45	....	....	Toledo	....	....	5 00
12 25	....	....	Romulus	....	....	3 20
1 00	6 15	9 14	Wayne	9 50	9 20	3 10
1 18	6 30	9 27	Plymouth	9 33	9 04	2 50
1 27	6 40	9 39	Northville	9 25	8 53	2 42
3 03	8 22	11 14	Flint	7 59	7 12	1 05
4 10	9 27	12 26	E. Saginaw	6 05	5 55	11 50
pm	pm	pm		am	pm	am

WABASH & WESTERN.

Going West.				Going East.		
pm	am	pm		am	am	am
4 00	8 30	9 50	Detroit	6 15	11 45	9 50
4 50	9 07	....	Romulus	5 40	11 00	9 07
5 00	9 15	....	Belleville	....	10 46	8 55
5 10	9 25	....	Willis	....	....	8 45
5 17	9 30	....	Whittaker	....	....	8 34
5 27	9 50	11 01	Milan	5 09	10 17	8 20
6 15	10 22	11 36	Adrian	4 33	9 30	7 30

DETROIT, LANSING AND NORTHERN.

Going North.				Going South.		
am	am	pm		am	pm	pm
7 05	10 00	5 05	Detroit	11 55	3 45	9 40
7 53	10 57	5 58	Plymouth	11 02	2 55	8 52
....	11 15	6 11	Salem	10 48	2 40	8 38
8 15	11 26	6 22	South Lyon	10 38	2 30	8 28
8 48	12 02	6 56	Howell	10 04	1 56	7 53
9 55	1 15	8 10	Lansing	9 00	12 50	6 45
am	pm	pm		am	pm	pm

Real Estate Transfers.

Joan J. Johnson to F. J. and E. M. Kress, Ypsilanti, $6000.

Mary V. Torrans to Delia L. Clements, Ann Arbor city, $1.

Mary E. Stevens to David Carver, Ann Arbor city, $1.

Oren Collier, "by heirs," to Martha Smith, Ann Arbor city, $2750.

C. R. Pattison and wife to Trustees of 1st Baptist Church, Ypsilanti, Ypsilanti city, $75.

Ezra D. Lay and wife to Sarah A. Henion, Ann Arbor city, $2500.

Sarah A. Henion to Ezra D. Lay, Ann Arbor city, $2500.

Hiram Libbey to Myranda Libbey, York, $250.

Sarah L. Wilson to Myranda A. Lukins, Ann Arbor city, $125.

Spokes & Seybolt to Ernest Dieterle, Ann Arbor city, $600.

Alonzo Bennett to Parmelia Bennett, Ypsilanti city, $200.

Edward T. Harris to Charles W. Harris, Augusta, $2500.

William Stimpson to O. and O. Stimpson, Saline, $700.

Edward A. Gott to city of Ann Arbor, Ann Arbor city, $1.

Chas. G. Kaercher to John Cha. Kearcher, Chelsea village, $400.

Philo. Ferrier et al., to city of Ypsilanti, Ypsilanti city, $1.

Charles McCormic to C. H. and Geo. A. Mishat, Ypsilanti city, $400.

Julia M. Brooks to Flora L. Bostwick, Ypsilanti city, $2100.

Chancey W. Riggs and wife to Rowena Riggs, Chelsea village, $100.

Monroe E. Swartout and wife to William T. Norgate, Ann Arbor city, $1000.

Henry Whipple, by heirs, to Henry Mager, Salem, $1800.

REPUBLICAN MEETINGS.

Zina P. King, Ann Arbor, and Wm. M. Osband, Ypsilanti. Stony Creek, Sept. 26, Barr's Hall, 7:30 p. m.

Hon. Frederick Douglas, Washington, D. C., and Hon. C. S. Morris, Louisville, Ky. Ypsilanti Opera House, Sept. 28, 7:30 p. m,

Congressman Richard Guenther, Oshkosh, Wis. Manchester, Oct. 4th, 2 p. m.

Judge Van Zile, Charlotte, Mich. Salem Oct. 5 and Whittaker, Oct. 6.

Fraud, Fraud, Fraud, Fraud.

Look out for fraud. Nothing genuine without our trade mark. The Paragon on the market is not the original water.

T. C. OWEN.

Found, a gold-headed umbrella. Call at Wallace & Clark's.

Mere Mention.

The Chelsea fair opens Sept. 28. Our Chelsea friends are building up a very successful society.

"Occidental Hotel," is the new sign blazoned upon the front of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium and Mineral Bath House. The hotel department of the Sanitarium is a prominent and important feature of the institution, deservedly popular.

Geo. Fowler of Superior is another Harrison man who voted for the grandfather.

Mr. L. Beetle at F. C. Banghart's, while slaughtering, accidentally slipped and fell upon his knife and quite seriously injured himself. He is off duty in consequence.

Saline's iron bridge has been shipped from Groton, N. Y.

The Manchester Enterprise is 21 years old.

Rev. Mr. Gallup has been invited to serve the Baptist church at Saline as pastor another year.

Most welcome rains occurred here last Saturday and Sunday, and Tuesday.

Joseph Buland, 74 years old, voted for Harrison before, will now vote for Harrison again.

The Ypsilanti base ball boys got the worst of it at Tecumseh, last week, but they mopped the earth with the Dentons at the fair ground last Friday, by 17 to 14.

If you want to take a good boy of 11 years old, see D. B. Greene.

The Ladies' Literary club will meet next Wednesday, Sept. 26, at 3 p. m., with Mrs. Sill an Forest Ave. Program, O'Connell; Cork to Limerick and Galway, River Shannon; Galway to Dublin; Dublin; Swift; Steel.

At a recent meeting of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, the following officers were elected: President, B. L. D'Ooge; vice president, Emma Morehouse; recording secretary, Lutie M. Densmore; treasurer, Willie Cowell. The meetings of the society are held on Sunday evening, at 6:30, in lecture room of Congregational church. All young people are most cordially invited to attend.

The Washtenaw County Fair in the interest of the Agricultural and Horticultural Society of Washtenaw county will be held on the fair grounds at Ann Arbor, Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28. The Society sends greetings to everybody and promises rare attractions. Col. J. H. Brigham, of Ohio, ex-Master of the National Grange, will speak for the republicans at the County Fair, on Thursday, Sept. 27th, at 2 o'clock p. m.

E. S. Cushman of Webster made this office a pleasant call this Wednesday a. m. He has on exhibition a patent device for adjusting the length of the wagon reach, which merits the careful examination of all farmers and wagon users.

Arthur Smith's horse took a notion, Wednesday, to "cut up," and ran from near Mr. John Gilbert's down across the railroad track, turning into Dick Rose's yard, and upsetting the delivery wagon. Slight damage to harness, thills and a scared boy cover all the points of interest.

Rev. Harry Sayles is expected to preach in the Congregational church next Sunday. On the following Sunday, the Sabbath School will occupy the morning with their annual review exercises.

Our friend, C. D. Bassett, is another Harrison veteran of 1840 and Harrison voter of 1888.

The Sappho Club will hold its first regular meeting of the season on Wednesday evening, Sept. 26, with Mrs. H. P. Glover. The election of officers and the transaction of any business brought before the club will occupy the evening, and all members are urgently requested to be present. The chorus of the club will meet for rehearsal at 4 o'clock on Tuesday, Oct. 2, at the Conservatory of Music.

REPUBLICANS TAKE NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Ypsilanti Republican Club, for the purpose of perfecting their organization, on Monday evening, Sept. 24, at Worden's Hall, over Sherwood's shoe store. Forty republicans unite in this call, and all who favor the election of the republican ticket are invited to be present.

Normal Items.

The conservatory looks much less forlorn since being painted.

Miss Minnie Trempe of Sault St. Marie, a student of last year, visited her brother last week. She will attend the Somerville school at St. Clair this year.

An unusually large number of Normal weddings is reported. We notice that of Burt Abell and May Woodin, '87; also those of H. W. McIntosh, '87, and Miss Minnie L. Dixon, '86; Miss Dimmie K. Fletcher, '83, and Mr. Nelson Taylor; Leroy V. Wells, '85, and Miss Eloise Wilbur, '85; and Miss Myrtelle Whitney, '86, and Mr. Snell, of Tecumseh.

The practice school has begun and the average senior looks doleful.

Miss Anna M. Cuctheon, one of the earlier teachers at the normal, was at chapel, Tuesday of last week. During the past year she has been resting from her many years of teaching, spending last winter in Washington with her brother the Congressman, and traveling this summer in Norway and Sweden with another brother, the S. M. Cutcheon of Detroit. Miss Cutcheon is about to open a day-school in Detroit.

Lieut. Finley, of the Signal Corps, visited the Normal Wednesday.

Miss Estella Witt, '87, has returned to school.

Rev. Mr. Beale conducted morning exercises Monday.

The practice school does not meet Thursday, on account of the fair.

The Normal boys are organizing a republican club. About 80 names are already enrolled.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheney visited us Monday.

Personal.

C. P. McKinstry, now of Chicago, has been spending a few days here.

Mrs. Gallup, who removed from here to Wisconsin three years ago, has been revisiting old friends here, on her way home from a trip to the eastern states.

Mr. Frank S. Cheney, of Lima, Ohio, on his way to attend the College of Phpsicians and Surgeons at Chicago, is spending a few days with his brother here, the Rev. J. L. Cheney pastor of the Baptist church.

Mrs. J. Watts, of Lakeville, Pa., is visiting friends here.

Misses Maggie Schauff, Hattie Wolcott, and Yetta Meagley left Monday for Windsor, Ont., where they will enter the Branch Stay Factory.

Mrs. E. B. Morehouse returned from the east Monday.

Rev. Edward Ellis left Wednesday morning for Indiana to attend Baptist Conventions in various parts of the state. He will visit Tennessee before his return.

The family of Mr. Falkinburg, the architect, came Monday from Jackson. They will locate in Ypsilanti.

Messrs. Geo. H. and Ed. Carlisle of Detroit, and Frank Raymond, 3d, of Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., were in town over Sunday, guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Champion.

Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Vail of Detroit, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Champion during the fair.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Fox, of El Paso, Texas, spent Friday and Saturday with Carie Hangle, at the residence of J. Z. Harrison, No. 5 Norris street.

We are sorry to announce the severe illness of Col. Lewis E. Childs.

Mrs. Garrison of Marine City is visiting her mother, Mrs. Wells, accompanied by her neighbor, Mrs. Sorg.

Mrs. J. E. Lawrence is visiting friends in Rochester, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Gard R. Brown of Charlevoix, are visiting Mrs. Brown's father, Mr. Joel Ressler.

Mrs. Hendershot and Mrs. Rector of Tecumseh, spent Thursday in this city.

Miss Nora Babbitt has returned from Illinois.

Mrs. E. M. Scott, a noted artist of New York city, paid Mrs. J. F. Sanders a brief visit this week.

Mr. Falkinburg, who some time since removed to Jackson, has finally concluded that Ypsilanti is good enough for him, and has returned.

We are glad to note that Mr. Venning is to return to Ypsilanti. So the Bishop rules, and all the people say, Amen. Bro. Venning and family have made hosts of friends here during the short year they have tarried with us, and he will come back to a rejoicing church.

"Rainbow in the morning, sailors take warning." A few mornings ago, for some ten minutes before eight o'clock, a very bright rainbow was visible in the west. In the northwest fully a quarter of the arc was distinct, and nearly the same in the southwest. The rainbow was unusually low. The sky was clear but for a few light clouds in the west, and this added to the strange effect. It reminded us of the time, a few years since, when we were fortunate enough to see a rainbow at noon, low on the north horizon.

A Pleasant Occasion.

The annual meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Congregational church, at Mrs. Higley's residence on Huron street, last Friday, was followed by their customary "tea" in the evening, to which all members of the society were invited. The attendance was good, and the interest of the occasion was enhanced by the presence of the new pastor, Rev. W. T. Beale, whom few of the members had before met socially. After the supper, the annual report of the society, showing the collection and disbursement of nearly a hundred dollars, was read, and toasts followed, with E. R. E. Cowell as toastmaster, a position for which he was evidently designed by nature and improved by art. Profs. George, Strong and D'Ooge, M. G. Wood, and Mr. Beale, made happy responses. It was good to be there.

Appointments.

The following appointment of the Detroit Conference will interest our people:

DETROIT DISTRICT—J. L. Hudson, P. E.
Belleville, R. L. Hewson.
Denton, S. W. Bird.
Detroit, Asbury, C. E. Mitchell.
Cass Ave., C. M. Coburn.
Central, W. W. Ramsay.
Haven, C. S. Eastman.
Lincoln Ave., L. P. Davis.
Palmer, E. H. Bancroft.
Simpson, M. C. Hawks and I. J. Smith.
Tabernacle, Wm. Dawe.
Ninde, F. Berry.
Woodward Ave., Plantz.
Plymouth, J. M. Shank.
Pontiac, C. T. Allen.
Rawsonville, A. Ebling.
Salem and Northfield, A. Crane.
Ypsilanti, J. Venning.

ADRIAN DISTRICT.—T. J. Joslin, P. E.
Ann Arbor, W. S. Studley.
Chelsea, J. H. McIntosh.
Milan and Oakville, M. H. Bartram.
Morenci, D. R. Shier.
Saline, D. H. Yokum.
Stony Creek, A. R. Laing.

FLINT DISTRICT.—J. S. Smart, P. E.
Milford, O. J. Perrin.
Williamston, J. C. Wortley.

SAGINAW DISTRICT.—S. Reed, P. E.
East Saginaw, Hess St., F. A. Smart.
Jefferson St., W. H. Shier.

PORT HURON DISTRICT.—J. Horton, P. E.
Port Huron, J. McEldowney.
Romeo, J. E. Springer.

Released at Last.

The venerable Alonzo Bennett, who has suffered greatly for a year or more, found a glad release, last Friday, Sept. 14, and his grateful spirit took its departure from the field of mortal perception. He was an early resident here, and for forty-five years had been a member of the Methodist church. His age was 71 years. The burial occurred on Sunday, Mr. Venning coming home from conference to conduct the funeral service.

Miss Lucy E. Whiting of Pittsfield, aged 60 years, died on the 7th inst.

Washtenaw Republicans.

An Euthusiastic County Convention.

Promptly at 11 o'clock on Tuesday last, the Washtenaw Republican Convention was called to order by Wm. M. Osband, Chairman of the County Committee, and after the object for which the convention had been called, was stated, the temporary organization was perfected by his calling Col. H. S. Dean of Ann Arbor to the chair, after which Charles H. Kline was elected secretary. Committees on credentials and permanent organization were appointed, and a recess till 2 o'clock was taken. On reassembling, Mr. James L. Gilbert, of Chelsea, was elected permanent Chairman and John F. Nestell of Manchester, secretary.

The following nominations were made by acclamation amid great enthusiasm:

Geo. S. Wheeler, Salem, Judge of Probate.
Jacob H. Martin, Ypsilanti, Sheriff.
Morton F. Case, Pittsfield, Clerk.
John F. Lawrence, Ann Arbor, Prosecuting Att'y.
Albert Gardner, Ann Arbor, Register.
Florence C. Moriarty, Ypsilanti, } Circuit Court
Charles H. Kline, Ann Arbor, } Commissioners.
Dr. W. F. Breakey, Ann Arbor, } Coroners.
Dr. F. K. Owen, Ypsilanti, }
John K. Yocum, Chelsea, Surveyor.

Hon. Andrew J. Sawyer, of Ann Arbor, was unanimously nominated for Representative in Legislature from the first district. Mr. Sawyer has twice honorably represented that district at Lansing, and it is decided, in recognition of his valuable services, to return him for the third term. Delegates to the Senatorial Convention were chosen as follows:

First District.	*Second District.*
J. T. Jacobs,	Wm. Campbell,
Wm. A. Clark,	A. A. Wood,
Wm. Frank,	E. F. Pyle.
Charles E. Hiscock,	Norman Redner,
Jerome Freeman,	F. A. Graves,
Emery E. Leland,	Wm. M. Osband,
A. W. Wilkinson,	J. B. Wortley,
Wm. R. Hamilton,	Clark Cornwell,
Elmer S. Cushman.	A. F. Freeman.

The republicans of the county may well congratulate themselves on the work of the convention. The ticket is a strong one in every respect, and we believe will command the enthusiastic support of the entire party, as well as of many of the opposite political faith. Mr. Wheeler has been too long before the public to need an introduction. In the discharge of his official duties as School Commissioner, and in his personal and business relations, he has secured and held for a score of years the most perfect confidence of his fellow citizens and neighbors. He is a man familiar with public duties, and has proved himself thoroughly competent and reliable in the discharge of them. He is honorable and honest in all his dealings. These are qualities which must commend him for the sacred trust which falls to him who administers upon the most delicate and important interests of the people, and the people, in recognition of these characteristics, will, we doubt not, ratify the action of the convention, by electing him to the office. What we have said of Mr. Wheeler, may well be said of the ticket as a whole, and the republicans should go into the campaign with spirit and faith that when the votes are counted, they will find that their selection of candidates was inspired by wisdom, and their efforts have been crowned with success.

The republican rally held in the rink, after the county convention adjourned, was large and enthusiastic. Hon. Solon Chase, of Maine, spoke in his own peculiar way, much to the satisfaction of those present. He made his point every time, and gave facts and figures which, despite the phenomenal ability of the democrats to mix up and confuse, will stand as unanswerable refutation of all free-trade claims.

Milan had a rousing republican meeting Monday night, when Hon. Solon Chase of Maine and Gen. Paul Van de Vort of Nebraska discussed the political issues.

Large Straws.

Ex-Congressman Chas. C. Comstock, democrat and greenbacker, of Grand Rapids, elected to the House four years ago on the fusion ticket, is out emphatically for Harrison, on the tariff issue.

Mr. Calvert, of the Calvert Lithograph Co. of Detroit, a large employer and heretofore a democrat, also declares himself opposed to the democrat policy and a supporter of Harrison and Morton.

Alexander Delano, president of the Detroit Steel and Spring Works, an industry upon which depends the livelihood of nearly two thousand people, abjures the democrat party with which he has heretofore voted, and announces himself for Harrison and protection.

Fowler's Corners.

Fowler's corners, every Wednesday night, is the most frisky point, politically, there is in Washtenaw county. Here is where the giants of debate do congregate and here is where the tariff question will be settled. Congress should adjourn to Fowler's Corners. Here are assembled from week to week the McDougalls, the Sobers, the Edward Kings, the Goodels, and imported talent from the Queen's dominions and other places, is not unusual. Here is where great minds struggle for mastery, and when any one brings facts and figures to settle the matter, the other side rise up and deny the allegation and defy the alligator. It is a good thing for neighbors to meet in friendly discussion and, all joking aside, great benefit comes from such debates. Long may Fowler's Corners remain the scene of such forensic efforts.

We note the absence in the last Argus of the second revised and improved account of Mr. Blake's conversion to democracy. Guess the account has been sent to the democrat Literary Bureau for repairs.

The Jacksonville epidemic has reached a rate of 130 to 150 cases of yellow fever daily, with 15 to 20 deaths.

Chelsea to the Front.

A Novel Program.

The western portion of Washtenaw and the eastern part of Jackson counties hold their annual fair at Chelsea, Sept. 25, 26, 27 and 28, and offer a new feature in the distribution of premiums. It is arranged to give an exhibition of democrats on Thursday, Sept. 27, and of republicans on Friday, Sept. 28, and the party that musters the biggest crowd on those respective days is to receive a premium of $25. Good looks, enthusiasm, betting proclivities and brass bands are all excluded from consideration in making the award. Nothing but numbers will count. They propose to have a free vote and a true count. Now here's a chance for the ladies to exercise the right of suffrage, and it is hoped everybody will vote. As an inducement to turn out, the democrats will dish up the following bill of fare consisting of speeches from ex-Senator Jones of Florida, Hon. Willard Stearns of Adrian, Hon. Wellington R. Burt of Saginaw. This Thursday is known as democrat day.

Friday the republicans bring into the arena for speeches, Governor Cyrus Luce of Michigan, Hon. E. P. Allen of Ypsilanti, Hon. James O'Donnell of Jackson, Hon. Theodore Simmons of Illinois. Friday is republican day and as Chelsea is always up and doing we trust the eastern portion of Washtenaw will turn out en-masse and fill up the fair grounds, and the surrounding fields. It is not often that so attractive a program is presented as our neighbors present and due appreciation of the enterprise should be acknowledged by a "turn out" commensurate with the effort made to draw. Though in a democratic county, republicans should not surrender that $25 without a struggle, and should just go in and take the prize.

New Buildings.

Prof. Cleary informs us that plans are completed for his main college building, and work upon the foundation will begin at once. Commercial Hall, which is to be the north wing to the main building, is receiving its inside finish, and will have at least a part of its furniture and offices within a month.

—John Smith, an employe on the Michigan Central railroad, has a handsome dwelling up and nearly covered, on Lowell street, immediately north of Mr. Braisted's new houses.

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THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888.

The deadhead at the theatre is like a successful prediction—he has come to pass.—*Boston Bulletin.*

The first assisted Italian immigrant to this country was a person named Christopher Columbus.—*Puck.*

I ain't much on politics, but I notis 'at the one who gets ther is a statesman, an' him as don't ain't nothin' but a politician.—*Judge.*

She—Do you realize that our vacation is nearly done, Henry? He (wildly)—More than that! It is all dun!—*New Haven News.*

If a Bar Harbor girl must go out canoeing she should employ a sailor and never trust her canoe to a heavy swell.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

Hired girl (to tramp)—"Go 'way; I won't give you nothin'." Tramp (from Boston) — "Particularly grammar. Good-by!"—*Washington Critic.*

We fear that the philosopher who said that ladies who wear unusually rich gowns keep their husbands unusually poor gave voice to a great truth.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"Where did young Browne get his money, papa?" "From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He inherited everything he has in this world, except the final 'e' to his name."—*Life.*

Kentucky school-teacher—"William, which do you consider the most miserable of animals?" "The camel." "Why?" "Sometimes it has to go for weeks without a drink."—*Lincoln Journal.*

Other things have been settled by scientific research, but no one yet has ever been able accurately to determine whether a big man suffers more than a small man when he has the rheumatism.—*Somerville Journal.*

The best position in which to sleep having been discussed, it is now asked what is the worst position in which to sleep. We say, without hesitation, it is the position of flagman on a railroad.—*San Francisco Alta.*

Citizen—Now that you are out of State prison, Dolphus, what do you expect to do for a living? Dolphus—Well, I dunno quite yet, boss, but I s'pec' I'll have ter take a job wif one of these trust companies.—*Texas Siftings.*

"Robert," said his wife, suspiciously, "where have you been? You're late to dinner." "I've been assisting in an humble way, my dear, toward improving the breed of horses." "O, I was afraid you were at the races."—*Life.*

Old lady—(to village postmistress—Hev ye got anythin' fer me, Miss Bullard? Postmistress—Here's a postal from your daughter Mandy. How she do improve in spellin' sence she's be'n goin' to that boardin'-school.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Johnny was the son of a paragrapher, and when he saw his mother's sister, of uncertain age, freshening up her appearance by rouging her cheeks he said: "Aunt Jennie, you're decorating an antique mug, ain't you?—*Drake's Magazine.*

Pa—What would you like to be when you grow up, Johnny? Johnny—I think I'll be a soldier. "You might get killed." "Who by?" "By the enemy, of course." "Well, then, I guess I had better be the enemy.—*Texas Siftings.*

Brown (taking Robinson home)—What d'ye s'pose your (hic) wife'll say t'morrer morning, Robinson? Robinson—She'll (hic) shay new hat an' silk dressh, Browny, ole boy, an' b'gosh she won't shay 'em (hic) more'n once, either.—*Texas Siftings.*

Spinster (to bird-fancier)—Have you a nice parrot, sir, whose choice of English is somewhat above the average? Dealer—Yes, ma'am; I have just the bird you're looking——" Parrot (imploringly)—For gawd's sake, boss, don't let me go!—*Life.*

Bereaved widow (to country editor)—Do you charge for obituary notices, Mr. Shears? Country editor—As a general thing, we do, Mrs. Bently; but your husband and I were old friends, and I will only be too glad to publish his obituary for nothing.—*Life.*

When a freight agent tells you that your trunk is waxing shaky, and needs a strap, ask him if he has any straps for sale. If he says he has, you may rest assured your trunk is all right and doesn't require one, any more than a country dentist needs a diploma.—*Puck.*

"How much cider did you make this year?" inquired one farmer up in Dexter of another who had offered a specimen for trial. "Fifteen barrels," was the answer. Another sip. "Well, if you had another apple you might have made another barrel."—*Bangor Commercial.*

Wife (to country editor)—Aren't you feeling well to-night, John? Country editor—Not very, my dear. An indignant subscriber came into the office this afternoon and mopped up the floor with me. Wife (anxiously)—Heavens, John, I hope he didn't stop his paper, too!—*Life.*

Algerton (waiting)—"Aw, I say, Bobby, what does you'ah sistah think of me, anyway?" Bobby—"She says she thinks you're just too nice to live—and——"Algernon (highly elated)—Yaas!" Bobby—"An' she can't see why the authorities out of mercy don't have you shot.—*Judge.*

She (in great agitation)—O, George, I hear papa at the front gate, and he is apt to be impulsive when he comes home late. He (reassuringly)—Calm your fears, dear. I'm in the coal business, you know, and he has owed the firm money for coal for over nine months.—*New York Sun.*

Miss De Pink—"No, Mr. Suitor, it can never be. I shall never marry a widower. The idea! Catch me walking in any other woman's shoes." Mr. Suitor (departing)—"I had no intention Miss De Pink, of offering you my late wife's shoes. You couldn't get them on."—*Philadelphia Record.*

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly beating his breast. "I've been a soldier in my time, and if I do say it myself, like the war-horse of Scripture, I could even scent the battle from afar." "I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate, "that on many occasions that saved your life."—*Life.*

Customer (to grocer's boy)—Proprietor in? Boy—Yessir; he is in de back room readin' de news. Customer—Is he a society man? Boy—No, sir, but he's got lots o' swell customers, an' he wants to find out when they're comin' back to town. He's wery anxious to see some of 'em.—*New York Sun.*

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

The Learned Doctor Again Preaches to His Own Chosen Flock.

The Great Organ Peals Forth and the Massive Tabernacle Fills with People.

The great organ, improved and enlarged, rolled out with new power the long meter doxology at the opening of the service in the Brooklyn Tabernacle Sunday. The great auditorium was thronged and overflowing. The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., has returned from his summer vacation, during which he has spoken in many parts of the country, and shaken hands, he says, with about a hundred thousand people. He closed his tour by a visit to the wilderness in upper New York state, and spending some time among the hunters. Sunday morning he expounded passages illustrative of Solomon's acquaintance with natural history.

His text was, Psalm xlii, 1: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God." The great preacher said:

David, who must sometime have seen a deer hunt, points us here to a hunted stag making for the water. The fascinating animal called in my text the hart, is the same animal that in sacred and profane literature is called the stag, the roebuck, the hind, the gazelle, the reindeer. In central Syria, in Bible times, there were whole pasture fields of them, as Solomon suggests when he says: "I charge you by the hinds of the field." Their antlers jutted from the long grass as they lay down. No hunter who has been long in "John Brown's track" will wonder that in the Bible they were classed among clean animals, for the dews, the showers, the lakes washed them as clean as the sky. When Jacob, the patriarch, longed for venison, Esau shot and brought home a roebuck. Isaiah compares the sprightliness of the restored cripple of millennial times to the long and quick jump of the stag, saying: "The lame shall leap as the hart." Solomon expressed his disgust at a hunter who, having shot a deer, is too lazy to cook it, say ing, "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." But one day David while far from the home from which he had been driven, and sitting near the door of a lonely cave where he had lodged, and on the banks of a pond or river, hears a pack of hounds in swift pursuit. Because of the previous silence of the forest the clangor startles him, and he says to himself: "I wonder what those dogs are after?" Then there is a crackling in the brushwood, and the loud breathing of some rushing wonder of the woods, and the antlers of a deer and the leaves of the thicket, and by an instinct which all hunters recognize, plunges into a pond or lake or river to cool its thirst, and at the same time, by its capacity for swifter and longer swimming, to get away from the foaming harriers. David says to himself: "Aha, that is myself! Saul after me, Absalom after me, enemies without number after me; I am chased, their bloody muzzles at my heels, barking at my good name, barking after my body, barking after my soul. Oh, the hounds, the hounds! But look there," says David, "that reindeer has splashed into the water. It puts its hot lips and nostrils into the cool wave that washes the lathered flanks, and it swims away from the fiery canines, and it is free at last. Oh, that I might find in the deep, wide lake of God's mercy and consolation escape from my pursuers! Oh, for the waters of life and rescue! As the hart panteth fater the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

I have just come from the Adirondacks, and the breath of the balsam and spruce and pine is still on me. The Adirondacks are now populous with hunters, and the deer are being slain by the score. Talking a few days ago with a hunter, I thought I would like to see whether my text was accurate in its allusion, and as I heard the dogs baying a little way off and supposed they were on the track of a reindeer, I said to the hunter in rough corduroy: "Do the deer always make for the water when they are pursued?" He said: "Oh, yes, mister; you see they are a hot and thirsty animal, and they know where the water is, and when they hear danger in the distance they lift their antlers and snuff the breeze and start for the Racquet, or Loon, or Saranac; and we get into our cedar shell boat or stand by the 'runaway,' with rifle loaded ready to blaze away." My friends, that is one reason why I like the Bible so much—its allusions are so true to nature. Its partridges are real partridges, its ostriches real ostriches, and its reindeer real reindeer. I do not wonder that this antlered glory of the text makes the hunter's eye sparkle and his cheeks glow and his respiration quicken. To say nothing of its usefulness, although it is the most useful of all game; its flesh delicious, its skin turned into human apparel, its sinews fashioned into bow strings, its antlers putting handles on cuttlery, and the shavings of its horns, used as a restorative, taken from the name of the hart and called hartshorn. But putting aside its usefulness, this enchanting creature seems made out of gracefulness and elasticity. What an eye, with a liquid brightness as if gathered up from a hundred lakes of sunset! The horns, a coronal branching into every possible curve, and after it seems done, advancing into other projections of exquisiteness, a tree of polished bone, uplifted in pride, or swung down for awful combat. It is velocity embodied. Timidity impersonated. The enchantment of the woods. Eye lustrous in life and pathetic in death. The splendid animal a complete rhythm of muscle, and bone, and color and attitude, and locomotion, whether couched in the grass among the shadows, or a living bolt shot through the forest, or turning at bay to attack the hounds, or rearing for its last fall under the buckshot of the trapper. It is a splendid appearance that the painter's pencil fails to sketch, and only a hunter's dream on a pillow of hemlock at the foot of St. Regis is able to picture. When, twenty miles from any settlement it comes down at eventide to the lake's edge to drink among the lily pads and, with its sharp edged hoof, shatters the crystal of Long Lake, it is very picturesque. But only when, after miles of pursuit, with heaving sides, and lolling tongue and eyes swimming in death, the stag leaps from the cliff into Upper Saranac, can you realize how much David had suffered from his troubles, and how much he wanted God when he expressed himself in the words of the text: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

Well, now, let all those who have coming after them the lean hounds of poverty, or the black hounds of persecution, or the spotted hounds of vicisitude, or the pale hounds of death, or who are in any wise pursued, fly to the wide, deep, glorious lake of divine solace and rescue. The most of the men and women whom I happen to know at different times, if not now, have had troubles after them, sharp muzzled troubles, swift troubles, all devouring troubles. Many of you have made the mistake of trying to fight them. Somebody meanly attacked you, and you attacked them; they depreciated you, and you depreciated them; or they overreached you in a bargain, and you tried, in Wall street parlance, to get a corner on them; or you have had a bereavement, and instead of being submissive you are fighting that bereavement; you charged on the doctors who failed to effect a cure; or you charge on the carelessness of the railroad company through which the accident occurred; or you are a chronic invalid, and you fret and worry and scold and wonder why you cannot be well like other people, and you angrily charge on the neuraligia or the laryngitis or the ague or the sick headache. The fact is you are a deer at bay. Instead of running to the waters of divine consolation, and slaking your thirst and cooling your body and soul in the good cheer of the Gospel, and swimming away into the mighty deeps of God's love, you are fighting a whole kennel of barriers. A few days ago I saw in the Adirondacks a dog lying across the road, and he seemed unable to get up, and I said to some hunters near by: "What is the matter with that dog?" They answered: "A deer hurt him." And I saw he had a great swollen paw and a battered head, showing where the antlers struck him. And the probability is that some of you might give a mighty clip to your pursuers, you might damage their business, you might worry them into ill health, you might hurt them as much as they have hurt you, but after all, it is not worth while. You only have hurt a hound. Better be off for the Upper Saranac, into which the mountains of God's eternal strength look down and moor their shadows. As for your physical disorders, the worst strychnine you can take is fretfulness and the best medicine is religion. I know people who were only a little disordered, yet have fretted themselves into complete valetudinarianism, while others put their trust in God and came up from the very shadow of death, and have lived comfortably twenty-five years with only one lung. A man with one lung, but God with him, is better off than a Godless man with two lungs. Some of you have been for a long time sailing around Cape Fear when you ought to have been sailing around Cape Good Hope. Do not turn back, but go ahead. The deer will accomplish more with its swift feet than with its horn.

I saw whole chains of lakes in the Adirondacks, and from one height you can see thirty, and there are said to be over eight hundred in the great wilderness. So near are they to each other that your mountain guide picks up and carries the boat from lake to lake, the small distance between them for that reason called a "carry." And the realm of God's word is one long chain of bright, refreshing lakes; each to me a lake, a very short carry between them, and though for ages the pursued have been drinking out of them, they are full up to the top of the green banks, and the same David describes them, and they seem so near together that in three different places he speaks of them as a continuous river, saying: "There is a river the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God;" "Thou shalt make them drink of the rivers of Thy pleasures;" "Thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water."

But many of you have turned your back on that supply, and confront your trouble, and you are surrounded with your circumstances, and you are fighting society, and you are fighting a pursuing world, and troubles, instead of driving you into the cool lake of heavenly comfort, have made you stop and turn round and lower your head and it is simply antler against tooth. I do not blame you. Probably under the same circumstances I would have done worse. But you are all wrong. You need to do as the reindeer does in February and March—it sheds its horns. The Rabbinical writers allude to this resolution of antlers by the stag when they say of a man who ventures his money in risky enterprises, he has hung it on the stag's horns; and a proverb in the far east tells a man who has foolishly lost his fortune to go and find where the deer shed her horns. My brother, quit the antagonism of your circumstances, quit misanthropy, quit complaint, quit pitching into your pursuerss; be as wise as, next spring, will be all the reindeer of the Adirondacks. Shed your horns.

But very many of you who are wronged of the world—and if in any assembly between Sandy Hook, New York, and Golden Gate, San Francisco, it were asked that all those that had been sometimes badly treated should raise both their hands, and full response should be made, there would be twice as many hands lifted as persons present—I say many of you would declare: "We have always done the best we could and tried to be useful, and why we should become the victims of malignment, or invalidism, or mishap, is inscrutable." Why, do you not know that the finer a deer and the more elegant its proportions, and the more beautiful its bearing, the more anxious the hunters and the hounds are to capture it? Had that roebuck a ragged fur and broken hoofs and an obliterated eye and a limping gait the hunters would have said: "Pshaw! don't let us waste our ammunition on a sick deer." And the hounds would have given a few sniffs of the track, and then darted off in another direction for better game. But when they see a deer with antlers lifted in mighty challenge to earth and sky, and the sleek hide looks as if it it had been smoothed by invisible hands, and the fat sides enclose the richest pasture that could be nibbled from the bank of rills so clear they seem to have dropped out of heaven, and the stamp of its foot defies the jack shooting lantern and the rifle, the horn and the hound, that deer they will have if they must needs break their neck in the rapids. So if there were no noble stuff in your makeup if you were a bifurcated nothing, if you were a forlorn failure, you would be allowed to go undisturbed; but the fact that the whole pack is in full cry after you is proof positive that you are splendid game and worth capturing. Therefore, sarcasm draws on you its "finest bead." Therefore, the world goes gunning for you with its best Maynard breech loader. Highest compliment is it to your talent, or your virtue, or your usefulness. You will be allailed in proportion to your great achievements. The best and the mightiest being the world ever saw, had set after him all the hounds, terrestrial and diabolic, and they lapped his blood after the Calvarean massacre. The world paid nothing to its Redeemer but a bramble and a cross. Many who have done their best to make the world better have had such a rough time of it that all their pleasure is in anticipation of the next world, and they could express their own feelings in the words of the Barnoness of Nairn at the close of her long life:

Would you be young again?
So would not I;
One tear of memory given;
Onward I'll hie;
Life's dark wave forded o'er,
All but at rest on shore,
Say, would you plunge once more
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches fled,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smile around us shed,
Heavenward, away!

Yes; for some people in this world there seems no let up. They are pursued from youth to manhood, and from manhood into old age. Very distinguished are Lord Stafford's hounds, and Earl of Yarborough's hounds, and the Duke of Rutland's hounds, and Queen Victoria pays $8,500 per year to her master of buckhounds. But all of them put together do not equal in number or speed or power to hunt down the great kennel of hounds of which sin and trouble are owner and master.

But what is a relief for all those pursuits of trouble, and annoyance, and pain, and bereavement? My text gives it to you in a word of three letters, but each letter is a chariot if you would triumph, or a crown if you want to be crowned, or a lake if you would slake your thirst—yea, a chain of three letters—G-o-d, the one for whom David longed, and the one whom David found. You might as well meet a stag which, after its sixth mile of running at the topmost speed through thicket and gorge, and with the breath of the dogs on its heels, has come in full sight of Scroon lake and tried to cool its projecting and blistered tongue with a drop of dew from a blade of grass, as to satisfy an immortal soul, when flying from trouble and sin, with anything less deep and high and broad and immense and infinite and eternal than God. His comfort, why it embossoms all distress. His arm, it wrenches off all bondage. His hand, it wipes away all tears. His Christly atonement, it makes us all right with the past and all right with the future and all right with God, all right with man, and all right forever. Lamartine tells us that King Nimrod said to his three sons: "Here are three vases, and one is of clay, another of amber, and another of gold. Choose now which you will have." The eldest son, having the first choice, chose the vase of gold, on which was written the word "empire," and when opened it was found to contain human blood. The second son, making the next choice, chose the vase of amber, inscribed with the word "glory," and when opened it contained the ashes of those who were once called great. The third son took the vase of clay, and opening it, found it empty, but on the bottom of it was inscribed the name of God. King Nimrod asked his courtiers which vase they thought weighed the most. The avaricious men of his court said the vase of gold. The poets said the one of amber. But the wisest men said the empty vase, because one letter of the name of God outweighed a universe.

For Him I thirst; for His grace I beg; on His promise I build my all. Without Him I cannot be happy. I have tried the world and it does well enough as far as it goes, but it is too uncertain a world, too evanescent a world. I am not a prejudiced witness. I have nothing against this world. I have been one of the most fortunate, or, to use a more Christian word, one of the most blessed of men—blessed in my parents, blessed in the place of my nativity, blessed in my health, blessed in my field of work, blessed in a natural temperament, blessed in my family, blessed in my opportunities, blessed in my comfortable livelihood, blessed in the hope that my soul will go to heaven through the pardoning mercy of God, and my body, unless it be lost at sea or cremated in some conflagration, will lie down in the gardens of Greenwood among my kindred and friends, some already gone and others to come after me. Life to many has been a disappointment, but to me it has been a pleasant surprise, and yet I declare that if I did not feel that God was now my friend and ever present help, I should be wretched and terror struck. But I want more of Him. I have thought over this text and preached this sermon to myself until with all the aroused energies of my body, mind and soul, I can cry out: "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God."

Through Jesus Christ, make this God your God, and you can withstand anything and everything, and that which affrights others will inspire you. As in time of an earthquake, when an old Christain woman asked whether she was scared, answered, "No, I am glad that I have a God who can shake the world;" or, as in a financial panic, when a Christian merchant was asked if he did not fear he would break, answered: "Yes; I shall break when the fiftieth Psalm breaks in the fifteenth verse: 'Call upon me in the day of trouble; I will deliver thee and thou shalt glorify me.'" Oh Christian men and women, pursued of annoyances and exasperations, remember that this hunt, whether a still hunt or a hunt in full cry, will soon be over. If ever a sheep looks ashamed and ready to slink out of sight, it is when in the Adirondacks a deer, by one long, tremendous plunge into Big Tupper lake, gets swims in little way, but defeated, swims away from him. The disappointed canine out again and cringes with humiliated yawn at the feet of his master. And how abashed and ashamed will all your earthly troubles be when you have dashed into the river from under the throne of God, and the heights and depths of heaven are between you and your pursurers. We are told in Revelation xxi, 15: "Without are dogs," by which I conclude there is a whole kennel of hounds outside the gate of heaven, or as when a master goes in a door, his dog lies on the steps waiting for him to come out, so the troubles of this life may follow us to the shining door, but they cannot get in. "Without are dogs!" I have seen dogs, and owned dogs, that I would not be chagrined to see in the heavenly city. Some of the grand old watchdogs who are the constabulary of the homes in solitary places, and for years have been the only protection of wife and child; some of the shepherd dogs that drive back the wolves and bark away the flocks from going too near the precipice; and some of the dogs whose neck and paw Landseer, the painter, has made immortal, would not find me shutting them out from the gate of shining pearl. Some of those old St. Bernard dogs that have lifted perishing travelers out of the Alpine snow; the dog that John Brown, the Scotch essayist, saw ready to spring at the surgeon, lest in removing the cancer, he too much hurt the poor woman whom the dog felt bound to protect; and dogs that we caressed in our childhood days, or that in later time laid down on the rug in seeming sympathy when our homes were desolated. I say, if some soul entering heaven should happen to leave the gate ajar and these faithful creatures should quietly walk in, is would not at all disturb my heaven. But all those human or brutal hounds that have chased and torn and lacerated the world; yea, all that now bite or worry or tear to pieces, shall be prohibited. "Without are dogs!" No place there for harsh critics or backbiters or despoilers of the reputation of others. Down with you to the kennels of darkness and despair! The hart has reached the eternal water brooks, and the panting of the long chase is quieted in still pastures, and "there shall be nothing to hunt or destroy in all God's holy mount."

Oh, when some of you get there it will be like what a hunter tells of when he was pushing his canoe far up north in the winter, and amid the ice floes, and a hundred miles, as he thought, from any other human beings. He was startled one day as he heard a stepping on ice, and he cocked the rifle, ready to meet anything that came near. He found a man, barefooted and insane from long exposure, approaching him. Taking him into his canoe and kindling fires to warm him, he restored him, and found out where he had lived, and took him to his home, and found all the village in great excitement. A hundred men were searching for this lost man, and his family and friends rushed out to meet him; and as had been agreed at his appearance, bells were rung and guns were discharged and bankquets spread and the rescuer loaded with presents. Well when some of you step out of this wilderness, where you have been chilled and torn and sometimes lost amid the icebergs, into the warm greetings of all the villages of the glorified, and your friends rush out to give you a welcoming kiss, the news that there is another soul forever saved will call the caterers of heaven to spread the banquet, and the bell men to lay hold of the rope in the towers, while the chalices click at the feast, and the bells clang from the towers, it will be a scene so uplifting I pray God I may be there to take part in the celestial merriment. And now do you not think the prayer in Solomon's songs, where he compared Christ to a reindeer coming down in the night to pasture on the plains, would make an exquisitely appropriate peroration to my sermon: "Until the day break and the shadows flee away, be though like a roe or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether."

We Salute You

Mary Logan, we salute you!

This great city is full of human life; there are vast crowds pushing through the streets, processions wind hither and thither, a deafening clatter of hoofs and the sullen rumble of wheels rise from the pavements, and all the air is burdened with the din of commerce, of travel, and of gayety.

But from away off yonder there is borne to us at this moment a strain of music; we hear it above the roar in the streets below and about us; it is the music of blue-coated men who have rallied in a distant avenue, and they sing the song the soldier-statesman loved—that old song of the march to the sea.

What memories does this music not awaken; what scenes does it not recall!

The past is spread before us like a picture, and those bitter but glorious years are as but yesterday. We see a patriotism that is only talked of now, and a heroism, and sacrifices. And amid the flame and smoke of battles, with dead and dying on every side, but with his country's flag above him, rises one grandly supreme figure—and we bless that memory.

But who in all the time and through all the scenes which come back to us this peaceful day, *who* shared *his* lot—who stood always at his side with counsel and with cheer—who followed him in all those years of blood—who in camp, in field, in forum, and at the fireside was ever his inspiration?

Sing on, blue-coated men—we bless you for that song. You mind us of the days when the brave heart that is now stilled beat quick and high and when the strong arm that now lies stiff in death unsheathed a patriot sword. And, sweeter still, you mind us of the woman (God bless her!) who brings out of the heroic and sacrificial years, white hair, dimmed eyes, faltering steps, a broken heart.

So, Mary Logan, we salute you—tenderly, affectionately, reverently.—*Chicago News.*

This Crow.

On the Delaware below Easton resided a gentleman who had reared a crow, with whose tricks and society he used frequently to amuse himself. This crow lived long in the family, but at length disappeared, having, as was then supposed, been shot by some gunner or destroyed by accident. About eleven months after this, as the gentleman one morning was standing on the river shore, a number of crows happened to pass by; one of them left the flock, and, flying directly toward the gentleman, alighted on his shoulder, and began to gabble away at a great rate, as one long-absent friend naturally enough does on meeting another. On recovering from his surprise the gentleman recognized his old acquaintance, and tried by several civil but sly maneuvers to lay hold of him, but the crow having now had a taste of the sweets of liberty, cautously eluded all his attempts, and suddenly glancing his eye on his distant companions, mounted in the air after them, soon overtook and mingled with them, and his friend saw him no more.—*Cassell's Natural History.*

Never hold a small book with the thumb pressed into the binding at the lower back, but hold it with the thumb and little finger upon the leaves and three fingers upon the back.

The Almighty Dollar.

"Speaking of lost opportunities," incidentally remarked a man who had had some experience himself to a Chicago *News* representative, "always reminds me of that Kentucky chap who visited a city. His friend showed him all the big men of the place, saying: 'There is Mr. So-and-So, who made a million by taking advantage of this or that opportunity, and this man's house was built by a gentleman who never let the main chance go.'

"'Ah, yes, I see,' said the Kentuckian, and he went home.

"The next year his friend came to visit him, and his host took him around to see the sights.

"'You showed me lots of big men who knew when to hit the nail on the head. You see that man over there in the poorest kind of clothes?'

"'Yes.'

"'Well, sir, twenty-five years ago he came here, peddling potatoes in a little basket. Guess what he's worth now.'

"'A million?'

"'No, he ain't. Not a cent, and his basket is in hock. And yet he always took advantage of his opportunities.'

"'How's that?'

"'He was a true Kentuckian; he never refused the offer of a drink.'

"Since I heard of that," concluded the speaker, "I made up my mind that it depends upon how things turn out whether they are opportunities. If for the good they are opportunities. Otherwise they have another name."

"Two friends of mine in Nevada," said a Western traveler, "had as narrow an escape from making a fortune as I ever knew. They were running a shaft in the White Pine district, and had been running it for more than a year. Every day they walked from their cabin to the mine, a distance of two miles, and used to sit down to rest on a ledge of rocks about midway. One day a tramp came along and sat down on the same rock. Having nothing to do he stayed there an hour or two, and out of idleness began chipping off pieces with a hammer which he had with him. To his astonishment the rock showed most excellent indications, and he continued prospecting up the ledge until he found a very rich vein of silver. He took up a claim, and in three months sold out for over $50,000. The two miners who had made the stone their resting place for months were the cheapest-looking pair I ever saw, and soon left that part of the country, unable to stand the jeers of their comrades, who never let them forget what a fortune they had passed over."

A well-known physician, one of many, once had an opportunity to strike the Granite Mountain bonanza. One day, just after he had received a check for $1,500 in payment for a debt, he met a friend who asked him if he had any money he wanted to invest. The physician replied that he had a check for $1,500 in his pocket which he was going to deposit in the bank, and for which he had no immediate need. His friend told him to go straight to a broker's office and purchase Granite Mountain stock with it. Stock was then selling for 90 cents a share, and the physician's friend assured him he knew the property was of great value, and that in a very short time stock would be away up. But the medical gentleman gave him a knowing wink, and said:

"Oh, no; you don't catch me on that. I want no mining-stock in mine."

In vain his friend tried to persuade him to make the investment. He would not be persuaded. He could have purchased with his $1,500 just 1,666 shares of the stock, which would be worth about $100,000, and be bringing in $833 a month.

Before the mining craze struck St. Louis Sergeant McGrew, of that city, had his chance. Mr. Gus Ewing had just taken his first interest in mining stocks. He was the commissioner of supplies under his brother's appointment, and was a frequent caller at the mayor's office. A part of the business of each day's visit was to prevail upon McGrew to take a little plunge in Granite Mountain stock, but McGrew was steadfast, and used to play in the growth of his Jersey stock and the crop prospects of his Ohio farm against the small, but favorable fluctuations of Granite Mountain as reported to him. He could have had all the Granite Mountain stock he wanted, and obliged his friend by taking it. He might have been a millionaire had he taken the advice given him.

Along back in 1820, when St. Louis was just beginning to look like something, Mr. J. B. C. Lucas owned the tract of land from Fourth to Twenty-fifth streets and from Chesnut to Olive streets. Even in that day the property was valuable. Mr. Lucas wanted to dispose of it, and put it on the market at $20,000. Zachary Taylor, who afterwards became President of the United States, was a prospective purchaser. After some considerable discussion he agreed to buy the land if he could raise the money. Either Mr. Taylor did not try as hard as he might have done, or else his credit was not worth so much money; but he did not raise the $20,000, and the property remained on Mr. Lucas' hands. In 1863 it was worth several million dollars, and had Mr. Zachary Taylor purchased it, when offered, he would have doubled his money ten times over.

Not long ago an aged negro working at the machine-shops of one of the big railroads was incapacitated by having his right hand accidentally crushed in the machinery. The road kindly paid the doctor's bill, and that was all they thought about the matter. A lawyer hunted up the old colored man, secured the case, and the railroad was glad to compromise at $500. The lawyer took the money and went back to his client.

"Uncle, how much do you think you ought to get for the loss of that hand?"

"Well, boss," said the old man, "I 'spec that 'ere han's wuth $16 anyway. It's mighty sore, I kin tell ye."

The lawyer then told him what he had done, and turned over $250 to the old man, who nearly dropped dead from surprise.

Thought It Was Soda Water.

A newly arrived immigrant convulsed the gatekeepers at Castle Garden to-day. He mistook a chemical fire extinguisher for an ice water tank, and placing the nozzle in his mouth, he turned the faucet.

The effect was like dynamite. Instantly he was filled clear down to his boots with fire extinguishing gases and water. To say that he was astonished would be putting it mild.

"Is this soda water?" he blubbered through his tears.

"Oh, no," replied one of the gatekeepers; "that's Croton water. All water in America tastes that way after it has stood a year or two."—*New York Telegram.*

The Rope That Hung Major Andre.

Coiled up in the window of a Broadway cigar store, among a lot of bad cigars and chewing tobacco, lies a curiosity that has played a prominent part in American history. It is a bit of rope three feet long, with nothing attractive about it, and yet hundreds have asked its history. A reporter who did the same yesterday, received this interesting answer:

"Well, sir, that piece of hemp you see in my window is all that is left of the rope that hung Major Andre, the spy. The original piece, some six or eight feet long, I believe, has been cut up into little pieces and given away as mementoes, and the piece there is all that is left. It came into my possession somewhat curiously. Several years ago I kept a little cigar shop in Albany, and one of the two men working for me was a green hand from up the State somewhere, who had landed in Albany without a cent. He used to board at my house, and one night he left, leaving a board bill of $10 or $12 unpaid.

"He also left a small trunk and a letter, in which he asked me to keep the trunk for him until he could redeem it by paying his board. I kept the trunk for nearly six years, and then, not hearing from the man, I opened it. Among other things I found this rope, which the young man's grandfather had taken from Andre's neck the day he was hanged, and kept it as a memento of those stirring times. There was also a little book with the rope—a sort of ledger in which the grandfather and his son had kept a record of those to whom the pieces of rope had been given, and whither they had gone.

"Three of the pieces had been sent to England, one to Australia, another to an English officer in Constantinople, and the rest were distributed among different persons in the United States.

"Some time I am going to try and collect them again and then present the entire rope to some historical museum. It will be a curiosity any way, if not a valuable relic. As it is, few know the strange rope's history. I think I shall have a sign painted to put in the window with the rope, so that all who see it may know what they are looking at."—

Italian Sailor Boys.

In writing of his experience with Italian seamen, Mr. Keane gives them a first-rate character; but what will interest the reader most is what he has to say of the boys among the crew. There were nine of these on board from 12 to 21 years of age.

These young boys serve for a period of seven years, beginning a pay of 3 shillings a month, which is increased every year until it becomes 9 shillings a month in the last year of their apprenticeship. They are brought up in an extremely hard manner; only those who are in the last year of their time are allowed to live below. The other poor little wretches sleep anywhere, two or three of them in the galley during their watch below at night.

They have no proper mess; but the cook used to give them a great pan of food from the remenants of our mess and cabin. It was generally a mixture of macaroni, boiled beans, boiled cornmeal, stockfish, olive oil, and scrapings from every other dish of the day.

The five youngest boys would find the dryest place on deck, and then sit round it with one spoon among them all. Each one would take one spoonful and hand the spoon to his right-hand neighbor; so the spoon would go round until the food all disappeared, each one having taken the same number of spoonfuls.—*Youth's Companion.*

A Home of Rest for Horses is a successful English scheme. The chief object is to give temporary rest to the horses of cab drivers and poor traders, who in most cases are obliged to keep their beasts at work until past help, when a timely holiday would restore the poor creatures. Every comfort and convenience is at hand to make life pleasant and easy to the old horses. Summer and winter boxes, large and airy, warm clothes, regular and plentiful meals, an extensive stable yard for winter exercise, and a splendid grass run is at their disposal; and if anything ails the ancient almoners, the veterinary surgeon of the society comes with his skill to their aid.

Passing along the north wall of the house, we came to the sleeping-box, as I must call it, for it can not be designated a room. It was tucked well under the eaves, was about ten feet long by eight wide, and raised eighteen inches above the floor of the house. One end of it formed the side of the curio corner just described. On the floor was spread a piece of matting, and the *futons*, or heavily wadded cotton quilts, on which and under which the family slept at night, were neatly folded and laid in a pile on one side; the pillows in this house were of the Japanese pattern, little stands that support the neck, and which look to be wretchedly uncomfortable, but which are not so very bad when one gets accustomed to them. At night, or whenever any one is sleeping, a mat curtain is hung up in front of the sleeping-quarters, thus sealing up the inmates almost hermetically. I can not imagine any greater misery than to be compelled to be one of a half a dozen to occupy that miserable little box at night, deprived of all fresh air save the little that might strain through the reeds of the house wall, for "freshness" can not be applied to the air from the interior of the house itself, that must reek with the stench of rancid oil, half-cured fish, smoke, etc., and, as for fleas, and insects not usually mentioned in polite society, let us draw the curtain!—*J. K. Goodrich, in the Popular Science Monthly.*

"It is with unfeigned sorrow and a bleeding heart, Mr. Sampson," said the girl, gently, "that I am compelled to say thee nay; but I love another." and tears of sympathy welled into her eyes. "Now don't be so overcome, Miss Clara," he said earnestly. "It is really of no great consequence; I'll be as chipper as a bird in a day or two, and it pains me to see you thus distressed." Then she dried her eyes and became quite herself again.—*Epoch.*

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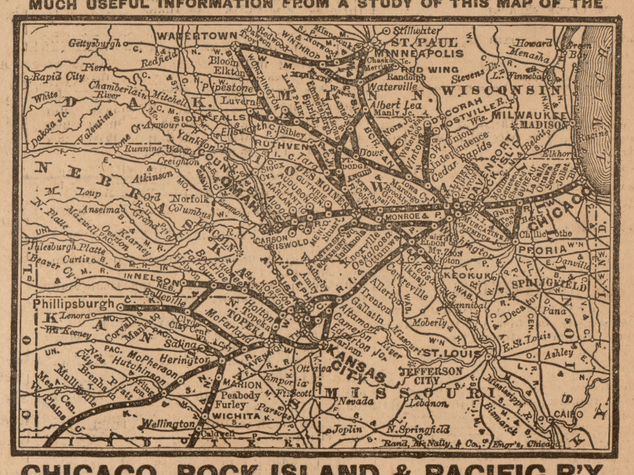
A MAN

UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY WILL OBTAIN MUCH USEFUL INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF THE


WATERTOWN
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RED WING
WISCONSIN
MILWAUKEE
MADISON
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PEORIA
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ST. LOUIS
KANSAS CITY
MISSOURI
Phillipsburg
WICHITA
Wellington
Denver
Colorado Springs
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Salt Lake City
Portland
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Spokane Falls
Tacoma
Seattle
Victoria
Vancouver
Winnipeg
Minnedosa
Portage la Prairie
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Qu'Appelle
Medicine Hat
Regina
Moose Jaw
Winnipeg
Duluth
Superior
Ashland
Marquette
Escanaba
Menominee
Green Bay
Fond du Lac
Milwaukee
Madison
Dubuque
Davenport
Rock Island
Peoria
Keokuk
Hannib

STATE NEWS.

A Resume of the Principal Items of News in Three Great States.

ILLINOIS.

—At Fairbury, William Rightsel, Jr., was killed in the co-operative coal shaft by a shot striking the top part of his body.

—Reuben McMurry, a well-known citizen of Whiteheath, died from the effect of falling over an iron railing. The fall of twelve feet broke his neck.

—Anthony Stewart, a conductor on the Peoria, Decatur & Evansville Road, fell from a box car at Chestervale and broke his neck. He leaves a family in Mattoon.

—At Galton, while Ross Gordon, a well-known farmer, was crossing the Illinois Central in a buggy he was struck by an engine and fatally injured. His horse was killed instantly.

—Burglars raided Cameron recently, Michael Kennedy was robbed of money, checks and notes amounting to $2,000 and a gold watch and chain. The "Q" was also burglarized of a number of tickets and a small amount of money.

—Mrs. Fred Kohler, wife of a wealthy farmer residing near Kankakee, died from injuries received by a team of horses running away. Mr. Kohler will probably die also, and a young man who was in the wagon with them is badly injured.

—J. W. Moore, superintendent of the masonry work on the bridge being constructed over the Ohio River at Cairo, caught his foot while attempting to jump from one barge to another, fell into the river and was drowned. He was a single man and lived in Baltimore.

—Charles Martin and Mary Gorden, of Rockford, went to Dubuque on a Grand Army of the Republic excursion, and after they reached that place, suddenly resolved to become man and wife. The next morning they announced their marriage, to the surprise of their friends.

—At Urbana Miss Isadore Goodspeed was attacked with an epileptic fit and fell over a stove, upsetting a large kettle of boiling preserves upon herself. She was so badly scalded that the flesh dropped off her arms from the shoulders down. Her injuries are not necessarily fatal.

—Two farm laborers, named Joseph Simms and Thomas Denahee were found dead three and one-half miles north of Jacksonville, on the Chicago & Alton track. They were fearfully mangled, but had not been killed long. They were workingmen, and were on their way home to Fairfield.

—The Chicago Diamond Drill Prospecting Company struck artesian well No. 2 at the prospecting shaft just north of the city of Monticello at a depth of 127 feet. The water was thrown above the surface some distance. This is the second well of this kind they have struck while prospecting for coal.

—A cloud-burst struck Quincy doing much damage. Scarcely a tree in the city escaped. Numbers of houses and outbuildings were unroofed and demolished. The storm lasted not more than ten minutes, but did more damage than any storm for years. The corn is somewhat injured in places, but not destroyed.

—John T. Paige, Mayor of Joliet, was appointed superintendent of the water works at the regular meeting of the city council. His salary will be $1,200 a year. He had promised to resign the mayorship if he were given this position, and will do so. Who his successor will be is not known, but it is rumored that it will be Alderman Haley, of the Fifth Ward.

—S. S. Dudley, a well-known farmer of Hammond, has disappeared. Some time ago he deeded his large farm to his minor children, and then had a bill filed in court to set the deed aside. When he heard of the nomination of Harrison he secluded himself in a dark room and began to write poetry. About three weeks ago he left home without saying a word to any one.

—John Server, a clerk in a store in Elizabethtown, had been paying attention to Miss Joe Ferrell. He was objectionable to her parents, and she regarded him with disfavor. He proposed to her and was rejected, whereupon he drew a revolver and fired three shots at her, two of them taking effect. He then placed the pistol to his breast and fired twice. He cannot live, and the girl's wounds are of such a serious nature that they may result fatally.

—At Galena, the Northern Illinois Horticultural Association held its twenty-first annual meeting. The attendance was fair. Resolutions were adopted on the death of the former president of the society, the late Milo Bernard, of Omaha, and of his successor, the late D. W. Scott, of Galena. Among the leading horticulturalists present were A. Bryant, Princeton; E. W. Graves, Sandwich; J. B. Cotta, Nursery; D. J. Piper, Forreston; A. R. Whitney, Franklin Grove; and J. T. Rogers, Marengo.

—At Rockford, James Patterson and wife separated. The husband took the three children and hid them, and when his wife went to search for them he nailed up every door and window tightly, so she could not enter. Mrs. Patterson has applied for a divorce, and charges him with knocking her down and throwing her out of the house. Mrs. Patterson was divorced from a former husband, and the trouble grew out of the presence of her eighteen-year-old daughter in the house. The mother grew jealous of the daughter and accused her husband of designs upon the affections of his stepdaughter. The latter was sent to her own father, but Mrs. Patterson discovered that she was in correspondence with her second husband.

MICHIGAN.

—At Canby, Mrs. Sarah Gill strangled her 1-year-old boy.

—Port Austin has a young lady seventeen years old who can throw a base ball over 200 feet.

—While walking on the railroad bridge at Battle Creek, Mrs. Olie McCully was run over by a train and killed.

—Manly N. Walker was arrested at Jackson. He has been flooding Michigan with letters to postmasters ordering them to contribute to the campaign fund. He pocketed all the money that foolish officials sent to his address.

—Marshall has for many years obtained its water supply for fire protection by means of strongly flowing artesian wells, the pipes being capped at the surface by ordinary fire-plugs. The supply has always been ample until this year, when it is found to be failing, and Marshall people are wondering thereat.

—The Indians of that section held their annual encampment at Northport. The number present was very large, and there was the usual exhibition of religious exaltation, bordering on frenzy. Some forty huge camp fires were built, and in addition an innumerable number of pitch torches were placed around among the trees.

—A lamp exploded in the bedroom of the farmhouse of Louis Brown, twenty miles from Crystal Falls. The house was consumed and Mrs. Brown horribly burned. She will die. The children escaped. Brown ran back into the house to get his money and never got out again. No trace of the body was found. The loss was $3,000; uninsured.

—Three Amboy women had a "rough and tumble" recently over a bean patch which one of them had planted on the roadbed of the Coldwater & Mansfield Railroad, which seems to be considered common property. One of the women caused the arrest of the other two for assault and battery, and they were fined $20 each, but have appealed to the Circuit Court.

—At Eaton Rapids, W. Gilmore, a miller employed in Smith's water mill, met with a horrible death. He entered the mill while under the influence of liquor and laid down upon a large rubber belt. Mr Smith visited the mill with a party of friends and started the machinery to show them the workings. Gilmore was drawn under the pulley and mashed to a jelly.

—The Board of School Examiners of Chippewa County seems satisfied with their secretary, as they have elected him to succeed himself. He has a jurisdiction larger than the State of Rhode Island, with roads none of the best, and thirty-eight school districts to attend to, some of which are nearly one hundred miles apart. He receives the princely sum of $300 a year for his labor, and house hire is not very cheap at the Soo, either.

—James Campbell, while in the woods near Norway Lake hunting, was startled by a noise some rods from him, and, to his horror, saw an enormous mouse-blue racer coming toward him at a rapid rate. He quietly took rest across a small tree and shot at the reptile. The bullet only cut the snake enough to make it crazy, and when it was within a few rods it coiled and prepared to jump, Mr. Campbell again shot, and this time killed it. Upon straightening it out it measured 11 feet 7 inches. Its teeth were an inch in length.

—The Rev Theodore W Haven, formerly pastor of the Independent Congregational Church in Battle Creek, whose mysterious disappearance created a sensation last January, until he was finally heard from at Berlin, Germany, is now living with his mother at Purday Station, near New York City. His friends are sorrowfully yielding to the conviction that he is incurably insane, and that his mind had begun to be seriously impaired before he left Battle Creek. He is now able to take walks with his mother, Mrs. Haven, in the vicinity of their residence, but shows little interest in current affairs or in the objects of ordinary concern.

—Report about wonderfully rich discoveries of gold near Ishpeming have been received with such incredulity outside the district that George A. Newett, editor of the Iron Ore of Ishpeming, has sent the gold to Chicago, with affidavits from mining companies, banks, and leading citizens. The gold will be exhibited several days in Chicago. Quartz containing free gold in great quantities is being mined daily for the Michigan Mine and all visitors are allowed to inspect the property. J. M. Case, the well-known Marquette capitalist, has struck good quartz at the bottom of a sixteen-foot shaft. Companies owning lands are besieged with applications for options on lands supposed to be in good range.

—The Detroit and Saline Plank Road Company, which maintains a gravel road for forty miles west of Detroit, has a way of holding up Detroit people who get caught beyond the gate and making them pay 3 cents a mile for driving over the city pavements to Fort street. Many people are not inclined to submit to this levying of toll, and they "run" the gate, that is drive through quickly without paying any toll. Mrs. Jane Austin has been "running" the gate for some time. She tried to do it recently, but was held by Gatekeeper Frachier and John Fox. They held her horse until she struck Frachier with a long whalebone whip. Both men then let go and the old lady drove away triumphantly. Frachier was severely cut about the head and face. Mrs. Austin is seventy-eight years old.

INDIANA.

—The Quaker's yearly meeting is in session at Plainfield.

—Judge Zenor instructed the grand jury at Craydon to use every effort to indict the lawless White Caps.

—At Little York, the four-year old son of Mrs. Isaac Hann fell from a fence, broke his neck, and died instantly.

—A vicious horse bit off the top of the head of Albert Banta's three-year-old son at Bragton, causing instant death.

—Labor day celebration in Indianapolis was a great success. Fully 4 000 people participated in the ball at the Exhibition Building.

General Nellis, of Huntington, had $500 under a carpet in his dwelling. A lamp exploded and both the house and money were burned.

—James M. Chamberlain, aged sixty-five years, a prominent and wealthy farmer of Steel Township, hanged himself in a grove near his home.

—The peach crop of the State is much better than was expected. The fruit in the Southern part is perfect in quality and unlimited in quantity.

—Incendiaries are at large in Greenfield. A horse breaking loose in his stable woke the stableman, who discovered the flame and saved a disastrous fire.

—At Lafayette, Policeman John Crusey assaulted Editor French of the Journal, because the latter had published an item to the effect that Crusey had left the Democratic party to get an office.

—A barber at Terre Haute named Frank Marting, who had been paying his attentions to Miss Webber, shot himself dead in her presence. She informed him that she had learned he had a wife in Cincinnati.

—The eight-year-old daughter of Joseph Wilson, living at Terry, was murdered. The only witness is a twelve-year-old boy, who claims that a tramp shot her. The boy is rather wild and is supposed himself to be the guilty one.

—At Seymour Miss Lizzie Todd, a handsome and accomplished lady, was found dead in her bed. She had taken poison in a fit of despondency caused by the desertion of her lover. She was nineteen years of age and a member of a prominent family.

—At Keystone, near Montpelier, a three-year child of Merchant Johnson ran into a pile of hot embers taken from underneath a boiler, and was frightfully burned. Its legs were roasted and the soles of its feet dropped off as it was being taken to the house.

—The celebrated Ballard murder case has been called for trial at Vincennes. This is the case in which several prominent citizens are charged with the murder of Jack Ballard, a Union Soldier, in 1864. It is alleged that the defendants were members of the Knights of the Golden Circle.

—E. P. Wessener, at Indianapolis, brought to the meeting of the Horticultural Society, an average stalk of corn from a five-acre field that measured fifteen and a half feet. The average height of the ears from the ground is ten and a half feet. He will gather his corn from a step-ladder.

—At a Democratic pole-raising, at Peru, Chris Fishner, who was loading the cannon which was being fired in honor of the event, had both hands blown off and lost both eyes. He cannot recover. Mike Smith, the man who was thumbing the cannon, lost both thumbs by withdrawing them prematurely.

—William and Allen Turner, two wealthy bachelor brothers who own a fine farm and live several miles north of Columbus, recently sold several head of fine cattle and received a considerable sum of money for them. They were attacked by masked men and robbed of about $1,000. The brothers are eccentric characters and are not disposed to make any fuss about their loss.

—Thomas Stevens, of Monroeville, formerly a well-to-do banker, and later editor of the Monroeville Breeze, filed a suit in the Superior Court in Fort Wayne, against Charles A. Will, and nine others, all prominent citizens of Monroeville, for $100,000 damages. The complaint alleges that in 1883 the defendants had him adjudged insane by Justice Cassady, and that he was deprived of his liberty and damaged to the amount claimed.

—James Ford, a wealthy farmer, living three miles southwest of Columbus while delirious from typhoid fever, sprang from his bed and attacked his wife and two children who were in the room. He seized a chair and killed his infant child with one blow. He then struck his wife several blows on the head, inflicting injuries from which she will die. He next attacked his ten-year old son who was trying to escape from the room, knocking him senseless and fracturing his skull so that recovery is impossible. The screams of the woman aroused the neighbors and it took ten of them to manacle the maniac.

—Hugh Dare, City Treasurer of Lagro, and Miss Ada McNoun, a pretty young school mistress, are missing from home and there is every reason for believing they have eloped. Mr. Dare quietly left Lagro informing several friends that he was going to Ohio. A day later Miss McNoun took the train for Logansport, saying that she would return Saturday. Neither of the parties has been seen since, although friends of each have made persistent efforts to find them. Miss McNoun's parents visited Logansport and learned that their daughter left that city taking an east-bound train that would have brought her home in an hour. It is supposed that she left the train at Peru, meeting Mr. Dare there, and going either to Detroit or St Louis.

How to Darn the Stocking.

Comparatively few of the girls of to-day know how to darn stockings, and yet there is no part of a woman's work more important. In putting on the foundation of a darn a double thread should be used for woollen and a single thread for cotton hose. It is important to draw the threads evenly and care must be taken that from whatever side the stitches begin they reach exactly opposite, and are set at equal distances apart. The worn edges around the hole to be darned should not be trimmed. The finer the stocking the finer should be the darning material and the smaller the needle!

A Meagre Harvest.

Rev. Mr. Hautton (closing a discourse on benevolence): And now, my dear brethren. I leave these various summer charities, which so strongly need the aid of all who find it possible to offer it, in your hand. Give of your money if you can; give of your time and strength if your dollars are not plenty; all—old and young, richer or poorer—can assist in the noble work. Some little sacrifice may be needed; make it. A little self-denial may be necessary; exert it, and your reward shall be the greater.

The plates are passed to slow music while the assistant intones:

"Lay not up for yourselfe treasures."
"Let your light so shine, etc."

THE GROUND.

Mr. Trillion (coming out of church): Well, the parson's at it again.

Mr. Million: Oh, yes; Hautton always has a fiddle to play. I'm not dancing much this time, though.

Mr. T.: Nor I. I am feeling too poor. The street played me a bad turn the other day. I came out fifty thousand loser last week.

Mr. M.: Fortune of war; lose to-day, win to-morrow.

Mr. T.: Oh, yes. I say, Million, those are fine animals you're driving—in superb condition, too.

Mr. M.: They'll look better shortly. I send them to the seashore in July for a month's bathing. Nothing like salt water, you know, for a horse's coat.

Mr. T.: So I have heard.

Mr. M.: I give mine a taste of it every summer. Mills takes the whole stable down while we are in the mountains, and I tell you the dandies show up in the fall with backs like satin—freshens them in every way.

Mr. T.: I'll try it for my carriage pair.

Mrs. Sympathetique: Dear Mr. Hautton was so elequent to-day. I felt quite faint when he told of those poor little sick babies in the stifling tenements. I really had to use my vinaigrette.

Mrs. Cold Blood: You are too sensitive, Mrs. Sympathetique. It doesn't pay to be emotional in this world.

Mrs. S.: I suppose not. My husband tells me I am far too susceptible. Oh, do you happen to know of any reliable person to take care of our town house till October? I want a man and his wife, with no children, of course.

Mrs. C. B.: I wish I did, indeed, for some years past, but the man died this winter.

Mrs. S.: So unfortunate!

Mrs. C. B.: Yes; it has quite seriously annoyed us. His widow wanted to come as usual and bring her daughter and her husband, but I wouldn't listen to that. There are quite too many!

Mrs. S.: Oh, yes, indeed.

Mrs. C. B.: It would necessitate leaving another bed-room open, you know.

Mrs. S.: Of course. Not to be thought of. How very trying it all is!

Mr. L. Byrrd Greene: Gad, warm day for a begging bout!

Mr. J. D. Wyllys Van Couver: Ya'as, and d'ye know the old beadle looked at me once or twice in a curious way. Gad, I think he thought I could be plucked.

Mr. L. B. G.: Oh, no, old man. Nothing is ever expected of us, y' know.

Mr. S. D. W. V. C.: I should say not. I fancy now that Hautton has no notion of what it costs us to live—just the one item of putting up at four crack clubs would knock him silly.

Mr. L. B.: G. Oh, gad, ya'as.

IN MRS. MAYFIR'S COUPE.

Miss Mayfair: Eleanor Bagatelle is all enthusiasm over the sermon; thinks we girls ought to do something.

Mrs. M. (with a cold smile): Eleanor's role is enthusiasm. I suppose Jack Cavendish assisted at her rapture.

Miss M. (with a younger cold smile): Oh, yes. She proposes to do a play at Newport next month for the Seaside Home. Jack is to be leading man.

Mrs. M.: That goes without saying.

Miss M.: She asked me to take a part.

Mrs. M.: You declined, I presume.

Miss M.: Oh, yes, indeed.

Mrs. M.: Now that you are engaged, it would of course, be most unwise to waste your strength on such affairs.

THE SHOWER.

[In the study Monday morning.]

Assistant: The offering yesterday was very small.

Rev. Mr. Hautton: Oh-er-yes. These charities are so—er perennial, you know, they are not apt to commend themselves freely.

Assistant: I fear we must depend on outside help.

Rev. Mr. Hautton: Well, do the best you can. I shall have no further time to bestow upon the matter.

Assistant: You sail Saturday, I suppose?

Rev. Mr. Hautton: Yes; and by the way, that was a generous purse the church gave me last week.

Assistant (innocently): They certainly did respond nobly.—*P. H Welch in Drake's Magazine.*

How She Set the Fashion.

A charming French duchess, so goes the story, had recently promised to be present at the festivity for some benevolent purpose at the Trouville casino. Being rather behind time the lady put her gloves on while driving, and never noticed till she stood in the full blaze of the casino drawing room that to her black-and-white silk costume she had put on one white and one black glove. It appeared that her maid had laid two pairs of gloves ready for her mistress to choose from, and that the duchess in her hurry had taken one of each pair. The mischief, however, could not be undone and the gratifying result was that at the next fashionable assembly all the ladies at Trouville wore a glove of different color on each hand—a custom which has become so general that at present all the ladies at Trouville have adopted it.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Counting Money by Weight.

An officer of a street railroad company said, in substance, that the time consumed, if the nickels collected in a day were counted one by one, would be too great, and therefore that they were not counted. Instead they were weighed. Fifty dollars in nickels will weigh 10¾ pounds. This system of weighing has been brought to such perfection that it is rarely a mistake is made, and is never more than five cents in $100. The nickels are counted, of course, ordinarily, when taken out of the car boxes, in order to see if the amount corresponds with conductors' and officers reports, but a count of a big day is not attempted save by weight.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Poverty Turkey Dinner.

Some years ago the good sisters of —— Church determined, in the kindness of their hearts, to get up a contribution for the poor of the community. Gathering a considerable quantity of the necessaries and comforts of life, they put the goods into a horse-cart and sallied forth upon their merciful mission. It was a plentiful section of country, where it was hard to find any cases of poverty approaching starvation, but they all agreed that if anybody was suffering it must be Sister Hutten; and so to Sister Hutten's they went. They found the old lady just about to sit down to dinner. On the table was a fine roast turkey, done to a turn, and diffusing its appetizing odor. The visiting committee gazed with some wonder at this unexpected phenomenon, and the spokeswoman of the party said: "Why, Sister Hutten, we heard you were poor, and so we came here to relieve your necessities; but here you have a fine roast turkey for dinner, which does not look much like destitution." "Pshaw!" said the old lady, looking at the turkey with much contempt, "I'd like to know what roast turkey is, anyhow, when a body's got no cranberry sass?" Another benevelent lady is reported to have visited a family who were understood to be on the verge of starvation, and she found them extremely destitute. They were half clad, cold, and had not a morsel of food of any description in the house. Touched with pity, the visitor asked: "What do you need most? What shall I get for you?" The mother replied: "Well, I did want a headdress most, they are so becoming!"—*Christian Inquirer.*

How to Start a Balky Horse.

I passed a considerable block of street cars recently to come upon the cause of it, a balky horse, at the moment when a bystander stepped into the roadway and after a moment's manipulation set the animal going as if perferfectly content with his work. The success of the operation was so immediate that I ventured to ask how it was done. The man did not have the horsy look which usually accompanies the possession of stable secrets, was evidently an amateur, and did not hesitate to tell me at once that he simply placed under the horse's tongue a chip of wood that he picked from the sidewalk. "Anything else would have done as well," he went on to explain, "for it is only necessary to divert the horse's attention for a moment from his fancied grievances. I only changed the current of his thoughts. You might have agued with him all day, and he would still have held to his opinion."—*Boston Post.*

The American Board meets in Cleveland next month. Free entertainment to others than members of the board missionaries will not be furnished this year.

Red Hair.

How are we to account for the popular prejudice against red hair? Is it connected with the tradition that Judas Iscariot was red haired, or is it of earlier origin? So strong was the sentiment against it in the Middle Ages that one of the chroniclers denounced it as "a burning brand of infidelity." It may very well be that the hatred with which William Rufus was regarded owed an extra dash of intensity to the color of his tawny locks. Not a few famous personages, however, have been endowed by nature with hair of this fatal hue (which their flatterers, no doubt, persisted in describing as auburn), for instance, Anne Boleyn (Mr. Froude speaks of "her fair hair flowing loose over her shoulders;) Queen Elizabeth (Sir Richard Baker describes hers as "inclining to pale yellow;" Fuller uses the convenient epithet "fair;") Columbus, the poet Camoens and Marshal Ney. One does not like to think of red-haired poets, but the reader will find that auburn, which at least has a warm tinge on it, has not been uncommon among "the brotherhood of the tuneful lyre." Shakspeare's hair and beard were auburn, if we may credit the original coloring of his bust in Stratford's church, and Milton's "hyacinth locks" were of a similar color. Tom Burn's hair was black, and Byron's of a dark brown.—*Gentlemen's Magazine.*

The gentleman returning from the sea-shore will have the satisfaction of knowing that there is a welcome above for the moneyless man.—*Lincoln Journal.*

A New York man has made a small fortune of $25,000 in two months through an invention. He had often noticed the trouble which school children have in cleaning their slates, and he invented a little tin box, in the in the bottom of which is a small sponge saturated with water. In the centre of the boy he placed a piece of tin drilled with holes, and on top of this another small sponge. A pressure moistens the upper sponge, and the slate can be instantly cleaned. One firm of stationers purchased 10,000 gross of the little invention, and the lucky inventor hopes to become a millionaire.

Many People Refuse to take Cod Liver Oil on account of its unpleasant taste. This difficulty has been overcome in **Scott's Emulsion** of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites. It being as palatable as milk, and the most valuable remedy known for the treatment of Consumption, Scrofula and Bronchitis, General Debility, Wasting Diseases of Children, Chronic Coughs and Colds, has caused physicians in all parts of the world to use it. Physicians report our little patients take it with pleasure. Try Scott's Emulsion and be convinced.

A skipping-rope has been patented in England which sets in motion a small musical box in one of the handles.

Some Pittsburg officials inspecting a sewer narrowly escaped being swept into the river, the sewer becoming suddenly flooded by a heavy rain.

A Fair Trial

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla will convince any reasonable person that it does possess great medicinal merit. We do not claim that every bottle will accomplish a miracle, but we do know that nearly every bottle, taken according to directions, does produce positive benefit. Its peculiar curative power is shown by many remarkable cures.

"I was run down from close application to work, but was told I had malaria and was dosed with quinine, etc., which was useless. I decided to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now feeling strong and cheerful. I feel satisfied it will benefit any who give it a fair trial. W. B. BEAMISH, 261 Spring Street, New York City.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all Druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar.

LOG CABINS are fast going out of style as fashionable residences. Log Cabins will, however, always have a place in American history, as they were the most prominent feature of our country's early social life. The pioneers were strong, rugged, healthy. Warner's Log Cabin Cough and Consumption Remedy is a reproduction of one of the best of the old time roots and herbs remedies, which kept them well. Everybody praises "Tippecanoe" as a stomach tonic.

How to be Healthy and Wealthy.

Don't worry.

"Seek peace and pursue it."

Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long."

Work like a man, but don't be worked to death."

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make.

Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Sleep and rest abundantly. Sleep is Nature's benediction.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't overeat. Don't starve. "Let your moderation be known to all men."

Court the fresh air day and night. "O, if you knew what was in the air!"

Think only healthful thoughts. "As a man thinketh in his heart so is he."—*New York Mail.*

What is Moxie?

It is neither medicine nor stimulant, but a plant that yields a rich nutrition for the nerves, which repairs the hard wares of life, or the effects from dissipation within a few days or weeks, and contains no more alcohol than bread or ice cream, and is the richest beverage known. Druggists have it. For home use, buy the Moxie Syrup,—75 cents for a 26-ounce bottle—mix three dessert spoonfuls with a tumbler of ice or soda water, and it will cost you but two cents a tumbler.

Tan colored boots for men are becoming very fashionable in London.

We are pleased to learn that some of our young readers are about to take a course in the Metropolitan Business College, 79 Madison Street, Chicago. In point of discipline, thoroughness of work, experienced teachers, and practical methods, this institution certainly stands at the head. It is a live and progressive school, in the full sense of the word, and is now the largest of the kind. Those interested should write and receive a beautifully illustrated catalogue. Having a personal knowledge of this school we can recommend it to all.

Russia's new military law will increase her army by 400,000 men. Hail to peace.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St, Phila., Pa.

Des Moines is preparing to discard mule for electric motor in street car service.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria,

A Nebraska tornado blew a cow's tail bald without injuring the animal.

If you have Cutting, Scalding, or Stinging sensations in the parts when voiding urine—Swamp-Root will quickly relieve and cure.

The Comte de Paris has determined to spend no less than 20,000,000 francs on election expenses at the next general election.

Wellesley girls have been provided with an imported Venetian gondola.

St JACOBS OIL

For Sciatica.

NEW CURRENT TESTIMONY.

7 Years. Chicago, Ill., May 21, 1888. I was given up by doctors 3 years ago and had to use a crutch for Sciatic Rheumatism; suffered about 7 years; first application St. Jacobs Oil relieved; two bottles cured. GEORGE A. ROSE.

Bed-ridden. Beaver Dam, Wis., May 19, '88. Spring of 1887 was taken with Sciatica; suffered two months; was confined to bed; tried several doctors without benefit. Used St. Jacobs Oil and was cured. JANNETTE WEBER.

Lameness. Utica, Fulton Co., Illinois. Three or four years ago was taken with lameness in hip; was in bed part of time; tried several doctors without benefit; was cured by three or four applications of St. Jacobs Oil. WM. HARPER.

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Diamond Vera-Cura

FOR DYSPEPSIA.

AND ALL STOMACH TROUBLES SUCH AS: Indigestion, Sour-Stomach, Heartburn, Nausea, Giddiness, Constipation, Fullness after eating, Food Rising in the Mouth and disagreeable taste after eating, Nervousness and Low-Spirits.

At Druggists and Dealers or sent by mail on receipt of 25 cts. (5 boxes $1.00) in stamps, Sample sent on receipt of 2-cent Stamp.

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PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

Dr. Schenck's Mandrake Pills

PURELY VEGETABLE AND STRICTLY RELIABLE.

They act DIRECTLY and PROMPTLY on the Liver and Stomach, restoring the constipated organs to healthy activity, and are a positive and perfectly safe cure for Constipation, Liver Complaint, Sick Headache, Biliousness, and all other diseases arising from a disordered condition of the Liver and Stomach. They are the only reliable vegetable Liver Pill sold.

They are Perfectly HARMLESS. They are PURELY VEGETABLE. TRY THEM.

For Sale by all Druggists. Price 25 cts. per box; 3 boxes for 65 cts.; or sent by mail, postage free, on receipt of price. Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

A PERFECT COMBINATION

Of harmless vegetable remedies that will restore the whole system to healthy action, is absolutely needed to cure any disease "for the disease that affects one organ weakens all." Paine's Celery Compound is THIS PERFECT COMBINATION. Read the proofs!

"I have suffered terribly from nervousness and kidney trouble. I bought two bottles of Paine's Celery Compound, and oh, how it did help me! I have so much faith in your medicine, for I know what it did for me." Ontario Centre, N. Y. MRS. J. J. WATSON.

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"For five years I suffered with malaria and nervousness. I tried Paine's Celery Compound, and I can truthfully say that five bottles completely cured me. I cheerfully recommend it, for I know it to be a good medicine." CHAS. L. STEARNS, Letter Carrier, Station B, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CURES ALL NERVOUS DISEASES,

Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Piles, Liver Complaint, Kidney Trouble, Female Complaints, and all diseases arising from Impure Blood.

$1, six for $5. WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Props., Burlington, Vt. **For the Nervous,**

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Sir Edward Baines of the Leeds *Mercury* is said to be the oldest working newspaper man in Europe. He is eighty-eight years old, and has been a journalist since 1818, having begun as a reporter on the *Mercury*, of which his father was then editor. He was present as a reporter at the battle of Waterloo in 1819, and subsequently gave important evidence on behalf of men arrested in connection with that affair.

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PENS USE THE BEST. Stationers keep them. Standard quality, all styles. Sample doz. 10 cents by mail. 26 John St., New York. **ESTERBROOK.**

GLEK! Wonderful discovery from the seeds of a plant. The richest blood food known. Positive, permanent recuperator of failing manhood from age or abuse. $1.00 bottle sent free on receipt of price. Druggists keep it. GLEK CO., 33 N. State St., Chicago.

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ASTHMA CURED German Asthma Cure never fails to give immediate relief in the worst cases, insures comfortable sleep; effects cures where all others fail. A trial convinces the most skeptical. Price 50c. and $1.00, of Druggists or by mail. Sample FREE for stamp. DR. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

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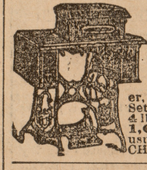
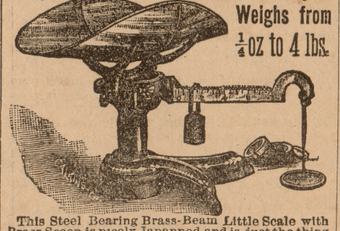


A $65.00 Sewing Machine! For $18.00. Black Walnut Furniture Cover, Drop Leaf, 5 Drawers and Full Set of Attachments. Warranted. 4 lb Tea or Family Scale, $1.00. 1,000 other Articles ½ to ¼ usual prices. Send for Catalogue. CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago.

MARLIN REPEATING RIFLE New Model 1888. Just Out. Uses 38 & 44 cal. Winchester cartridge. Works easier, is simpler, stronger, lighter, than any other. DON'T BUY TILL YOU SEE IT. **BALLARD** GALLERY, HUNTING AND TARGET RIFLES. Send for Illustrated Catalogue. MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., Box 20 D, NEW HAVEN, CT.

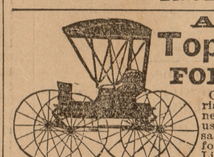
Only $1.00 for this "Little Beauty." Weighs from ¼ oz to 4 lbs.



This Steel Bearing Brass-Beam Little Scale with Brass Scoop is nicely Japanned and is just the thing for House, Store or Shop. We will send one *only*, by express, to any person sending us $1.00 (not ¼ its value). Catalogue of 1,000 articles sent free. Address CHICAGO SCALE CO., Chicago, Ill.

FITS STOPPED FREE Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nervous Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. See Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

JONES OF BINGHAMTON HE PAYS the FREIGHT. 5 Ton Wagon Scales, Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box for $60. Every size Scale. For free price list mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, BINGHAMTON, N. Y.



A $125 Top Buggy FOR $65.00. Other Buggies, Carriages, Sleighs, Harness, and a thousand useful articles in the same proportion. Send for Illustrated Price-Lists. CHICAGO SCALE COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY. Wholly unlike artificial systems. Cure of mind wandering. Any book learned in one reading. Classes of 1087 at Baltimore, 1005 at Detroit, 1500 at Philadelphia, 1113 at Washington, 1216 at Boston, large classes of Columbia Law Students, at Yale, Wellesley, Oberlin, University of Penn., Michigan University, Chautauqua, &c., &c. Endorsed by RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Judge GIBSON, Dr. BROWN, E. H. COOK, Prin. N. Y. State Normal College, &c. Taught by correspondence. Prospectus POST FREE from PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

DR. KILMER'S Female Remedy. A GREAT BLESSING TO WOMEN. Read Symptoms and Conditions this Specific will Relieve and Cure. If You have nervous or sick head-ache stomach-ache, back-ache, spine-ache, bloating, internal heat or scalding urine, If You have chronic weakness, bearing down or perversions incident to life-change, If You have uterine catarrh, suppressed or painful periods, or ovarian dropsy, If You have suspicious growths

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1888.

REPUBLICAN NOMINATIONS.

National.

For President,
BENJAMIN HARRISON,
of Indiana.

For Vice President,
LEVI P. MORTON,
of New York.

State.

For Electors of President and Vice President:
At Large—RUSSELL A. ALGER, of Wayne;
ISAAC CAPPON, of Kent.
District I—EDWARD BURK, of Wayne.
II—JUNIUS E. BEAL, of Washtenaw.
III—RICHMOND KINGMAN, of Kalamazoo.
IV—JOSEPH W. FRENCH, of St. Joseph.
V—DON J. LEATHERS, of Kent.
VI—JAMES M. TURNER, of Ingham.
VII—JOHN S. THOMSON of Sanilac.
VIII—ELLIOTT F. GRABILL, of Montcalm.
IX—WELLINGTON W. CUMMER, of Wexford.
X—HARRY P. MERRILL, of Bay.
XI—PERRY HANNAH, of Grand Traverse.

For Governor,
CYRUS G. LUCE, of Branch.

For Lieutenant Governor,
JAMES H. MACDONALD, of Delta.

For Secretary of State,
GILBERT R. OSMUN, of Wayne.

For State Treasurer,
GEORGE L. MALTZ, of Alpena.

For Auditor General,
HENRY H. APLIN, of Bay.

For Commissioner of the Land Office,
ROSCOE D. DIX, of Berrien.

For Attorney General,
STEPHEN V. R. TROWBRIDGE, of Ionia.

For Superintendent of Public Instruction,
JOSEPH ESTABROOK, of Eaton.

For Member of the State Board of Education,
PERRY F. POWERS, of Wexford.

District.

For Representative in Congress, 2d District,
EDWARD P. ALLEN, of Washtenaw.

For Representative, 1st Washtenaw District,
ANDREW J. SAWYER, of Ann Arbor.

County.

For Probate Judge.
GEORGE. S. WHEELER, of Salem.

For County Clerk,
MORTON. F. CASE, of Pittsfield.

For County Treasurer,
WILLIAM R. TUOMEY, of Scio.

For Register of Deeds,
ALBERT GARDNER, of Ann Arbor.

For Sheriff,
JACOB H. MARTIN, of Ypsilanti.

For Prosecuting Attorney,
JOHN F. LAWRENCE, of Ann Arbor.

For Circuit Court Commissioners,
FLORENCE C. MORIARTY, of Ypsilanti;
CHARLES H. KLINE, of Ann Arbor.

For Coroners,
DR. WILLIAM H. BREAKEY, of Ann Arbor;
DR. FRANK K. OWEN, of Ypsilanti.

For Surveyor,
JOHN. K. YOCUM, of Sylvan.

LOOK ON
This Picture, and On This.

Republican Platform, '88.	*Democrat Platform, '88.*
We are unconditionally in favor of the American system of protection; we protest against its destruction, proposed by the President and his party. They serve the interests of Europe; we will support the interests of America. We accept the issue, and confidently appeal to the people for their judgment. The protective system must be maintained. Its abandonment has always been followed by general disaster to all interests, except those of the usurer and the sheriff. We denounce the Mills bill as destructive to the general business, the labor and the farming interests of the country, and we heartily indorse the consistent and patriotic action of the republican Representatives in Congress in opposing its passage.	The democratic party of the United States in national convention assembled, renews the pledge of its fidelity to the democratic faith, and reaffirms the platform adopted by its representatives in the convention of 1884, and indorse the views expressed by President Cleveland in his last earnest message to Congress as the correct interpretation of that platform upon the question of tariff reduction; and also indorse the efforts of our democratic representatives in Congress to secure a reduction of excessive taxation.
We condemn the proposition of the democratic party to place wool on the free list, and we insist that the duties thereon shall be adjusted and maintained so as to furnish full and adequate protection to that industry.	The republican party controlling the Senate and resisting in both houses of Congress a reformation of unjust and unequal tax laws, which have outlasted the necessities of war, and are now undermining the abundance of a long peace, denies to the people equality before the law, and the fairness and the justice which are their right.
The republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue by repealing the taxes upon tobacco, which are an annoyance and burden to agriculture, and the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes, and by such revision of the tariff laws as will tend to check imports of such articles as are produced by our people, the production of which gives employment to our labor, and release from import duties those articles of foreign production (except luxuries) the like of which cannot be produced at home. If there shall still remain a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of the government we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system at the joint behest of the whisky trust and the agents of foreign manufacturers.	The democratic party will continue, with all the power confided to it, the struggle to reform these laws in accordance with the pledges of its platform. * * Judged by democratic principles, the interests of the people are betrayed when, by unnecessary taxation, trusts and combinations are permitted to exist. * * Every rule of governmental action is violated, when through unnecessary taxation a vast sum of money, far beyond the needs of an economical administration, is drawn from the people, the channels of trade, and accumulated as a demoralizing surplus in the national treasury.
Republican Platform, '76.	*Democrat Platform, '84.*
Duties upon importations should be adjusted to promote the interests of American labor.	The democratic policy is to enforce frugality in public expense and abolish unnecessary taxation. The system of direct taxation known as "internal revenue" is a war tax.
Democrat Platform, '80.	
A tariff for revenue ONLY.	
Democrat Platform, '76.	
All custom house taxation shall be for revenue ONLY.	

Prohibition Platform, 1888.

The prohibition party in national convention assembled, acknowledging Almighty God as the source of all government, does hereby declare:

4. For the immediate abolition of the internal revenue system, whereby our national government is deriving support from our greatest national vice.

THE death of Richard A. Proctor, the celebrated astronomer and lecturer, is a startling result of the yellow fever epidemic in Florida. He died in New York, of fever which developed after his arrival from Florida and reached the extreme stage of black vomit. The announcement of his death was the first public intelligence of his illness. The sad event brings freshly to mind his well known skeptical views upon religion, and his rejection of the authenticity of sacred scriptures.

MR. CLEVELAND, both in his message and in his letter of acceptance, makes many words over the advantages to the manufacturers of having their raw material free, but he seems to be ignorant of the fact that the law allows a rebate of duty on all raw material brought into the country with the intent to reëxport it, thus virtually giving free raw material. This has been the law for years, and yet Mr. Cleveland seems not to have found it out. Perhaps we have expected too much of him and ought to excuse this little oversight, as he has been a "great statesman" only a few minutes.

"GOD invented free trade," says Thos. D. Hawley, democrat candidate for Secretary of State, in a recent speech. Yes, that is true; but it was invented as a penalty for sin. Originally, a wall of protection was placed around the race; but when Adam transgressed the law of his being, and became a subject for dire punishment, he was turned out of the protected garden into the free-trade pasture, infested with thorns and thistles, where he had to scramble for a living against all the world, and where he couldn't make enough to supply his own clothing. "Cursed is the ground for thy sake," was the sentence passed upon him; "in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life." That was the condition under which, as Mr. Hawley correctly says, "God invented free trade."

No doubt the energetic proprietors of our knitting works will feel grateful to the Commercial for the sympathy it expressed some time since in view of the possible removal of their works to some other locality, and its voice of remonstrance to our city must have fallen with stunning force, coming as it did from a journal which, by advocating free trade, would inaugurate a governmental policy destructive to every factory located as is theirs. The first effects of that ruinous policy, would be felt in factories in small towns with poor shipping facilities. After all, why would it harm Ypsilanti to have the works removed, any more than to have them closed by free importations? Theory does very well for the free trader, and he ought to stick close to it, for the instant he touches on practical business matters, he shows the fallacy of his theory, and makes himself ridiculous. The Commercial should steer clear of practical, industrial questions, if it desires to maintain its own peace of mind.

So much is said on our streets disparaging American commerce, it may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that our commerce is not so far behind that of Great Britain as some would like to have us think. The fact that our ocean commerce is much less does not signify, as our coastwise and inland trade is more profitable than ocean traffic is to England. Our commerce is self-supporting, while England's requires an annual subsidy from the government of about $4,000,000 to help it pay expenses. The yankee choses to confine himself to what pays, and when foreign commerce becomes lucrative, he will, no doubt, get his share of it, and our flag will be found on the high seas as it is now on our inland waters. The following shows the tonnage of the United States and Great Britain for 1885: United States, 4,265,934 tons, 2,684,067 of which is sea going. Great Britain 6,127,375 tons, sea going. So it would seem that the United States tonage is about two-thirds that of the boasted maritime power, a pretty respectable showing for Uncle Sam, after all.

THE Detroit Tribune of Sunday notes the increased contributions of the past year to the American Board of Foreign Missions—$540,920, to $465,373 last year—and interprets it as a favorable verdict upon the policy of the board respecting the belief in future probation, which was a subject of contention last year. That by no means follows. The friends of the cause of foreign missions outside of the Board, who contribute the funds for carrying on the work, have the same interest in the success of that work that their agents upon the Board have; and they should not be expected to withhold their support because of a difference upon a question of policy or administration not vital to its success, any more than the members of the Board should be expected to turn their backs upon the cause for a like reason. The contributions are increased to meet increased needs, and this testifies to the vital strength of the cause, which can command the earnest and united support which such contributions exhibit, in spite of the conflict which differing views produce. But it cannot be taken as a verdict upon the issue involved in that conflict.

ALL reports from England show a growing sentiment there in favor of a change of policy. Free trade is filling the country with German, French, and other foreign goods, while the industrial advance in all the protected countries of the continent and of Asia, in manufacturing enterprises, is gradually commanding the markets which England formerly controlled. Englond finds herself restricted to such an extent that her warehouses are filled with goods and no market can be found for them. It is not surprising, then, that she looks with longing eyes to America, to see our ports opened, and inviting the advent of her great surplus. Nor is it surprising that our people, especially the laboring class, are becoming daily more and more alarmed at the prospect which the Mills bill opens up to them. They are coming to see that we cannot buy our goods abroad and still make them here at home. No amount of sophistry can deceive them into the belief that increased imports of manufactured goods will not affect the amount of work to be done here. It is evident to any one that labor in this country is hurt by imported labor in the form of manufactured goods, as much as by an influx of contract labor, and the stampede from the party of free trade to that of protection shows that the eyes of laboring men are no longer to be blinded by the false cry of "the robber tariff." There is no longer any place for the demagogue's cry, in this land of homes and schools and labor savings in the banks. The tide of emigration to this country shows where is the "Land of Promise," and as long as the gates at Castle Garden swing inward, the masses will never vote to duplicate, here, the poverty and distress which compel the tide to set this way. Yes, Gen. Harrison crowded the whole argument in our favor into the single sentence, "When all else has been said, the one great fact remains: The gates of Castle Garden *always* swing inward to the labor of the world."

Chairman Mills said after his northern trip that he was greatly surprised to note the accuracy and extent of the information upon the subject of the tariff in all his audiences throughout the northwest. Ho! Mr. Mills—you haven't half found it out yet; but the elections are giving you pointers, and when you fully realize just how accurate and extensive that information is, you will never want to introduce another tariff bill, nor make another tariff speech.

IF the tariff does not enhance the price of the domestic competing article, how can it help the manufacturer?—Ann Arbor Argus.

We have credited the Argus with fair intelligence, and have been disposed also to credit it with a fair degree of candor. We would like to propound a conundrum to the Argus. Suppose you were manufacturing printed bills, cards, etc., for the people of Ann Arbor at a profit of 20 per cent, which just gave you a good living. Detroit printers, with better facilities and greater resources, were able to furnish the same goods at a less cost, and they came into Ann Arbor and took orders, so that the business the Argus had was only half what it would otherwise have been. Then suppose the Ann Arbor authorities, to protect their own printers, levied a license fee of 20 per cent upon outside printers, which enabled the Argus to compete with the Detroit fellows at an advantage, and so get all the work of the place, doubling its business. Would the Argus then have to add that 20 per cent duty to its prices, or any part of it, in order to be benefited by that tariff? Could not the Argus even lower its own prices 5 per cent under those circumstances, and yet be the gainer by that tariff, to the amount of 50 per cent of its former income—making a profit of 15 per cent on $2000, instead of 20 per cent on $1000? Will the Argus please say, frankly and squarely, whether it still denies, or whether it admits, that a business may be benefited without increasing prices? and if it may be so benefited, by securing more of the market through the operation of an impost tax or license fee, without increasing prices, will the Argus not do itself the credit, and its readers the favor, to employ talk more sensible and candid than that quoted above.

THE vote of Michigan for President, since the organization of the state, has been as follows:

	Whig & Rep.	Dem. & Fus.	Scattering.	Total vote.	Electors.
1836	4,000	7,360	.....	11,360	3
1840	22,933	21,098	321	44,352	3
1844	24,337	27,759	3,632	55,572	5
1848	23,930	30,677	10,393	65,000	5
1852	33,971	41,842	7,237	83,080	6
1856	71,762	52,139	1,660	125,526	6
1860	88,480	65,057	1,210	154,747	6
1864	*85,352	†67,370	.....	152,722	8
1868	113,222	82,364	202	‡225,510	8
1872	136,199	77,030	4,132	217,351	11
1876	166,534	141,095	9,901	317,530	11
1880	185,190	131,301	36,145	352,636	11
1884	192,669	189,361	19,166	401,186	13

*Includes 9,402 soldier votes.
†Includes 2,959 soldier votes.
‡Includes 29,715 not returned in legal time.

The excellence of Harper's Magazine for October is apparent even from a hasty glance through its pages. There are short stories and long ones, sketches, "skits," poetry, and unsurpassed illustrations. The articles most striking, perhaps, are Mr. Theodore Child's "Limoges and its industries," and Z. L. White's description of Western Journalism. These contain a great store of New Information, and even the old facts are so presented that they strike the reader with new force. The portaits of Western editors will be scanned by the public with interest.

A "good man gone wrong" is usually a bad man found out.

SPECIAL!

On and after Monday, August 27th, I will offer my entire stock at

VERY LOW PRICES

Terms Cash.

All persons indebted to me will please call and settle at their earliest convenience.

H. P. GLOVER.

First National Bank,

Established 1863.

Capital & Surplus, $100,000

Individual Liability of Stockholders, $150,000

Interest Paid on Time Certificates of Deposit.

D. L. QUIRK, President. CHAS. KING, Vice-Pres.
W. L. PACK, Cashier.

Ypsilanti Savings Bank

Organized under the general banking laws of Michigan, with a

CASH CAPITAL OF $50,000

Transacts a

GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS

FOUR PER CENT. INTEREST

allowed on all savings deposits of $1 and upwards, compounded every six months.

Savings Department open every Saturday evening from 7 to 8 to receive deposits.

D. C. BATCHELDER, President.
R. W. HEMPHILL, Cashier.

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. M. S. SMITH, V. P.
R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank,

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - $200,000.

FOUR per cent. interest paid on Savings deposits. Directops—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freer, G. H. Russel, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

UNCERTAINTY.

The distant ships at anchor lie
Far on the hazy sea.
Upon the helm we see no hand,
Nor hear a whisper of command—
Our own they seem to be.

Under a tender sky they rest
With snowy sails all furled.
But the mist may lift,
And the wind may shift,
And the ships sail down the world.

Oh! the sweet souls I truly love
Shall I ever truly know?
In their mists of thought
I am all untaught,
Nor know I what winds may blow.

—Margarette Deland.

UNDERTONES.

What great, high soul that once hath felt the pain
Deep trembling through life's gayest, brightest chords
Can cheat itself with phantom joy again
Through sweetly whispered words?

But let the deep and wondrous melody
Of other worlds once touch the soul's still shrine,
And henceforth all earth's quivering trenody
Will throb with joy divine.

—Eva Gorton Taylor.

SALE OF STATE TAX LANDS.

AUDITOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Lansing, Mich., July 2, 1888.

Notice is hereby given that certain lands situated in the county of Washtenaw bid off to the State for Taxes of 1885 and previous years, and described in statements which will be forwarded to the office of the Treasurer of said County some time in September, will be sold at public auction, by said Treasurer at the County Seat, on the first Tuesday of October next, at the time and place designated for the Annual Tax Sales, if not previously redeemed or cancelled according to law.

Said statements contain a full description of each parcel of said lands, and may be seen on application at the office of the County Treasurer.

Lands struck off to the State for Taxes of 1885 or other years, at the Tax Sales in October last, will be offered subject to the right of redemption prescribed by law.

H. H. APLIN, Auditor General.

ANNUAL TAX SALES.

AUDITOR GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Lansing, Mich., July 2, 1888.

So much of the following described tracts or parcels of Land, situated in the County of Washtenaw delinquent for unpaid taxes for the years mentioned below, as will be sufficient to pay the Taxes, Interest and Charges thereon, will be sold by the Treasurer of said County, on the first Tuesday of October next, at such public and convenient place as he shall select in Ann Arbor the County Seat of said County, according to the statute in such case made and provided.

H. H. APLIN, Auditor General.

1886.

	Sec.	Acres.	Taxes.	Int'rst.	Ch'gs.	Total.
Town 4 South of Range 5 East.						
nw ¼ of sw frl ¼	18	30.88	$1 26	25	60	$2 11
Town 1 South of Range 6 East.						
se ¼ of sw ¼	6	50	2 71	55	60	3 86
Town 2 South of Range 6 East.						
e ½ of ne ¼ n of Dixborough Road	13	62	7 74	1 55	60	9 89
Town 3 South of Range 6 East.						
s 32 a. of e ½ of se ¼	9	32	11 22	2 24	60	14 06
25 acres bounded n & e by Rose, s & w by road, on sw ¼ of sw ¼	10	25	9 55	1 91	60	12 06
n ½ of ne ¼	16	80	44 11	8 82	60	53 53
ne ¼ of ne ¼ of nw¼	16	10	2 27	45	60	3 32
Town 4 South of Range 7 East.						
se ¼ of nw ¼	15	40	6 19	1 24	60	8 03
ne ¼ of se ¼	24	40	8 99	1 80	60	11 39
e ½ of ne ¼	25	80	1 44	29	60	2 33
w ½ of se ¼	25	80	68 29	13 66	60	82 55
80 acres n point of w ½ of ne ¼	26	30	15 43	3 09	60	19 12
City of Ann Arbor.						
Lot 15 blk 2 n r 2 e			8 32	1 67	60	10 59
Lot 4 lot 1 blk 4 n r 5 e			46	10	60	1 16
Lot 6 blk 5 n r 10 e			19 20	3 84	60	23 64
Lot 1 blk 2 n r 15 e			1 42	28	60	2 30
Mid ½ lot 6 blk 2 n r 15 e			46	10	60	1 16
Sold ½ lot 10 blk 2 n r 15 e			46	10	60	1 16
Lots 14 and 15 blk 2 n r 15 e			96	19	60	1 75
Lots 3 and 18 blk 3 n r 15 e			2 88	58	60	4 06
Lots 5 6 15 16 blk 3 n r 15 e			1 92	38	60	2 90
Lot 14 blk 5 s r 5 w			1 04	21	60	1 85
The mid ½ pt of 27 ft of land on the w side of Main st 66 ft deep bounded on s by Chiappacasse land w by Wall and Kitson's land and e by Main st			1 54	31	60	2 45
A piece of land bd e by Wildts land, s by Chubb road, w to a point, n by Hamlin st.			2 08	41	60	3 09
Lot bd e by State st, n by Coverts land, w by Swathel, s to a point			3 09	62	60	4 31
Land bounded n by Hutchkins land, e by Broadway, s by Dunns, w by Dunns land			5 27	1 05	60	6 92
Brown and Fuller's Addition.						
Lot 4 blk 6			2 34	47	60	3 41
The nw 24½ ft in width of se 46 ft in length of ne 60 ft in width of lot 1			2 34	47	60	3 41
Lots 9 and 10 excepting 41½ ft off w side of lot 9 blk 8			2 93	58	60	4 11
Land com 22 ft sw along Broadway from the se corner of lot 1 blk 7, thence sw 22 ft along Broadway to store no. 3, thence nw along the line of said store 60 ft, thence ne parallel to Broadway 22 ft, se 60 ft to place of beginning			1 17	23	60	2 00
Ingalls Addition.						
Lot 11 blk 2 n r 15 e			4 80	96	60	6 36
Ormsby and Page Addition.						
Lots 5 and 6 blk 19 also all the triangular piece of land e of block D thereof lying between the M. C. R. R. and Huron river, except the lot known as the distillery lot			2 88	58	60	4 06
Property known as the Spring lots			1 42	28	60	2 30
Lots known as the old Distillery e of blk D			46	10	60	1 16
Partridge's Addition.						
Lot 15 blk 4			1 17	23	60	2 00
Lot 9 blk 6			59	12	60	1 31
Lot 12 blk 6			4 68	94	60	6 22
Smith's 3d Addition.						
Lot 3 blk 1			1 08	21	60	1 89
City of Ypsilanti.						
Parcel of land bounded n and w by L. D. Norris land, s by land of J. Peck, e by Norris st			63	12	60	1 35
Parcel of land bounded n by Congress st, s by an alley, e by land of C. Fulton and w by land of Mrs. Day			5 75	1 15	60	7 50
Original Plat.						
Lot 40			2 33	46	60	3 39
H. W. Larzelere's Addition.						
Lot 38			1 55	31	60	2 46
A. Larzelere's Addition.						
Lot 14			6 19	1 24	60	8 03
Stuck's Addition.						
Lot 33 and n 8-18 of lot 6 Cross and Bagley's Addition			22 30	4 46	60	27 36
Village of Chelsea.						
3 acres bd s and e by T. Wilkinson's land, w by Barney Keelan's land, n by s line of blk 2 J. M. Congdon's 1st addition			80	15	60	1 55
J. M. Congdon's 2d Addition.						
N ½ of lots 5 and 12 and lots 4 and 13 blk 2			8 04	1 61	60	10 25
Lot 2 blk 4			2 01	40	60	3 01
Village of Dexter.						
Lot 8 blk 36			32	07	60	99
Lot 23 blk 36			1 60	32	60	2 52
Village of Manchester.						
Granger and Mad. Addition.						
Lots 1 and 2 blk 2			1 30	27	60	2 17
Village of Milan.						
Lot 3 bd n and e by Richards, s by street, and w by Brundage			2 21	45	60	3 26
Richard's Addition.						
Lot 3			88	17	60	1 65
Lot 4			88	17	60	1 65
Village of Mooreville.						
Lot 6 blk 1 n r 1 w			24	05	60	89
Village of Saline.						
Haywood's Addition.						
Lot 28			2 76	55	60	3 91
Land bd n w and s by street e by Kline			7 57	1 51	60	9 68

WASHTENAW CO. TREASURER'S OFFICE,
Ann Arbor, Mich., August 23, 1888.

Notice is hereby given, that the sale of lands in Washtenaw County, advertised by the Auditor General as delinquent for taxes of 1886 (and previous years) will be held at the County Treasurer's office in the city of Ann Arbor the County Seat of said County, commencing on Tuesday the 2d day of October next, at nine o'clock a. m., and continue from day to day (Sundays excepted) until the same shall have been disposed of according to law.

F. H. BELSER,
5356 County Treasurer.

SALESMEN WANTED
To handle our reliable
NURSERY STOCK

We engage men on liberal commission or on salary and expenses, and guarantee permanent employment and success. Facilities unequaled, prices reasonable, outfit free. Decided adpantages to beginners. Write

Ellwanger & Barry, Rochester, N. Y.
4557

H. FAIRCHILD & CO.,

CITY MARKET,

DEALERS IN

Fresh and Salt Meats

Of all kinds, at the

Lowest Market Price

Fresh Fish constantly on hand.

Our motto is to please all.

ARE YOU BUILDING?

or needing any

Nails or Locks,
Barn Hanger and Track,
Trimmings of any kind,
Cook Stove,
Heating Stove,
Gasoline Stove,
or Oil Stove,
Table or Pocket Cutlery,
Shears and Scissors,
or Carpet Sweeper,
Granite Ware, Tinware,
Shovels, Forks, Spades,
and Wheelbarrows,
Farm Bells,
Tin Roofing,
Eave Troughs,
Etc., Etc.,

You will find a good assortment at the

Huron Street Hardware

and at

PRICES TO SUIT YOU

A share of your trade solicited.

CHAS. M. NORTON,

Huron St., opp. Sanitarium.

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily

Only the best Meats handled, and only the Favorite Prices, charged at the

Depot Meat Market,

C. S. SMITH, PROP.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Candies, Fruits, Nuts
Etc., Etc.

The Largest, Cheapest, and Most Complete Stock Candies in the City.

F. A. OBERST

Follet House Block, Cross St.

1888 IS HERE
—AND—

D. B. GREENE!

Is at home every day for office work. Come and get your Life and Property Insured or get a Pension. He will write you a Will, Deed, Mortgage, Contract, or anything else, very cheap, and warrant all correct or no pay.

OFFICE OVER WELLS & FISK'S.

J. A. WATLING, D. D. S. L. M. JAMES, D. D. S.

WATLING & JAMES,

DENTISTS, HURON ST.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when desired.

YPSILANTI SANITARIUM, Ypsilanti, Mich.

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

OPEN ALL THE YEAR ROUND

J. M. CHIDISTER, - LESSEE AND MANAGER.

W. BRADLEY,

having purchased of A. H. Goldsmith his interest in DEVOES' OLD STAND on Congress Street, will have constantly on hand a full stock of

FINE GROCERIES

CANNED GOODS,

—AND—

Feed of all Kinds!

Farm Produce Bought. Give me a call.

W. Bradley, at Devoe's Old Stand,

CONGRESS STREET, YPSILANTI.

WELLS & FISK,

SOUTH SIDE CONGRESS ST.,

Pure Family Groceries,

Butter and Eggs, Fruit and Vegetables in Season.

BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

QUICK SALES AND CLOSE PROFITS OUR MOTTO.

A Large Stock of Goods

TO BE CLOSED OUT.

Alban & Johnson

Offer their Mammoth Stock of

CLOTHING

Suits and Single Garments,

Suitable for

SUMMER WEAR

Away Down, to prepare for Fall Stock. Now is the time, while they are going.

LOOK AT OUR NEW HATS

OF ALL STYLES, GRADES AND PRICES.

Alban & Johnson.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

SULPHUR BITTERS

The Best and Purest Medicine EVER MADE.

SULPHUR BITTERS. Why suffer with Boils? Why rave with that terrible Headache? Why lay and toss on that bed of pain, with Rheumatism? What makes you tremble so? Your nerves are all unstrung, and need a gentle soothing tonic to assist nature to repair the damage which your excesses have caused. Sulphur Bitters is not a cheap Rum or poor Whiskey drink, to be taken by the glass, like other preparations which stimulate only TO DESTROY. If you have failed to receive any benefit from other med. icines or doctors, do not despair. Use SULPHUR BITTERS. They will cure you where all others fail. No person can remain long sick who uses SULPHUR Bitters.

It will drive the Humor from your system, and make your skin clean and smooth. Those Pimples and Blotches which mar your beauty are caused by impure blood, and can be removed in a short time, if you are wise and use the great bloodpurifier.

The Dose is small—only a tea spoonful. It is the best and cheapest medicine. Try it, and you will be satisfied.

Get it of your Druggist.

DON'T WAIT. GET IT AT ONCE

If you are suffering from Kidney Disease, and wish to live to old age, use SULPHUR BITTERS. They never fail to cure.

Send 3 2-cent stamps to A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass., for best medical work published?

LADIES USE PEERLESS DYES

Do Your Own Dyeing, at Home.

They will dye everything. They are sold everywhere. Price 10c. a package. They have no equal for Strength, Brightness, Amount in Packages or for Fastness of Color, or non-fading Qualities. They do not crock or smut; 40 colors. For sale by

H. M. Dimick. 4192

Painters All Say

Paint your house with **PENINSULAR PURE PAINTS,**

Prepared in white, and handsome line of shades, READY MIXED for the brush or in paste form for thinning. ☞Every can bears this guarantee:

GUARATEE OF PURITY.

We GUARANTEE this package to contain nothing but STRICTLY PURE old process WHITE LEAD and OXIDE OF ZINC, ground in PURE LINSEED OIL and Dryers, Shades tinted with most permanent colors. We will pay ONE OUNCE OF GOLD for every ounce of adulteration which this package may be found to contain.

Peninsular White Lead & Color Works, Detroit, Mich.

Call and see a handsome display of these paints. PAINT YOUR KITCHEN FLOOR with PENINSULAR FLOOR PAINT. Dries hard over night. Very durable and lasting. For sale by

A. D. MORFORD, Druggist,

Headquarters for Paints and Oils, Ypsilanti, Mich,

O. A. Ainsworth & Co.'s

WHOLESALE

PRODUCE HOUSE

Is the place to sell

Oats, Rye, Beans, WOOL,

APPLES, Etc.

They do Custom Grinding and sell all kinds of Feed.

O. A. Ainsworth & Co.

Congress Street,

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

FOR SALE CHEAP!

House and Lot on Oak street. $50 or $100 down, and small monthly payments.

5461 J. N. WALLACE.

The Ypsilantian.

DEATH OF MOSES.

LESSON XIII, THIRD QUARTER, INTERNATIONAL SERIES, SEPT. 23.

Text of the Lesson, Deut. xxxiv, 1-12. Commit Verses 5-7—Golden Text, Prov. iv, 18—Commentary by Rev. D. M. Stearns.

[Condensed from Lesson Helper Quarterly, by permission of H. S. Hoffman, Philadelphia, publisher.]

"And Moses went up." Many a time had Moses gone up on a mountain to meet and talk with God, but never before had he gone up not to return. There is something so mysterious about the going out of a person from the tabernacle in which one has sojourned on earth, either for few or many years, that though one may have witnessed many such events it is ever a most solemn sight. When the one called upon to depart can cheerfully say, Even so, Father, I am ready, and quietly arrange all earthly matters, then joyfully await the call, it is indeed a glorious sight. Blessed be God that He has taught us in His word, and by the lives of many of His saints, that it is possible, and our privilege, so to walk with Him here that we may lose all fear of death and daily rejoice in the prospect of being absent from the body and present with the Lord whenever He shall see that our work here is finished. Moses had long ago forsaken all the pleasures and vanities of this world, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; esteeming the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures in Egypt; and for at least eighty years he had endured, as seeing Him who is invisible (Heb. xl, 24-27). But now his work in a mortal body was finished; it was the eleventh month of the fortieth year since they left Egypt (Deut. i, 3), and he had rehearsed to them all the way by which they had been led, and all the commandments of the Lord; he had given them another song, and had blessed the tribes (chs. xxxii, xxxiii), both song and blessing reaching on to the time of their, to us, still future glory; he had appointed his successor and laid his hands upon him, and given him a charge in the sight of all the congregation (Num. xxvii, 12-23); and now he is to be gathered unto his people.

1-3. "And the Lord shewed him all the land." He is now alone with God, the people all left behind, his earthly work laid down; but before he departs from earth he is permitted to see that good land which, on account of sin, he was not permitted to enter. He had besought the Lord to let him go over and see the land, but the answer was, "Let it suffice thee; speak no more unto me of this matter; thou shalt behold it with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over this Jordan. (Deut. iii, 23-27.) When Paul besought the Lord thrice for the removal of the thorn in the flesh, the Lord's answer was, "My grace is sufficient for thee." In Paul's case the denial of the request and the continuance of the infirmity was lest he should be exalted above measure; in the case of Moses, his request was denied because of his sin (Num. xxvii, 14), which, although forgiven, still left a present unpleasant result. Fourteen hundred years later Moses did stand in that good land, when with Elijah he talked with Jesus of His decease about to be accomplished.

4. "This is the land which I swore unto Abraham." The promise had been made nearly 500 years before (Gen. xii, 7), yet Abraham had received no inheritance in it; no, not so much as to set his foot on (Acts vii, 5). His seed, which has grown from one to millions, is now about to take possession of it, but they did not possess it fully, nor use it well when they got it, and now for more than 1,800 years they have been out of it, and yet it is their land, and God will make good to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, personally, his personal promise to them. God lives, the persons live to whom the promise was made, Jesus lives who died and rose again, all the promises of God in him are yea and in Him amen; one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; be patient, be trustful, be steadfast, be fully persuaded, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God; the resurrection will make it all plain, see that you take part in the first one.

5. "So Moses, the servant of the Lord, died." Although before the deluge people lived seven, eight and nine hundred years, yet in due time they died. "It is appointed unto men once to die" (Heb. ix, 27), and yet there is a common saying to this effect—one thing is sure, we must all die—which is not correct, for the Spirit says through Paul in I Cor. xv, 51, 52 that we shall not all sleep (or die), but in the twinkling of an eye be changed at the sounding of the trumpet. So says the Spirit also in I Thess. iv, 16-18. All true believers who are alive when Christ returns shall for His sake be excused from keeping their appointment, and being instantly changed, shall be caught up to meet Christ in the air.

6. "And He buried him." Most unique death and burial ever accorded to mortal; God and angels welcome him to the spirit world and the Lord buries his body. When we bury the bodies of our loved ones, though we lay away the form we have looked upon, our friends with form and features just as real have passed beyond our reach; and from the dust of the corruptible body shall come at the resurrection an immortal, incorruptible body with the same form and features, glorified, in which the spirit shall again take up its residence, be rewarded for service done in the mortal body, be at the marriage of the Lamb, and then with Christ reign over the earth. How long the body of Moses remained buried we are not told; but that he had the risen body on the Mount of Transfiguration seems evident from Jude ix, for not only does the devil hate to give up a soul to Christ, but he also hates to have to give up the body of a saint from the grave. And if the Man Child of Rev. xii, 5, includes the risen saints of Israel, we can understand something of the cause of the war in heaven there referred to between the same two parties.

8. "The children of Israel wept for Moses thirty days." If departed friends have gained by their departure we cannot mourn for them. "If ye loved me—said Jesus on the night of his betrayal—ye would have rejoiced because I go unto the Father" (John xiv, 28). If we believe that our loved ones are with Christ in paradise we cannot but be glad for them. We sorrow because of our loss and because of this enemy death, which because of sin continues its fearful work with the bodies of men. But let us look up, for death itself shall be destroyed.

9. "Joshua was full of the spirit of wisdom." Joseph is spoken of as one in whom was the Spirit of God (Gen. xli, 38); when seventy were appointed to assist Moses, God took of the Spirit that was upon him and put it upon them (Num. xi, 17); Bezaleel was filled with the Spirit to execute the work for the Tabernacle (Ex. xxxi, 3); all the prophets spake by the Spirit; the Spirit spake and wrought all that Jesus Himself said and did: the apostles had to wait at Jerusalem until they received the baptism of the Spirit; and unless we today are filled with the same Spirit of God we shall be barren and unfruitful in His service.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

Beauty

Is desired and admired by all. Among the things which may best be done to enhance personal beauty is the daily use of Ayer's Hair Vigor. No matter what the color of the hair, this preparation gives it a lustre and pliancy that adds greatly to its charm. Should the hair be thin, harsh, dry, or turning gray, **Ayer's Hair Vigor** will restore the color, bring out a new growth, and render the old soft and shiny. For keeping the scalp clean, cool, and healthy, there is no better preparation in the market.

"I am free to confess that a trial of Ayer's Hair Vigor has convinced me that it is a genuine article. Its use has not only caused the hair of my wife and daughter to be

Abundant and Glossy,

but it has given my rather stunted mustache a respectable length and appearance."—R. Britton, Oakland, Ohio.

"My hair was coming out (without any assistance from my wife, either). I tried Ayer's Hair Vigor, using only one bottle, and I now have as fine a head of hair as any one could wish for."—R. T. Schmittou, Dickson, Tenn.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor in my family for a number of years, and regard it as the best hair preparation I know of. It keeps the scalp clean, the hair soft and lively, and preserves the original color. My wife has used it for a long time with most satisfactory results."—Benjamin M. Johnson, M. D., Thomas Hill, Mo.

"My hair was becoming harsh and dry, but after using half a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor it grew black and glossy. I cannot express the joy and gratitude I feel."—Mabel C. Hardy, Delavan, Ill.

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

A cynical man says there are two occasions when he would like to be present. One is when the gas company pays its water bill and the other is when the water campany pays its gas bill.

Renews Her Youth.

Mrs. Phœbe Chesley, Peterson, Clay Co., Iowa, tells the following remarkable story, the truth of which is vouched for by the residents of the town: "I am 73 years old, have been troubled with kidney complaint and lameness for many years; could not dress myself without help. Now I am free from all pain and soreness, and am able to do all my own housework. I owe my thanks to Electric Bitters for having renewed my youth, and removed completely all disease and pain." Try a bottle, 50c. and $1 at Frank Smith's Drug Store. 4

People studdying the language of Finland have quite an exciting time at the Finnish.

Worth Knowing.

Mr. W. H. Morgan, merchant, Lake City, Fla., was taken with a severe Cold, attended with distressing Cough and running into Consumption in its first stages. He tried many so-called popular cough remedies and steadily grew worse. Was reduced in flesh, had difficulty in breathing and was unable to sleep. Finally tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and found immediate relief, and after using about a half dozen bottles found himself well and has had no return of the disease. No other remedy can show so grand a record of cures, as Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Guaranteed to do just what is claimed for it.—Trial bottle free at Frank Smith's Drug Store. 4

A fisherman will always be found reeling a great deal when the fishing is good. Perhaps it is the bait.

Bucklin's Arinca Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith. 465

A sign before a New York office reads: "Women treated for ugliness." If somebody would treat men for ugliness there would be a wild rush for the bar without a moment's delay.

For Over Three Months.

my son suffered night and day with rheumatism; so much so that he was unable to feed himself. Your Sulphur Bitters cured him, and I am truly thankful to say they are an honest medicine.—MRS. W. H. CARLETON, wife of Deacon Carleton, First Baptist Church, Winchester, Mass. 545

Amateurs who wish to take a plunge into professional acting will do well to start out in a tank drama.

It is astonishing how rapidly the feeble and debilitated gain strength and vigor when taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For what are called "broken-down constitutions," nothing else has proved so effective as this powerful but perfectly safe medicine.

A coroner's jury in Arkansas sat on a man killed by a stone in a brawl, and returned a verdict saying that "deceased was rocked to sleep."

English Spavin Liniment removes all hard, soft or caloused lumps and blemishes from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, sweeney, ring-bone, stifles, sprains, all swollen throats, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted. Sold by A. D. Morford, druggist, Ypsilanti, Mich. 462

A cablegram announces that when the Bohemian diet opened, the German members declined to sit. Perhaps it did not agree with them.

"The best on earth" can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve—a speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, sores, piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. 25 cents. Guaranteed. Fred S. Davis. oct

They tell us that "wah" is an Indian's most common expression of pleasure. And here we've been thinking that an Indian's wah-whoop meant bloodshed.

Beware of worthless imitations of Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic. The genuine cures headache, piles, dyspepsia, ague, malaria, and is a perfect tonic and blood purifier. Price 50 cents. Fred S. Davis, druggist. sep

Another "last story" by E. P. Roe has "turned up." It is "The Queen of Spades." There may be another on deck before the week closes.

Wm. Black, Abingdon, Iowa, was cured of cancer of the eye by Dr. Jomes' Red Clover Tonic, which cures all blood disorders and diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys. The best tonic and appetizer known. 50 cents. Fred S. Davis, druggist. sep

THIS WILL BOOM MOXIE.

Mary A. Nicholson is an English girl 13 years of age. She is one of a number of helpless cases of old paralysis cured by the Moxie Nerve Food. She resides with her father and mother at 7 L Street, Lowell Mass. She was so helpless her mother was obliged to attend to her as in infancy. Her physicians said her disability was progressive paralysis, and absolutely incurable. A nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital advised the use of Moxie. It was given. No medicine or other means were used meantime. Twelve bottles of Moxie made her well and strong, and form being speechless and helpless, she is now a healthy, romping school girl, with a glib tongue, and no one would ever imagine she was once a helpless, hopeless wreck, emanciated almost to a skeleton. The case was mal-nutrition of the nerves. We certify that the above is absolutely true in every respect.

JOHN NICHOLSON, her father.
SARAH NICHOLSON, her mother.

Sworn to by John Nicholson before me,
GEORGE H. RICHARDSON, Notary Public.

Photograph of Miss Nicholson can be obtained here. MOXIE COMPANY.

Irish-Americans.

Gen. Harrilon's Response to the Chicago Delegation.

Mr. Biggs and my friends of the Irish-American Republican club of Cook county, Ill.—You were Irishmen, you are Americans [cheers]—Irish-Americans [continued cheering], and though you have given the consecrated loyalty of your honest hearts to the starry flag and your adopted country, you have not and you ought not to forget to love and venerate the land of your nativity. [Great Applause] If you could forget Ireland, if you could be unmoved by her minstrelsy, untouched by the appeals of her splendid oratory, unsympathetic with her heroes and martyrs, I should fear that the bonds of your new citizenship would have no power over hearts so cold and consciences so dead. [Cheers.]

What if a sprig of green was found upon the bloody jacket of a Union soldier who lay dead on Missionary Ridge? The flag he died for was his flag and the green was only a memory and an inspiration. We, native or Irish born, join with the republican convention in the hope that the cause of Irish home rule, progressing under the leadership of Gladstone and Parnell [cheers], upon peaceful and lawful lines, may yet secure for Ireland that which as Americans we so much value—local home rule [continued cheering].

I am sure that you who have in your own persons, or in your worthy representatives, given such convincing evidence of your devotion to the American constitution and flag, and to American institutions, will not falter in this great evil contest which your spokesman has so fittingly described. Who, if not Irish-Americans, versed in the sad story of the commercial ruin of the island they love, should be instructed in the beneficent influence of a protective tariff? [Long and continued cheering].

Who, if not Irish-Americans, should be able to appreciate the friendly influence of the protective system upon them as individuals and upon their home? [Applause.] Which of you has not realized that not the lot of man only, but the lot of woman, has been made softer and easier under its influence? [Applause and cries of "hear, hear," and "That's what's the matter."] Contrast the American mother and wife, burdened only with the cares of motherhood and of the household, with the condition of women in many of the countries of the old world, where she is loaded also with the drudgery of toil in the field. [Applause.] I know that none more than Irishmen, who are so characterized by their deference for women, and whose women have so fitly illustrated that which is pure in female character, will value this illustration of the good effects of our American system upon the home life. [Long continued applause.]

There are nations across the sea who are hungry for the American market. [Cries of "You bet they are," and "That's right," and "They won't get them."] They are waiting with eager expectatien for the adoption of a free trade policy by the United States. [Cries of "That will never happen."] The English manufacturer is persuaded that an increased market for English goods in America is good for him, but I think it will be impossible to persuade the American producer or the American workmen that it is good for them. [Loud applause and cries of "That is right."] I believe that social order, that National prosperity, are bound up in the preservation of our existing policy. [Loud cheering and cries of "You are right."]

I do not believe that a Republic can live and prosper whose wage earners do not receive enough to make life comfortable, who do not have some upward avenues of hope open before them. When the wage earners of the land lose hope, when the star goes out, social order is impossible, and after that anarchy or the Czar. [Cheering and cries of "That's it."] I gratefully acknowledge the compliment of your call and exceedingly regret that the storm without made it impossible for me to receive you at my house. [Applause and cries of "Thanks."]

Each one of the visitors was then presented to Gen. Harrison, who also shook hands with a large number of veterans congregated in the city en route home. At the conclusion of the reception Gen. Harrison returned home, and the visiting clubs marched to Tomlinson's hall, where a largely attended mass meeting was held tonight. Ex-Gov. Porter and several members of the visiting delegation spoke on the issues of the campaign. The Chicago club will remain in the city until tomorrow.

Speaking of pins, the most costly are the diamond pin and the terrapin.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

FAULTLESS FAMILY MEDICINE

"I have used Simmons Liver Regulator for many years, having made it my only Family Medicine. My mother before me was very partial to it. It is a safe, good and reliable medicine for any disorder of the system, and if used in time is *a great preventive of sickness.* I often recommend it to my friends, and shall continue to do so.

"Rev. James M. Rollins,
"Pastor M. E. Church, So. Fairfield, Va."

TIME AND DOCTORS' BILLS SAVED *by always keeping Simmons Liver Regulator in the house.*

"I have found Simmons Liver Regulator the best family medicine I ever used for anything that may happen, have used it in ***Indigestion, Colic, Diarrhœa, Biliousness,*** and found it to relieve immediately. After eating a hearty supper, if, on going to bed, I take about a teaspoonful, I never feel the effects of the supper eaten.

"OVID G. SPARKS,
"Ex-Mayor Macon, Ga."

☞ONLY GENUINE☜

Has our Z Stamp on front of Wrapper.

J. H. Zeilin & Co., Sole Proprietors,

Price, $1.00. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW

A DOG, crossing a bridge over a stream with a piece of flesh in his mouth, saw his own shadow in the water, and took it for that of another Dog, with a piece of meat double his own in size. He therefore let go his own, and fiercely attacked the other Dog, to get his larger piece from him. He thus lost both. —*Æsop's Fables.*

IT ALWAYS PAYS to hold on to a good thing. People who have tried **Santa Claus Soap** hold on to it because it is good. Some may think that because there are other Soaps that give more in bulk for the money, that they are cheaper; but such bulk is made up with rosin. When quality is sacrificed for quantity, such soap is not cheap at any price. **Santa Claus Soap** is the best, and is sold by all grocers. It is made only by

N. K. FAIRBANK & CO., Chicago, Ill.

J. F. CLARK,

formerly of Banghart & Clark, successor to Wm. Bradley in

THE YPSILANTI MEAT MARKET!

Huron Street, opposite the Sanitarium,

Will be glad to meet his old friends and any others who may favor him with a call, at his new place of business.

Fresh Fish constantly on hand, and the Choicest Cuts of all kinds of Fresh and Salt Meats.

JOE SANDERS, the CLOTHIER

HAS A FULL LINE OF

Woolens & Worsteds

—AND—

Mr. Fingerle, artistic tailor, will personally superintend all orders in this department, which insures a stylish and well-made garment.

NOVELTIES IN HATS AND CAPS

—AND—

Gents' Furnishings

IN GREAT VARIETY. CALL AND SEE.

Joe Sanders, the Clothier,

No. 1 Union Block.

A Valuable Prescription Free!!

—GO TO—

FRANK SMITH'S

EMPORIUM

For anything that should be found in a stock of

Drugs, Books, Jewelry,

Wall-Paper, Paints, Notions,

OR FANCY GOODS.

The large stock of Spectacles, Eyeglasses, Trusses of all kinds, and prices always better than one-quarter off.

Frank will be glad to see you, and will take less money from you than any other dealer in the country, and you may always feel sure of the best goods and no mistakes made.

—GO TO—

Rathfon Brothers'

FLOUR AND FEED STORE

If you are in need of

Seed Corn, Potatoes, and Beans!

FERTILIZER, DRAIN TILE,
BINDING TWINE, MACHINE OIL,
WAGONS, DRILLS, CULTIVATORS,
PLOWS, AND ALL REPAIRS!

OSBORN BINDER, OSBORN MOWER,
ANN ARBOR & EXCELSIOR MOWERS,
HAY TEDDERS, FORKS, RAKES!

BALED HAY AND STRAW

BY THE BALE OR TON.

ALSO THE BEST FAMILY CREAMERY IN THE MARKET.

BOILERS

STEPHEN PRATT'S STEAM BOILER WORKS (Established 1865.) Manufacturer of High and Low Pressure and Steam Heating Boilers of all kinds; smoke pipes, breachings, etc. Old boilers taken in exchange for new. Rivets, boiler plates and boiler tubes for sale. Cor. Foundry st. and Mich. Central R. R. tracks, DETROIT, MICH. 3687

$500 REWARD!

We will pay the above reward for any case of liver complaint, dyspepsia, sick headache, indigestion, constipation or costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Large boxes containing 50 sugar-coated pills, 25c. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., 862 West Madison street, Chicago, Ill. 3687

Mortgage Sale.

By a mortgage bearing date the twenty-third day of June, in the year eighteen hundred sixty-six, and recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw, state of Michigan, on the twenty-eighth day of June, eighteen hundred sixty-six, at 11 o'clock and 30 minutes a. m., in liber 37 of mortgages, on page 46, Richard West and Jane West, his wife, mortgaged to Benjamin T. Miller, all that parcel of land lying in the township of Superior, in the county of Washtenaw, and State of Michigan, known and described as follows, namely: The west half of the southwest quarter of section twenty-two (22), in township two (2) south of range seven east, containing eighty acres. The said mortgage was afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated February 28th, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office, March 5th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 188, assigned by said Benjamin S. Miller to Joseph Suggitt; and afterwards, by an instrument of assignment dated August 16th, 1878, and recorded in said Register's office, March 18th, 1879, in liber 6 of assignments of mortgages, on page 204, assigned by said Joseph Suggitt to Sarah Suggitt.

The amount claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice is six hundred and ninty-one dollars. Default having occurred in a condition of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, and no suit or proceeding having been instituted at law to recover the debt thereby secured or any part thereof, Notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises at public vendue to the highest bidder, on Friday, the twenty-third day of November, A. D. 1888, at 12 o'clock at noon, at the east front door of the Court House, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county, said Court House being the place of holding the Circuit Court within said county.

Dated August 30th, 1888.

SARAH SUGGITT,
Assignee of said Mortgage.

THOS. NINDE, Attorney. 452-64

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw. The undersigned having been appointed by the Probate Court for said County, Commissioners to receive, examine and adjust all claims and demands of all persons against the estate of Stephen A. DeNike, late of said County deceased, hereby give notice that six months from date are allowed, by order of said Probate Court, for creditors to present their claims against the estate of said deceased, and that they will meet at the office of Thomas Ninde, city of Ypsilanti, in said County, on Saturday, the first day of December, and on Monday, the fourth day of March next, at ten o'clock a. m. of each said days, to receive, examine and adjust said claims.

Dated, Aug. 31, 1888. 5357

THOMAS NINDE, TRACY L. TOWNER, } Commissioners.

For Diseases of the KIDNEYS

DR. HILL'S ROYAL ENGLISH BUCHU

Will cure all diseases of the Kidneys, Bladder, Irritation of the Neck of the Bladder, Burning Urine, Gleet, Gonorrhœa in all its stages, Mucous Discharges, Congestion of the Kidneys, Brick Dust Deposit, Diabetes, Inflammation of the Kidneys and Bladder, Dropsy of Kidneys, Acid Urine, Bloody Urine, PAIN IN THE BACK, Retention of Urine, Frequent Urination, Gravel in all its forms, Inability to Retain the Water, particularly in persons advanced in life. IT IS A KIDNEY INVESTIGATOR that restores the Urine to its natural color, removes the acid and burning, and the effect of the excessive use of intoxicating drink.

PRICE, $1; Three Bottles for $2.50. Delivered free of any charges.

☞Send for Circular. Sold by all Druggists.

W. JOHNSTON & CO., DETROIT, MICH.

For sale by Frank Smith, Ypsilanti, Mich.

A FINE PIECE OF

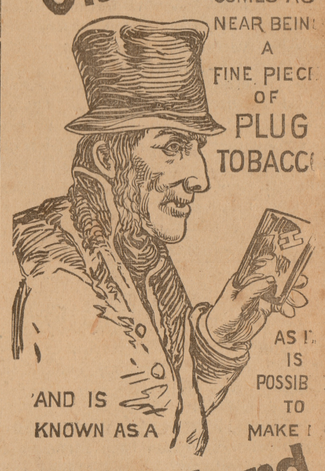
CHEWING TOBACCO

IS INDEED A LUXURY

FINZER'S

Old Honesty

COMES AS NEAR BEING A FINE PIECE OF PLUG TOBACCO



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AS IT IS POSSIBLE TO MAKE IT

Standard Brand

AMONG DEALERS THESE GOODS ARE ON THE MARKET IN ONLY ONE SHAPE 3x12 FULL 16 OZ. PLUG—THE MOST CONVENIENT TO CUT INTO POCKET PIECES OR CARRY WHOLE

JNO. FINZER & BROS., Louisville, Ky.

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AMERICAN CYCLES

AMERICAN CHAMPION RAMBLER

Tricycles, Safeties, Tandems

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Wheelman's Supplies

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YPSILANTI, MICH.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Pain

In large or small quantities?

If you are, you should at once call on

S. W. Parsons & Co

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of All Kind!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Square, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Wordens Block, Huron Street.

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DENTAL ROOMS

OVER THE BEE HIVE,

UNION BLOCK, - - CONGRESS ST.

Vitalized Air if desired.

JOE HUDDING,

Carpenter, Joiner and Jobber,

Building Raiser and Mover.

Work promptly done, and satisfaction guaranteed.

Cor. Cross and Ballard Streets.

The Ypsilantian 3 Months for 25.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1888.

THE work of rabbit extermination in the Portland district, Victoria, has been carried out very satisfactorily, and the district is now comparatively free from the pest.

AT the Hardwicke sale in London Elliot's "Indian Bible" brought £580, and Caxton's "Game and Play of Chess" £260. A volume containing twelve early tracts in Spanish relating to America realized £555.

AT a recent meeting of the French Physical society Sir William Thomson stated that he had proven by experiment that the rate of diffusion of electricity was a hundred and ten times as rapid as that of heat in the best conductors.

THE composition of the new Manitoba legislature will be: Liberals, thirty-three; conservatives, five. All the members of the Greenway government have been returned by large majorities. Ex-Premier Norquay, leader of the conservatives, was elected in Kildon by two majority.

IT is stated in *Science* that a philosophical society has been formed at the University of Vienna, under the leadership of Prof. Zimmerman and Prof. Meynert. Prof. Hoffler has been elected president. The object of the society is to bring before specialists of all classes general scientific problems having a philosophical import.

THE government has adopted a resolution relative to the extension of state education in Indiana. It is designed to replace private schools by government institutions, and to engage British specialists to supervise and enlarge technical education. Moral training will be provided for by a text book on morality and based on natural religion.

THE expression "dark horse," now in such general political use, first occured in Lord Beaconsfield's "Young Duke." Here is the paragraph: "The first favorite was never heard of, the second favorite was never seen after the distance post, all the ten-to-ones were in the rear, and a dark horse which had never been thought of rushed past the grand stand in sweeping triumph."

HOW popular the British postal savings banks have become is shown by their growth in twenty-five years from less than 179,000 accounts of an average value of $47.50 to more than 3,500,000 accounts of an average value of nearly $70; and that it has not been an extravagant luxury is proved by the fact that the cost of management amounts to only five-eighths of 1 per cent. a year.

THE theaters have taken in more money this year in Paris than in 1867. The Opera comes first, with nearly 3,000,000 francs. The Francais sums up nearly 2,000,000 francs. The Opera Comique, owing to its situation, has not met with a brilliant result, but authors have come out far above their usual ratio. In one month M. Meilhac, the author of "Decore," made over 1,000 francs a day.

THE French Academy of Sciences and certain experts appointed to investigate the claims of the grass cloth plant, or nettlewort, have reported that the tissues made from it are much superior to cotton goods, both in point of appearance and lasting qualities. The discovery of the uses of the nettlewort for textile purposes is creating much excitement, as the plant grows abundantly both in the south of France and French colonies.

RECENTLY a gentleman who was traveling in Switzerland found a veritable curiosity in a museum in the little town of Soleure. It was a bird's nest made of imperfect watch springs which had been thrown out of the little watch factories which abound in that district. Some bird considered them excellent material of which to construct her nest, and with infinite care worked them together into as perfect a structure of the kind as one would desire to see.

A NEW swindle is being worked on the guileless granger. He is induced to buy something or other on long time, his note being all the payment required. But he objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash. "Oh, we'll keep the note," says the sharper; and thereupon writes across the face "not transferable." It soon turns up again in the hands of another party who wants the farmer to pay. An "e" added to the "not" makes "note transferable."

A SHOCKING case of human sacrifice is reported from the Central provinces, near Nagpore. A boy of 16 was offered in sacrifice to the gods, in accordance with a superstition that human sacrifice caused a bountiful harvest. The boy's head was severed from the body, and offered to a goddess, while the trunk of the body was offered to a god. The case is under investigation by the police, and fears are expressed that this horrible custom is prevalent in the central provinces.

IT has been discovered in France that glass bottles in which wine is kept affects its quality. Peligot, a chemist, says that the changes which wine kept long in bottles undergoes is due to the action of the ingredients used in the preparation of the glass. An undue mixture of lime and magnesia which are often substituted for soda and potash, being cheaper, acts injuriously upon the wine. In these bottles in which the wine actually improves the proportion of lime is found not to exceed 18 or 20 per cent.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Latest Intelligence From All Parts of the World.

EAST.

Twenty-four Swedish women, raging in age from 19 to 25, arrived at New York Sunday on the Hecla, having come first cabin, and were put through Castle Garden without formality. It is stated that they came to Chicago under contracts to marry; and twenty of the party left at once for their prospective husbands in the West.

League ball games Monday resulted, New York, 1; Pittsburg, 0.—Detroit, 5; Boston, 4. Rain at Chicago and Indianapolis.

On the Gettysburg battlefield, Monday, the One Hundred and Seventh New York Regiment unveiled their monument.

Collections for the relief of Florida yellow fever sufferers Monday, at St. Louis, Philadelphia, New York, (Y. M. C. A.), and Boston, reached $20,635.

By the presence of mind of Foreman John McGrath eighteen men who were overcome by the coal gas from a locomotive in Hoosac tunnel were saved from death. He ordered a train entering the tunnel to be stopped, and then with others went through the tunnel pushing hand cars and saved the workmen, many of whom were prostrate on the tracks.

League ball games Monday resulted: Chicago, 8; Boston, 3.—Detroit, 7; Washington, 3.—Pittsburg and Philadelphia, two games, each resulting 1 to 0, Pittsburg winning the first contest and Philadelphia the second. New York was defeated by the Indianapolis team, 4 to 3.

The remains of Lester Wallack were interred Monday in Woodlawn Cemetery, the funeral services having been conducted in the Church of the Transfiguration, New York City. Many prominent actors and actresses were present.

President Cleveland, Monday, recognized Francois Edmund Bruawert as Consul of France at Chicago.

At Winfield, O., Friday, Richard Jones, while sick with typhoid fever, cut his throat in the presence of his wife and mother, because they would not permit his children to see him.

While the paying teller of the Third National Bank of Buffalo was at lunch Thursday, a sneak-thief purloined a package containing $2,019.

About 6 o'clock Friday morning a Baltimore & Ohio north-bound passenger train was derailed at Ankeneytown, twenty-five miles south of Mansfield, Ohio, and collided with a freight train standing on the siding. After the collision the freight engine boiler exploded, the escaping steam scalding such passengers as had not been otherwise injured. Two men were killed outright and thirty-two persons were wounded, among them Mr. and Mrs. Edward Valentine, of Chicago. The latter and two others of the injured cannot recover. The majority of the victims are members of the G. A. R., who were returning from the Columbus encampment.

League games Friday resulted: New York, 7; Chicago, 3. Detroit, 7; Philadelphia, 5.

Mrs. Jacob Martin, of Alliance, O., aged 60, was found drowned in a cistern at her son-in-law's residence, Thursday morning, and is supposed to have committed suicide, a recent separation from her husband being ascribed as the cause.

James Patterson, aged 35, who claims to have come Wednesday morning from Jacksonville, where he had been acting as nurse, was taken sick on the street at Philadelphia Thursday morning and taken to the hospital. He thought he had yellow fever, and the hospital physicians, though unable to diagnose the case, were inclined to agree with him.

The National Committee of the Greenback party adjourned at Cincinnati after deciding not to put a ticket in the field, but passed resolutions against fusion with other parties.

League ball games Thursday resulted: Chicago, 5; New York, 3—Detroit, 11; Philadelphia, 2—Boston, 10; Indianapolis, 7—Washington, 8; Pittsburg, 3.

Jacobs & Proctor's Grand Opera House at Syracuse, N. Y., was burned early Thursday morning. Kimball's Merry Makers, playing an engagement there, lost their wardrobes, and Mead's Business College and half a dozen firms in the same building, suffered total losses. The Myers building and Kline block, adjoining the Opera House, were badly damaged. The total losses amounted to $300,000.

League games Wednesday resulted: Chicago, 9; New York's 0 (the New York's refusing to continue play because they were not permitted to subsitute one player for another who had not been injured), the score at the time standing 9 to 2 in favor of Chicago.—Indianapolis, 6; Boston, 3.—Pittsburg, 2; Washington, 0.—Philadelphia, 5; Detroit, 3

The Liquor Dealers' National Protective Association elected officers Wednesday at New York, J. M. Atherton, of Kentucky, and C. McLoeser, of New York, being chosen President and Vice President respectively. A resolution appropriating $1,000 for the yellow fever sufferers was adopted.

At the National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic at Columbus Wednesday, George S. Merrill, Chairman of the Committee on Pensions, presented his report, which inveighed bitterly against Congressman Matson, of Indiana, charging him with the defeat of pension legislation in the House. The report was adopted with less than a dozen dissenting votes.

The corner stone of the New Masonic Temple at Pittsburg was laid Tuesday, 2,500 Masons being in the procession.

After numerous surmises in New York Tuesday as to the identity of the unknown donor of $12,000 to the Jacksonville yellow fever fund, it was announced by an afternoon paper the giver was George Law, the millionaire, who gained considerable notoriety at Saratoga recently by giving away large sums of money and valuable diamonds to different persons. It was his agent, according to the report, who paid the money over to Mayor Hewett. The contributions paid in Tuesday amounted to $4,148.82.

The parade of veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic at Columbus, Tuesday, was the grandest military pageant since the review at Washington at the close of the war. There were between 65,000 and 70,000 men in line, and the procession took 4 hours and 40 minutes in passing a given point. There are 250,000 visitors at Columbus, and the twenty-second annual National Encampment is the greatest in point of numbers and success in the history of the G. A. R. The evening was given up to camp-fires and reunions, at which speeches were made by many prominent men.

The headquarters of the American National Red Cross Society was established at Washington yesterday with Miss Clara Barton, President, in charge. By her direction Colonel Fred R. Southmayd, member for Louisiana, left New Orleans Tuesday with eighteen trained yellow fever nurses.

Joseph Breed, assistant cashier of the Hartford (Conn.) National Bank, who recently killed himself, was short $108,500 in his accounts as trustee, but the bank loses nothing. The suicide stole from the estate of Daniel Goodwin $86,000.

Minnie J. Brown, aged 14, committed suicide, at Providence, R. I., Tuesday by shooting herself, it is believed, because her mother had refused to allow her to make a visit in a neighboring town.

Captain W. A. Andrews, who started from Boston June 18, in the dory Dark Secret, intending to cross the Atlantic, arrived at New York Tuesday on a Norwegian craft, which picked him up Aug. 19. The Dark Secret was also brought into port. When discovered by the Norwegian bark Captain Andrews was without food or water, and gladly accepted the invitation to return to America on that vessel.

WEST AND SOUTH.

At Mount Sterling, Ky., Monday, over a quarrel about working a road, a young man named Bowen shot and killed a man named Estis, and mortally wounded his two sons.

George Q. Cannon, the Mormon apostle, surrendered in court at Salt Lake City, Monday, and on two indictments for unlawful cohabitation, he was sentenced to six months in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of $350.

Mrs. Parker, widow of Principal F. A. Parker of the Dubuque (Iowa) High School, who committed suicide in California recently, has given way under her affliction and is lying at the point of death from brain fever.

Theodore Ponta, a Kentucky counterfeiter, who is reported dying of consumption, has been pardoned by the President.

Two men named Steele and Mockabee, who were drunk and had been fighting on the cars, were put off a train Sunday afternoon at Stepstone, Ky. They then drew their revolvers and began firing at each other, Mockabee being shot dead by the fifth bullet from his antagonist's pistol. The train waited until the duel was over, and Steele, getting on board, proceeded homeward.

A Florida refugee, put off last week by a Chattanooga quarantine officer, died Sunday night of the black vomit at Wildwood, Tenn., nine miles from Chattanooga. The greatest excitement prevails at Wildwood and at Waubatchie, a few miles distant.

Captain Ingalls, of Kankakee, was elected Lieutenant Colonel of the Fourth Regiment Illinois National Guard at Joliet Monday by the officers of the companies, receiving 11 votes to 10 for Major John Hefferman, of Bloomington.

Justice Fields, of the United States Supreme Court at San Francisco, Monday, denied Judge Terry's petition for a revocation of his sentence to six months' imprisonment for contempt.

Charles A. Pillsbury & Co., Minneapolis millers, have divided $40,000 among their employes, in pursuance of a profit-sharing plan.

At Kokomo, Ind., Monday, while papers in a divorce suit pending between Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Pruitt were being made out in Justice of the Peace Bohan's office, Pruitt drew a revolver, fired twice at his wife, both shots taking effect, one just above the heart; shot Attorney J. C. Blocklidge in the chest, and was turning the weapon on himself when he was knocked down, disarmed, and arrested. His victims are in a critical condition.

Clare Keely, who died at Elkhart, Ind., Saturday, and was supposed to have shot himself by accident, was shot by his brother Guy, who pointed a pistol at him that he supposed to be unloaded, and has just confessed. Monday George Strealey's little son stepped in front of a target a which his father was shooting and a bullet went through his head, but he is expected to live.

A crowded passenger coach of the Big Four express, from Cincinnati to Chicago, was thrown on its side near Indianapolis Sunday night, a number of persons being injured. Six of the victims were seriously wounded.

Ole Johnson, a Swede, living at Nebraska City, Neb., has wagered his wife against a cow on the result of the coming presidential election.

Miss Hattie Flack, aged 18, daughter of a prominent citizen of Jacksonville, Ill., eloped Saturday night with her father's coachman, Preston Sands, a colored man, and married him.

Oers Barothy, who committed suicide in Chicago last week, is reported to have sent a letter to a brother living near Omaha, in which he relates his reason for taking his life. Three years ago he challenged a Hungarian army officer to a duel. The latter made a peculiar choice of means. The principals to the affair drew lots, and to Barothy fell the unlucky one. By the conditions the one who drew this was to shoot himself in three years.

Jennie M. Swetland, a clerk in the office of register of deeds at Kalamazoo, Mich., has been arrested for forging signatures to mortgages, releases, and other papers. She obtained $10,000 on these transactions.

There is a movement on foot among the Governors of Southern States to join in an appeal to President Cleveland to send National troops to Florida and establish a government quarantine.

Andrew Rhuel, a farmer living near Manchester, Mo., on Friday shot and killed Fred Fink and his sister Annie and then blew his own brains out. Young Fink, who was his neighbor, had thrashed him for making disparaging remarks about his sister.

Fire at Washburne, Wis., Friday morning, wiped out the entire business section, destroying thirty buildings at a loss of $150,000, with small insurance. The town had no fire apparatus.

At Decatur, Ill., Friday, Mrs. Polly Ann Williams, whose son Dick was killed in a drunken brawl there last year, sued four saloon-keepers for $5,000 damages, alleging that they sold the liquor drunk before the tragedy, and are responsible for it.

Charles Klein, a night watchman at Fort Wayne, Ind., Thursday night, in a rage of jealousy against his wife, shot at her, and then beat her with the revolver with probably fatal effect. He was torn away from his victim by neighbors who had heard her screams, and then, realizing what he had done, he shot and killed himself.

M. O. Easton, a farmer living near Arcola, Ill., while driving home from there Friday evening with his wife, suddenly became insane, knocked her out of the wagon, and taking a corn-knife, purchased in town, cut her fatally before neighbors arrived and disarmed him.

John C. Edwards, who went to California in 1849, died at Stockton Thursday evening. He was Governor of Missouri from 1844 to 1848.

Alexander Goldensen was hanged at San Francisco Friday for the murder of Mamie Kelley, aged 14, Nov. 10, 1886. Goldensen was 18 years old when he committed the crime.

Fritz Sheen, a German farmer living near Hillsboro, Ill., died Thursday after forty-eight hours' illness, and the doctors pronounce his case one of genuine Asiatic cholera.

The deaths at Jacksonville Friday, from yellow fever numbered 12, while 43 new cases developed. The weather continues wet, and conditions favor an increase of the epidemic.

A fisherman named Rodenbauer, at Quincy, Ill., was caught seining Friday by Game Warden Pipino, who tried to arrest him, but got a beating instead of a prisoner. At night officers went to Rodenbauer's house to arrest him, but he kept them at bay with an arsenal that included a shot-gun and several revolvers, shooting Detective Purcell in the legs.

The flood in Augusta, Ga., has caused losses aggregating $1,000,000, but no estimate can be made to crops between Augusta and Savannah. Eleven persons were drowned.

Colonel Southmayd reports that the yellow fever victims at McClenny, Fla., are dying for want of attention, and that the country around is panic-sticken.

John Edwards, a prominent attorney of Maryville, Mo., shot himself Thursday, it is believed because of his disappointment at not receiving the Democratic nomination for Judge of the Court of Appeals, Western Missouri District, at a recent convention.

There were four deaths from yellow fever at Jacksonville, Fla., Thursday, and forty-four new cases.

At Princeton, Ind., Thursday, Sylvester Grubb shot and mortally wounded Miss Downey because she had declined his escort to the fair at that place. Grubb was arrested and there are fears of lynching.

Heavy frosts fell in many parts of Wisconsin Wednesday night, freezing cranberries at Cranberry Center, where the thermometer is reported to have dropped to 20 degrees, damaging corn and cranberries at Berlin and Beloit and killing tobacco left standing in the fields at Whitewater and Edgerton.

William Orcutt, of Iowa City, Ia., was arrested Thursday charged with an attempt to wreck a train on the Rock Island Road near that place a year ago. He confessed the crime.

For the purpose of establishing a hospital at Jacksonville for the reception of the destitute and sick of all classes and creeds, the Knights Templar of that city ask their brethren throughout the country to forward donations, and say that the cause merits a hearty and speedy response.

At Racine, Wis., Thursday, Peter Rosmussen, while drunk, beat and kicked his 15-year-old daughter so severely that her life is despaired of.

The Select Knights Ancient Order of United Workmen, in annual conclave at Madison, Wis., decided Thursday to meet biennially hereafter and elected the following officers, all of Chicago: President, George W. Linn; Vice President, M. H. McQuirk; Treasurer, E. P. Haven; Secretary, D. T. Lillard. The first, second, third and fourth prizes in the legion drill were won by Demolay, Star of the West, Anchor and Upchurch Legions, all of Chicago, respectively, and Union Legion, the remaining Chicago body present, won a gold badge for having the largest legion.

The outbreak of yellow fever at Decatur, Ala., has caused the greatest excitement among the people, who are leaving the town in large numbers. Another case of the disease developed Thursday.

Fire at Satako, Ind., Wednesday, destroyed a large part of a business block, occupied by many firms, at a total loss of $20,000. The principal losses were those of Dan Daniel on building, $10,000, insurance $500, and S. A. Stewart, general store, $6,000, insured for $1,000.

The forest fires raging in Northern Michigan are still unchecked and apparently beyond control. Arenac County has been particularly unfortunate. Two families west of Standish are believed to have perished in the flames, and in many localities people have only escaped death by precipitate flight, losing all their property.

The Lucas River and Ocean Ship Company, whose purpose is to build a line of steamers with adjustable keel, for the navigation of the Mississippi and the ocean, has been organized at St. Louis. It is asserted that the new vessels can carry freight at $15 to $20 a ton.

Miss Martin, daughter of the Rev. James Martin, of Moultrie county, Ill., was severely and perhaps fatally burned Monday night, from her clothes catching fire from a gasoline stove.

The National Encampment of the G. A. R. will hold its next meeting at Milwaukee.

The executive committees of the State Boards of Health of Tennessee and Kentucky, considering the fact that the administration of sanitary affairs in Florida had failed to inspire confidence in the South and Southwest, suggested by President Cleveland Wednesday that a competent and experienced health officer be placed in charge there Dr. Joseph Holt, of New Orleans, was named as such a man.

Professor Richard A. Proctor, the astronomer, arrived at New York from Florida Monday and took a room in the Westminster Hotel. Tuesday he was taken ill with yellow fever, and that evening was removed to the Willard Parker Hospital, where he died with the black vomit Wednesday evening. The case was isolated and the greatest precautions taken, so that no fear for the spread of the infection is felt. Professor Proctor was to have sailed for Europe next Saturday on the steamship Umbria.

The Rev. Father T. F. Richardson, of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a victim of somnambulism, fell from the window of his room in the fourth story of a Dubuque hotel, early Wednesday morning, and died without recovering consciousness.

There are 1,200 prisoners at the Illinois penitentiary at Joliet, a smaller number than have been confined there at any time in the last fifteen years.

The sixth annual conclave of Select Knights, A. O. U. W., opened at Madison, Wis., Wednesday, Anchor, Upchurch, Star of the West, De Molay, and Liberty legions, of Chicago, attending.

T. W. Burrows, of St. Louis, has been appointed Superintendent of the Chicago and Atlantic Road.

The President's of the International Range and the Butchers National Protective Associations have issued a call for a convention of cattle raisers, feeders, and slaughterers at St. Louis, Nov. 20, to meet the Senatorial committee having in charge the investigation of the beef trade and to devise means to re-establish competition in the purchase and sale of beef cattle.

Ten men were killed and five seriously injured near Helena, M. T., Tuesday, by the premature explosure of a blast in the Wickes tunnel of the Montana Central Railway.

Governor Rusk Wednesday granted a free pardon to ex-City Comptroller James L. White, of Milwaukee, who was sentenced for embezzling city bonds to the amount of $8,000, using them in Chicago wheat speculation.

Thursday at Eau Claire, Wis., A. F. Wilbur, a well-known lumberman, was fatally shot while visiting Mrs. Hattie Manning. The latter has been imprisoned, but declines to say that she fired the shot. The victim is also reticient, and for the present the case is shrouded in mystery.

The Lowell, Mich., National Bank was closed Tuesday by Bank Examiner North. The bank had rediscounted to other banks paper of the Star Cutter Company and failed to meet payments due.

League ball games Tuesday resulted: Chicago, 5; New York, 3.—Detroit, 8; Philadelphia, 2.—Indianapolis, 5; Boston, 4.—Pittsburg, 7; Washington, 2.

POLITICAL POINTS.

Candidates for Congress were nominated Friday as follows: Charles Barwig, by Second Wisconsin District Democrats; Dr. B. B. Godfrey, by Fifth Michigan District Prohibitionists.

The Congressional conferees of the Hon. William L. Scott's district, Friday, were reluctantly forced to accept his final declination to run again.

Dr. C. M. Norwood, fusion candidate for Governor of Arkansas, claims to have been elected by 700 majority, and will contest the election of Governor Eagle, Democrat.

Candidates for Congress were nominated Thursday as follows: R. M. La Follette, by Third Wisconsin District Republicans; Dr. S. C. Johnson, by Eighth Wisconsin District Democrats; Dr. G. S. I. Kirk, by Eighteenth Ohio District Democrats.

The Prohibitionists of Massachusetts, in State convention at Worcester, Wednesday, nominated a State ticket, with William H. Earle, of Worcester, for Governor.

Governor Ames was renominated Wednesday by the Republicans of Massachusetts at a largely attended State convention in Boston; and George D. Robinson and William Draper were chosen as electors at large. George Marden received the nomination for Treasurer and Receiver General.

Governor Hill was renominated by acclamation by the New York Democratic State Convention at Buffalo.

The Democrats of Colorado Wednesday nominated the Hon. T. M. Patterson for Governor.

Candidates for Congress were nominated Tuesday as follows: Capt. E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti, Mich., by Second District Republicans, renominated; M. H. Ford, by the Fifth Michigan District joint Democratic and Greenback Convention, renominated.

Congressman Tarsney was renominated by the Eighth Michigan District Democrats Thursday, and George H. Brickner was nominated by Fifth Wisconsin District Democrats.

FOREIGN ITEMS.

Judges Hannen, Smith, and Day, the Parliamentary commission appointed to investigate the charges of the London Times against Mr. Parnell and other Irish Nationalists, held a preliminary meeting Monday, and, in opposition to the wishes of its counsel, decided that the Times must produce all its documents bearing on the case, but not necessarily for the inspection of the persons accused. Counsel for the Times said the evidence of certain persons in the United States and of two convicts would be necessary. Mr. John Dillon, imprisoned in Ireland under the coercion law, will be released at the proper time, so as to give evidence, but must give bond in £1,000. The commission then adjourned until October 22d.

SLAIN WITH AN UMBRELLA.

Singular and Mysterious Murder of a New York Peddler.

A man was standing upon the Catharine market, corner of Catharine and Cherry streets, New York, a little after midnight Saturday eating corn bought from a hot-corn woman. He had his back turned toward the northwest corner, where two men were approaching each other, the one down Cherry street, the other down Catharine street. The two men met on the corner by Barnum's clothing store, and it is said that words passed. The man eating corn did not turn round until the sound of a blow was heard, followed by a cry and a fall. Then he turned and he saw lying on the crosswalk a man writhing and holding his hands to his face Between his fingers blood oozed upon his clothes.

At the outer lower corner of the right eye, just escaping the eye and pressing it till it bulged out, was the broken shaft of an umbrella tip of yellow, painted wood, with the metal collar which holds the cloth still about it and broken off with it. Up to the collar the tip had been driven through the frontal bone into the man's brain. The blow had been struck from one side and the shaft ran in at a considerable slant.

At the hospital it was decided to pull out the umbrella-tip at once. It was a simple operation, but required strength. While the others held the man's head Dr. Bird seized the projecting end of the umbrella-tip with a pair of forceps and drew it out. But little blood followed. Half an hour later the man was sleeping under an opiate. Yesterday he was restless and constantly muttering and groaning, but did not recover consciousness enough to talk. It was learned that the victim was James Fogarty, a peddler. He died in the hospital without regaining consciousness. There is no clew to the murderer.

RESTORED BY A MIRACLE.

Remarkable Recovery of a Young Woman Who Had Long Been Ill.

A curious story is told of the miraculous recovery of Miss Emma Bennett, a young lady who resides with her brother, William Bennett, a farmer near Oshkosh, Wis. For nine years past Miss Emma, who is now 32 years old, has been a bedridden invalid. Her disease was called consumption of the blood. During her nine years' confinement she has not uttered a loud word. Part of this time she was able to lisp in a faint whisper. Frequently she was thought to be dead. For upward of three years one side of her body was paralyzed, rendering her still more helpless. Sunday noon the family was at dinner when suddenly from the sick room came the sound of a full, round voice singing strongly and sweetly the words: "He rose, he rose, he rose from the dead." The startled family rushed to the bedroom and there was the sick girl sitting in bed singing the words quoted. She asked to be helped to her feet, saying she felt that she could walk, and she did walk across the floor. She said she felt as though she had risen from the dead.

Lth CONGRESS.

SENATE.—In the Senate on the 10th. Mr. Morgan introduced a bill appropriatiating $276,619, to be paid to the Chinese Minister at Washington as full indemnity for all losses and injuries sustained by Chinese subjects who have been, "in remote and unsettled regions of the United States, the victims of injuries in their person and property at the hands of lawless men," and proceeded to address the Senate in explanation and advocacy of it, and on the subject of the pending bill for the absolute prohibition of Chinese immigration. So far as he was concerned he had reached the conclusion that the will of the American people as the total exclusion of Chinese laborers was an irrevocable decree, and that that exclusion must be effected through the operation of law, not through that of a treaty. He proposed to adhere to that ground, now that it was reached. At the close of Mr. Morgan's speech, his bill was referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. The conference report on the army appropriation bill was presented and agreed to. The House retaliation bill was presented and referred to the Committee on Foreign Relations. Mr. Stewart asked unanimous consent to have the Chinese exclusion bill taken up. Mr. Sherman objected. Mr. Stewart then made a motion to that effect, and it was carried and the bill taken up. Mr. Sherman addressed the Senate in favor of Mr. Blair's Motion to reconsider the vote by which the bill was passed. Without action on the bill the Senate adjourned.

HOUSE.—In the House on the 10th Mr. Oates introduced a bill to amend the naturalization laws, providing among other things that no alien who has ever been legally convicted of any infamous crime or misdemeanor involving moral turpitude, or who has immigrated to the United States in violation of the laws thereof, or who cannot speak the English language and read the Constitution of the United States in English, or who is a polygamist, an anarchist, socialist, or communist, or belongs to any society or association of such, shall be neutralized or adjudged by any court to be a citizen of the United States or of any State; nor shall any alien be naturalized who has not continuously for six years, next preceding such adjudication, resided within the United States.

The Hindoos appear to have made wrought iron directly from the ore, without passing it through the furnace. Elaborately wrought pieces of iron are yet found in India, which date from the early centuries of the Christian era. A visit to the tower of London will show pieces of ancient armor that were wrought with great skill.

THE MARKETS.

CHICAGO.		
BEEVES—Extra	$6.10	6.25
Choice to Fancy	5.65	6.00
Fair to Good	4.60	5.00
Poor to Medium	1.75	2.90
Fancy Cows and Heifers	3.00	3.50
Fair Cows	1.75	2.90
MILCH COWS—per head	14.00	40.00
HOGS—Mixed	5.00	6.40
SHEEP—Native	2.75	4.80
WHEAT—No. 2. Spring	79	.79¾
CORN—No. 2	45¼	.45¾
OATS—No. 2	24¾	.25¼
POTATOES—Per bushel	40	.45
POULTRY—Chickens, live, per lb	.09	.09½
Ducks, "	.09	.10
Turkeys "	.08	.09
BUTTER—Choice Creamery	.18¼	.19
Fine Dairy	.15	.16
Low Grades	.11	.13
CHEESE—Full Cream	.08	.08¼
Off Grades	.05	.06
EGGS—Fresh, per doz	.15	16
ST. LOUIS.		
BEEVES—Choice Natives	5.20	5.80
HOGS—Choice	6.25	6.40
SHEEP	3.50	5.00
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.78	.78⅝
CORN—No. 2		.44
OATS	.17	.27½
MILWAUKEE.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.75¾	.76
CORN		.45
OATS		.35½
TOLEDO.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.84¼	.88
CORN—No. 2		.47
OATS		.27
DETROIT.		
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.84	.84¼
CORN		.47
OATS		.27
KANSAS CITY		
BEEVES—Grain and Corn Fed	5.00	5.50
STEERS—Grass Range	2.00	4.15
WHEAT—No. 2, Red	.66	.67½
CORN—No. 2	.39¾	.40¼
OATS—No. 2	.20½	.20¾

A DEATH SWITCH.

An Express Train on the B. & O. Railroad Dashes Into a Freight Train at Ankeneytown, O.

Three Employes Instantly Killed and Thirty-Two Passengers Scalded or Maimed.

The most disastrous wreck that has ever occurred on the Lake Erie division of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and one rivaling the awful disaster at Republic in January, 1887, happened at Ankeneytown, a small station twenty-five miles east of Mansfield, O., at 5 o'clock Friday morning.

The west-bound express, due in Chicago at 4:50 p. m., consisting of two fruit cars, a mail car, a combination baggage and express car, two day coaches, and two Pullman cars, was running twenty-five miles an hour when the mail car jumped the unlocked switch to a side track on which a freight train was standing. The mail car was pulled along over the ties a few rods, when the coupling fastening it to the engine and two fruit cars snapped, the mail car dragging after it. The baggage car and the two day coaches then careened to one side against the engine of the freight train, the boiler of which exploded a moment later with terrific force. After striking the engine the mail car rebounded at cross angles to the track, completely wrecking the baggage car and the first day coach, the second coach then mounting upon the wrecks of the two cars preceding it. The two palace cars remained on the track undamaged.

Simultaneously with the crash came the explosion of the boiler, and pieces of the wreck strewed the fields for many rods around. The dome of the engine, weighing several hundred pounds, was hurled high in the air, and came down crashing through the roof of one of the fruit-cars of the forward part of the train, wrecking it. Hot water and steam from the exploded boiler deluged the victims imprisoned in the debris, adding to the torture of those already injured, and scalding those who had escaped serious injury from the wreck.

From the sparsely populated section of the country in the vicinity came very little available help until the arrival of the wrecking train several hours later. Meanwhile those who could help themselves effected their escape, and with the constantly arriving spectators, gave such aid as they could to less fortunate victims. Surgeons were summoned from Mt. Vernon, Belleville, and Mansfield, and were soon doing all in their power to alleviate the suffering of the victims.

Engineer Harry Tomlinson, of the freight trains, was found between the boiler and tender of his engine, the front part of his head blown away and his brains covering the pump of his engine, which had been blown into an apple tree in an adjacent orchard.

David Wilson, the baggage-master, was found between the two trains with his neck and back broken and his skull crushed.

William Frinsley, brakeman of the freight, was wedged in the wreck, and crushed and scalded so fearfully that after enduring the greatest agony until 3 o'clock, death relieved his suffering.

The two day coaches which were wrecked carried 110 passengers, mostly G. A. R. men, with their families en route home from Columbus. Of these thirty-four were injured, some of them to an extent which can not yet be fully determined, but a half dozen will surely be added to the list of the dead.

Mrs. Edward Valentine, of Chicago, was pinned under the wreck of the first day coach, and so closely wedged in between the timbers that she could only be rescued by chopping her out of her position. The upper portion of her body and her right arm were so badly crushed that she can not live.

J. D. Thomas, Commander of Burnside Post, of Shenandoah, Iowa, was so crushed about the breast and shoulders that his condition is considered critical.

As fast as removed from the wreck, the injured were carried to farm houses in the cicinity, where they received surgical attendance. Dr. W. C. Eagan, of Atlantic, Iowa, was among the passengers and, luckily escaping injury, gave attention to many of the wounded before the arrival of the company's surgeons. A number of the injured who could bear transportation were taken to their homes, and the others are being cared for at Ankeneytown.

HER HUSBAND A WOMAN.

Another Chapter in the Case of Mr. and Mrs. Miller of Sioux City, Iowa.

Another chapter has just been added to one of the most curious cases in the history of crime in Iowa. Early last spring there was living near Sioux City a couple bearing the name of Miller, supposed to be husband and wife, having lived there as such for several years. One day in March H. C. Miller, the supposed husband, went to a Sioux City livery stable and hired a horse for two hours. He failed to return with the horse, and a month later was found with his supposed wife and child at Odebolt, with the horse. They were arrested and taken back to Sioux City and Miller lodged in jail, the wife being released on her own recognizance. At the May term of court Miller was convicted of horse stealing and sentenced to the penitentiary for eighteen months. About the 1st of July he was taken to Fort Madison, was taken sick and sent to the hospital. Here the strange fact was disclosed that the convict was a woman. She was sent to the Anamosa prison and clothed in her proper garb, where she now is. During all the years she followed the vocations of a man she never betrayed her sex. The reputed wife left Sioux City and went to Des Moines, where she has been working as a servant. The parents of the little child that the Millers had claimed as their own, now three years old, became desirous of getting it back. Their names are Moe, and at the last term of court they obtained an order for its possession. Sheriff Magee of Sioux City started in search of the missing woman and child and they were found Friday at Des Moines, and the child was restored to its parents. The woman claims that she married her female husband seven years ago, and that she at that time married a man, but that since he became a woman she had obtained a divorce. Then she desired to cover up the deception and they continued to live together. The convict's story, however, does not agree with this. The woman is of slight build, with coarse red hair, and ignorant. The child is a bright little boy.

SWEDEN IN AMERICA.

The 250th Anniversary of Their Coming Celebrated at Minneapolis.

The 250th anniversary of the first settlement of Swedes in America was celebrated at Minneapolis, Minn., Friday, with imposing ceremonies. Many distinguished guests from all over the country were present at the exercises in the Exposition building. Owing to the rain the street parade was abandoned, but fully ten thousand people crowded the building, where Hon. W. W. Thomas, Jr., of Maine, delivered a stirring oration and J. E. Enander, editor of the "Hemlandet" of Chicago, read an historical sketch of Swedish American progress.

The multitude was welcomed by Hon. Hans Mattson, Secretary of State of Minnesota. Among the guests were the members of the Lutheran general council, which adjourned in a body to attend the celebration. This event has awakened the interest of Scandinavians everywhere, and many were the responses to the letters of invitation sent out by the committees in charge.

One of the most notable "regrets" came from Secretary Bayard, who claims to have Swedish blood in his veins, and whose mother is buried in the church-yard of the first Swedish church in America—that in Wilmington, Del.

HERE AND THERE.

The latest freak among Englishwomen who go to concerts is to sit and knit.

Large volumes of smoke are seen to issue from the summit of St. Helen's, Oregon.

In Altoona, Pa., they can build a locomotive in eighteen hours and fifty-five minutes.

Switzerland advertises accommodations for about 150,000 guests over night during the summer season.

"The King's daughters" now number 20,000 in the United States. The society is to have a monthly paper.

We are importing onions from Egypt. They come in about thirty days via Liverpool, and are of superior quality to the Bermuda.

The French are acknowledged to have the finest guns and projectiles in Europe. Their Ferminy shell has been shot through an armor plate twenty inches thick, and come out with its steel point uninjured.

A resident of Sorrento, Fla., who recently recovered from a severe illness, has since refused to eat meat unless it is raw. He frequently kills a chicken or a rabbit, and devours it almost before it becomes cold.

The Indiana statute contains an act which forfeits, after March 9, 1890, all land in the state held by aliens who have not become American citizens. Years ago an English gentleman named McDaniels accumulated considerable property in that state.

It is strange that the devisers of open air shows cannot think of something else than the destruction of something to reproduce on their immense stages. Babylon, Rome and Pompeii have been used in turn for these pyrotechnic dramas. The list may be exhausted soon, and then they may work in another field.

An Albany family has a 3-year-old boy, whose bump of mischief is phenomenal. His mother took him in his carriage to market and bought some potatoes, which were put in the carriage at his feet. As she had walked along conversing with another the boy had dropped them all out unnoticed, and the fact was not discovered until they were home.

There are a number of warm sulphur springs in Elsinore, Cal., and a citizen of that town is utilizing them for incubating purposes. He puts a tin pail full of eggs in a spring whose temperature is 102 degrees, and in three weeks the chicks come out. As the temperature of the spring does not vary, the eggs require no attention. This beats the patent

THE YOUNG PEOPLE.

Kiss Me, Mamma, I Can't Sleep—Rules for Using Books—The Flowers, Etc.

To Him Who Waits.

Many a castle I've built in Spain,
With turrets and domes that were passing fair;
But the first wild storm of wind and rain
Has proved my castles were made of air.

Many a fleet I have sent to sea,
Freighted with hopes and ambitions bright;
Never a ship has come back to me,
Though I've watched for them long by day and night.

But I sometimes think there will come a day
When my heart's fond wishes I shall attain—
When, walled and towered in grand array,
Shall stand secure my castles in Spain.

And I took to see the sunset's glow.
As if reddens the ocean miles on miles,
Shine on the ship that sailed long ago
My ships coming back from the Fortunate Isles.

—Edith S. Tupper in June Outing.

"Kiss Me, Mamma, I Can't Sleep."

The child was so sensitive, so like that little shrinking plant that curls at a breath and shuts its heart from the light.

The only beauties she possessed were an exceedingly transparent skin and the most mournful, large blue eyes.

I had been trained by a very stern, strict, conscientious mother, but I was a hardy plant, rebounding after every shock; misfortune could not daunt, though discipline tamed me. I fancied, alas! that I must go through the same routine with this delicate creature; as one day when she had displeased me exceedingly by repeating an offence, I was determined to punish her severely. I was very serious all day, and upon sending her to her little couch I said: "Now, my daughter, to punish you, and show you how very, very naughty you have been, I shall not kiss you to-night."

She stood looking at me, astonishment personified, with her great mournful eyes wide open—I suppose she had forgotten her misconduct till then, and I left her with big tears dropping down her cheeks and her little red lips quivering.

Presently I was sent for. "Oh, mamma, you will kiss me; I can't go to sleep if you don't!" she sobbed, every tone of her voice trembling; and she held out her little hands.

Now came the struggle between love and what I falsely termed duty. My heart said give her the kiss of peace; my stern nature urged me to persist in my correction that I might impress her fault upon her mind. That was the way I had been trained, till I was a most submissive child; and I remember how I had often thanked my mother since for her straightforward course.

I knelt by the bedside. "Mother can't kiss you, Ellen," I whispered, though every word choked me. Her hand touched mine; it was very hot, but I attributed it to her excitement. She turned her little grieving face to the wall; I blamed myself as the fragile form shook with suppressed sobs, and crying, "Mother hopes little Ellen will learn to mind her after this," left the room for the night. Alas! in my desire to be severe I forgot to be forgiving.

It must have been twelve o'clock when I was awakened by my nurse. Apprehensive, I ran eagerly to the child's chamber; I had had a fearful dream.

Ellen did not know me. She was sitting up, crimsoned from the forehead to the throat; her eyes so bright that I almost drew back aghast at their glances.

From that night a raging fever drank up her life; and what think you was the incessant plaint that poured into my anguished heart? "Oh, kiss me, mamma, do kiss me; I can't go to sleep! You'll kiss your little Ellen, mamma, won't you? I can't go to sleep. I won't be naughty if you'll only kiss me? Oh, kiss me, dear mamma, I can't go to sleep."

Holy little angel! she did go to sleep one gray morning and she never woke again, never. Her hand was locked in mine and all my veins grew icy with its gradual chill. Faintly the light faded out of the beautiful eyes; whiter and whiter grew the tremulous lips. She never knew me; but with her last breath she whispered, "I will be good, mamma, if only you'll kiss me."

Kiss her! God knows how passionate, but unavailing were my kisses on her cheek and lips after that fatal night. God knows how wild were my prayers that she might know, if but only once that I kissed her. God knows how I would have yielded up my very life, could I have asked forgiveness of that sweet child.

Well, grief is unavailing now! She lies in her little tomb; there is a marble urn at her head and a rosebush at her feet; there grow sweet summer flowers; there waves the gentle grass; there birds sing their matins and vespers; there the blue sky smiles down today and there lies buried the freshness of my heart.

Bandana Flirtation Rules.

Folding the bandana means; "Lend me a quarter."

Tying a loose knot in it signifies: "Come over and have something."

Drawing it through the right hand says: "Nothing from Indiana."

Waving it to a friend on the next corner asks: "Got an extra in your pocket to-day?"

Wrapping it around the wrist means: "What did your wife say last night when you got home?"

Drawing it slowly through the left hand inquires: "Will you meet me around the corner in five minutes?"

Give the handkerchief a quick, jerky snap with the right hand, and say: "Can you let me have a 'V' till Saturday?"

Missing the pocket and letting it fall unnoticed to the ground says: "No, (hic) thanks, no more to-day."

Mopping the brow with it before two friends asks for "three beers."

Letting it dangle from a coat tail pocket signifies: "We are watched. The police are onto us. Tell the boys to come up the other street."

Letting it drop upon the sidewalk, falling upon it, and lying in that position until picked up and carried home indicates: "Favorable reports from doubtful districts."—*Oil City Blizzard.*

Rules for Using Books.

Never hold a book near a fire.

Never drop a book upon the floor

Never turn leaves with the thumb.

Never lean or rest upon an ope book.

Never turn down down the corner of leaves.

Never touch a book with damp or soiled hands.

Always keep your place with a thin book-mark.

Always place a large book upon a table before opening it.

Always turn leaves from the top with the middle forefinger.

Never touch a book with a damp cloth, nor with a sponge in any form.

Never pull a book from a shelf by the binding at the top, but by the back.

Never rub dust from books, but brush it off with a soft, dry cloth or duster.

Never place another book or anything else upon the leaves of an open book.

Always open a large book from the middle, and never from the ends or cover.

To avoid injuring the leaves of books never put a pencil-mark in a library book.

Never close a book with a pencil a pad or paper, or anything else between the leaves.

Never open a book farther than to bring both sides of the cover into the same place.

Always keep your books out of the reach of small children and in a clean, dry place.

Always keep any neatly bound borrowed book covered with paper while in your possession.

Never attempt to dry a book accidentally wet by a fire, but wipe off the moisture with a soft dry cloth.

Never lend a borrowed book, but return it as soon as you are through with it, so that the owner may not——

Never write upon papers laid upon the leaves of an open book, as the pencil or pen point will either scratch or cut the book leaves.

Never cut the leaves of a book or magazine with a sharp knife, as the edge is sure to run into the print; nor with the finger, but with a paper-cutter or ordinary table knife.

The Lesson of the Flowers.

These flowers are God's own syllables;
They plead so lovingly, they lead
So gently upwards to His hills!
If we might only learn to read!
If we might only learn to read and know
Christ's book of eighteen hundred years ago!

I think we then should all rejoice,
Should know the beauteous mysteries,
Should joy with one wide, common voice
As joy the great earth circling seas!
Could we but read as Christ would have us read,
We then might know the living God indeed!

And this the lesson, this the book
That lies wide open now as then.
Come read one syllable, come look
How broader than the books of men!
Come, catch the pathos of this harmony
Of beauteous toil—then all the world is free!

—Joaquin Miller in the American Magazine.

He Knew a Freshet.

It is quite natural for travelers in foreign lands to compare objects seen there with similar ones at home, though, in fact, these comparisons are sometimes amusing as in the following anecdote:

An American traveler, while in Venice, chanced to meet a fellow-countryman, and entered into conversation. The stranger was from the Mississippi River bottoms.

"What do you think of Venice?" asked our American friend.

"Well I don't reckon I oughter express my opinion now, for I did'nt git here till after the overflow, an' haint had a chance to see the town; but, as the water' pears to be on the stand still, I reckon it'll begin to go down putty soon; but I 'low that when she starts, she'll go down right smart."

"My gracious, man, this is not an overflow!"

"Then it's about as lively a freshet as ever I seed. In our country, when we have to paddle round the streets in canoes, we call it a putty good overflow."

"You don't understand. This is Venice, and the water is always here."

"You don't say so? An' does the Government have to issue rations to all these folks?"

"Of course not. This town was built this way to"—

"Wall, that might be, but I call it a overflow all the same; but if it ain't goin' to fall enough for me to see the town, I reckon I'd better go. This is the blamedest swamp I ever seed!"—*Youth's Companion.*

Watermelon Juice as a Beautifier

I always have a feeling of pity for girls who have florid or sallow complexions, or whose faces are bespattered with freckles, looking as if they had been about when a bran bin had exploded, says Miss Carrie Townsend of St. Louis. I feel sorry for them, not because of any harm that the freckles do, for really I think them nice, as they are evidence of a pure, light, and healthy complexion, but because the removal of them or the sallowness is so easy if they only knew how. I accidentally discovered a sovereign remedy a couple of years ago, which costs next to nothing. One day the plumber shut our water off, and I could get none in which to wash my face. It was fearfully soiled, and looking out the window just then I saw a friend approaching to call on me. Glancing about me I noticed half of a watermelon from which the meat had been removed some time before. It was partially filled with juice, and I hastily washed my face in it. The result was so soothing that I repeatedly washed my face in that manner. Judge of my astonishment, a few days later, on seeing that there was not a freckle left on my face. A number of my girl friends then tried it, and the result was a great beautifying of countenances. No matter what is wrong with the face, the juice of the watermelon will rectify it and produce a clear skin.

JUST BEYOND

Past the fragrant clover fields,
Past the forest with their yields
Of dark verdure, resting eyes
That are worn with readings wise

Past the blue hills, barriers dear
Twixt the hopes beyond and here,
Is a place (it must be so)
Whither is it good to go.

For I long for it betimes
Of a morning, in my rhymes;
And the eve-light finds me still
Looking, longing, 'gainst my will.

It is always just beyond
What I see, and should a wand
Touch mine eyes, grown strangely dim,
They might pierce the mountain rim.

And discover yonder spot,
That is sweet, but traveled not.
Yet, dim-visioned, I am sure,
Whatsoever I endure.

Bad and sad, that far away
Past the duties of the day,
As I see them, stretched and dume,
Is the land of Sweet-To-Come.

That is gladder far and fair:
Just beyond the mountains there,
Just beyond the dimpled lea,
Just beyond the silver sea,
Just beyond, for me and thee!

—*Richard E. Burton, D. H. D., in S. S. Times.*

Taken at His Word.

Nellie Palmer was lying on the lounge in her pretty bedroom, crying and looking very unhappy. And yet she had been married only six months, and to such a "nice handsome man," as all the young ladies declared that surely she ought to have been happy with him. And so she had been until, until, to tell truth, Bob Palmer, forgetting, or seeming to forget that he was a married man, had recently taken to flirting with these very young ladies at all the parties in Middleton, leaving his wife to take care of herself. Surely it was enough to make any six-months wife cry, especially one so sensative as Nellie.

Not that Robert Palmer loved his little wife a bit less than on the day of his marriage, neither that Nellie suspected him of it, or for a moment doubted his morals, any more than she did his constancy. But Mr. Palmer was a gay young man, and loved to be amused. He liked the society of pretty and lively women, both married and single; and in a word he liked to flirt and saw no harm in it. So, while he hung over the young ladies chairs, laughing and paying gay compliments, or promenading with the young married ladies, his wife would be looking over a photograph album, or conversing solemnly with some old gentleman, or noticing some shy awkward child while pretending to be unconscious of her husband's proceedings. Not that she was compelled to enjoy herself in this solemn way, she usually so bright and pretty and agreeable, but she had no heart for anything else now. Of late all her liveliness and chattiness had left her, and she answered absently and smiled listlessly, and, if compelled to dance or sing, did so out of time and out of tune, to her husband's great vexation. It is thus that many a young wife settles down into a dull and and faded old woman, and her husband grows handsomer and heartier, and wonders what on earth could have so changed her.

"Hello! been crying again, I declare!" exclaimed Bob Palmer, suddenly ceasing his little whistle, as he entered the room, on returning from his office. "What's the matter now, Nellie? Canary refused to sing, or Madame Viglini not put flowers enough in your bonnet?"

"Oh, Bob! how can you?" sobbed Nellie, beginning afresh.

"Look here, Ellen," said her husband, sitting down on the lounge, and speaking more seriously; "I don't like this at all. I never come home that your eyes are not red and swollen with crying. What have you to cry about I should like to know? It's an insult to me to have you go sniveling about the house in this fashion, and moping away in corners, looking sullen and miserable, as you did last night at Mackin's. Why people will think me a perfect domestic tyrant."

"Ah, Bob, don't speak so! I can't help it, indeed. I do feel so miserable. You make me so Bob."

"I! Well that is rich! Perhaps you will be good enough to let me know of what enormity I've been guilty, that has turned you into a modern Niobe?"

"Nothing really wrong, dear; oh! if you knew how much a wife thinks of her husband's love, and—"

Here poor Nellie broke down again. Mr. Palmer's eyes opened very wide.

"Whew!" whistled he; "If this isn't really absurd. So, she's jealous!'

"Indeed, no, dear Bob! But—but—" —she could hardly speak for the choking in her throat—"you can't understand the pride a woman takes in having her husband treat her with affection and respect before every one, or how it humbles and mortifies her to be neglected by him, and have other women consider themselves her rivals—like Isabel Baden.

Bob Palmer laughed outright, and then he grew angry.

"You're an absured little fool Nellie," he said. "As if Isabel Baden was anything to me beyond a woman to amuse one's self with at a party. Nonsense."

"She don't think so," said Nellie; "and—and others don't think so. They all think you are getting tired of your wife, and Isabel flatters herself that she has cut me out, and is trying to let people see it."

"Fiddlesticks!" said Bob, rising impatently from the lounge. "I'm astonished at you, Nellie, and had already given you credit of more sense as well as temper," he added, severely. "I wish you'd amused yourself in society, as I do, instead of moping about in this fashion. You can't expect to have me tied to your apron strings; and I'd much rather see you flirting a little yourself than sulking away in holes and corners, like a spider, watching your butterfly of a husband to see if you can detect him doing wrong. You make me quite ashamed of you I declare."

Mr. Plamer took his hat and walked out of the room, with an air of mingled dignity and injured innocence. His wife sat up, wiped away her tears and mused awhile, with eyes flashing and cheeks flushed with a wounded and indignant feeling.

"Yes," she said to herself, "since he has requested it, I will amuse myself 'as he does,' and see how he likes it! Ashamed of me, is he? And he did not use to be when I was gay and happy. Oh, Bob, if you only knew how I loved you!"

And once more despite her resolutely closing her eyes and pressing her fingers upon them, the tears would come.

There was to be, that very evening a party at Col. Johnston's, and Nellie took particular pains in dressing herself for it. She had been of late rather careless on that point, and was now rewarded for her husband's glance of approval and his remark that the pink silk was becoming to her. In consequence her eyes and cheeks were brighter, and her spirits more buoyant, as she entered Mrs. Johnston's crowded drawing-room. Scarcely had they paid their respects to the hostess, when Mr. Palmer accosted, or rather was accosted by Miss Baden, a brilliant, confident girl, who tried to ensnare him before his marriage; and at the same moment, a gentlemen addressed Mrs. Palmer. She answered mechanically, unable to withdraw her attention from her husband and his companion, until seeing something in Miss Baden's glance at herself which she did not like, her pride again awoke, and she turned, as with a sudden determination to the gentleman at her side. He was a recent comer to the town, very pleasant and handsome, and Nellie Palmer forthwith began to try and make herself agreeable to him. He looked so pleased and was himself so agreeable, that it soon cost her no effort to converse; and then her old lively spirits returned; and to her surprises she found that she was enjoying herself. Her husband didn't much notice this, but Miss Baden did; and her flirtation with Mr. Palmer lost much of it, charm, now that his wife did not appear mortified and jealous, and that people couldn't see that she was so. Wherefore Miss Baden grew indifferent, and Mr. Palmer bethought himself to look after his wife. Not finding her looking over the photograph album, nor talking to deaf old Mr. Brown, neither in any of the 'holes and corners,' which she was wont of late to frequent, he became rather puzzled.

"She's got in the dumps again, I suppose," was his thought, "and is trying to disguise it under the pretense of being ill. Dare say I shall find her crying or fainting away in the conservatory, with fans and smelling bottles round her, or perhaps she's gone home."

At that instant a little laugh at his elbow startled him, and turning he saw Nellie, bright and flushed, talking to a very handsome man, who appeared quite absorbed in her. Mr. Palmer stared a moment at the unconscious couple.

"Why, the deuce! what on earth can they have been talking about all this while?" Then, suddenly meeting his wife's eye, he smiled and whispered, "Enjoying yourself Nell?'

"Oh, yes, dear, delightfully! Don't trouble yourself about me pray."

He passed on, but didn't go far, and as he stood whispering soft nothings to sentimental Kate Marshall, his eyes occasionally wandered to his wife. How pretty she was looking and how gay she was, and how coquetishly she was exchanging light repartee with that flirting fellow, Tom Harrison. And all the time the handsome stranger never left her side. It was perfectly evident that he admired her.

"If she were not a married woman he would certainly fall in love with her, she, my wife;' and he felt a little resentful of the admiration.

Nellie Palmer had never sang more sweetly or danced more gracefully than upon this evening.

"Don't you think, Nell, you've danced enough for one night?' said her husband, toward the close of the evening; "for a married woman," he added.

"Perhaps so," she answered, cheerfully; "but I've enjoyed myself so much! Really, I almost forgot I was a married woman, and felt like a girl again."

"And behaved like one," he said, rather coolly. "Who is that fellow that has been in attendance upon you all the evening?" he inquired, as they walked downstairs.

"That remarkably handsome man, with the expressive dark eyes, do you mean?"

"I never noticed his eyes or that he was at all handsome," he answered stiffly.

"Oh, I thought you meant Capt. Lovell of the artillery. Ah here he is —one moment, dear, I quite forgot—"

And Nellie spoke a few words to the captain in passing, of which her husband could distinguish only something about "that book."

"Upon my word," he said, sarcastically, "you appear very intimate already."

"Because, love, we've discovered that we're congenial spirits. We like the same things, books, music, scenery; indeed, everything, and have the same opinion on most subjects. You know how pleasant it is to meet with one who can comprehend you, not your outer self merely, but with a sort of soul sympathy."

"Soul fiddlesticks."

"You never did have much sentiment, Bob," sighed Nellie, in an injured tone.

"Sentiment be hanged! Come, Nellie, be quick with your wrappings. It has been a stupid evening, and I shall be glad to get home and to bed."

When Robert Palmer came home next day, he found his wife, not crying, as before, in her bedroom, but in the parlor, practicing a new song.

"Capt. Lovell called this morning," she said, "and I have promised to sing this for him at Mrs. Campbell's."

"Ah?" he answered, with an expression of indifference; and as his wife again struck up with the first few notes, he muttered to himself, "Confound Capt. Lovell!"

At Mrs. Campbell's Capt. Lovell was again in attendance upon pretty Mrs. Palmer; and then other gentlemen discovered her attraction, her piquancy, and coquettishness, and flirtableness; and so in a very few weeks, Mrs. Palmer was a belle. She did not seem in the least to care who her husband was waiting upon, and, indeed he could rarely get a word with her at all, when at the gay assemblies which they constantly frequented. He sometimes gave her a hint that she was "no longer a girl," and that he was her husband; but she only laughed, and said there was no harm done, and that she was enjoying herself so delightfully, and felt herself more a belle than even when a girl—which was true, because she had not flirted then, being absorb, heart and soul, in Bob Palmer. But now it was Capt. Lovell who appeared chiefly to occupy her thoughts, as well as a good part of time. She sang and danced with him; she read the books he sent; and so frequent were his visits, so constant his attentions, that at last Robert Palmer's wrath burst forth.

"Ellen," he said, as he one day closed the door on the departing captain, "I really cannot permit this to go on any longer. Your conduct to me is most unexpected — most astounding. You are by far too intimate with this fellow, Lovell. He is constantly in my house; and last evening he scarcely left your side, while you stood, for two hours, the center of a group of chattering, grinning popinjays, like yourself."

"Why, Bob, you blamed me for playing wall-flower and 'spider,' and said you were ashamed of me."

"I am much more ashamed of you now," he retorted severely.

"Now, dear, that is quite unreasonable of you. Didn't you tell me that I would please you by enjoying myself and flirting a little? You know you did," added Nellie, reproachfully; "and now that I am obeying you, you get jealous."

"Jealous? not I! But I am offended and insulted—yes, and disgusted as well. If only you could hear the remarks about yourself and that Lovell—"

"Similar to those that I heard in regard to you and Miss Baden, I presume," said his wife.

"What is Miss Baden to me?" he demanded angrily.

"And what is Capt. Lovell to me?"

"You encourage him, madam. You flirt with him."

"As you do with Isabel Baden."

"A man may do what is not permissible in a woman."

"Ah that is it!" said Nellie, with her old smile. You men may neglect a wife—may wear out her heart and life with anguish—may expose her to the pity or ridicule of all her acquaintances by showing devotion to another; and she, poor slave, must not presume to turn, as may even the trampled worm, but must bear all in meek silence, never even imploring mercy, lest she should offend her lord. But I have had enough of this Bob; and now as you do to me will I do to you. If you go on flirting, so will I. I know you don't care a bit more for Isabel Baden than I do for Capt. Lovell; but I will not be neglected and humbled in the sight of the whole world. I am not a slave, but a wife and demand the honor due to me!"

Her mood was a new one to her husband. She sat erect and proud, looking him steadily in the face, with bright clear eyes, in whose depths he could read great tenderness; and he at once comprehended the whole matter.

To Time a Train's Speed.

"We must be going forty miles an hour."

"Oh, no; not more than thirty."

"Thirty?" nonsense! more like fifty."

Something like this is heard every day on railroad trains, especially among parties of young people, says a writer in *Golden Days.*

Not one person in one hundred who travel has an idea of the speed of the train. Even a large percentage of the regular trainmen cannot tell with any degree of accuracy.

Engineers use their driving wheel as a gauge. They know its circumference, and by counting its revolutions within a certain time can tell very accurately the speed at which they are running.

The favorite method of timing a train among passengers is to count telegraph poles. As a rule these are planted thirty to the mile, but in prairie counties and places where only a single wire is used the number diminishes to twenty-five to the mile, so that rule will not always work.

The most accurate method and the one most in use by experienced railroad men, is to count the number of joints the train passes over in twenty seconds. The rails on nearly all of the roads are thirty feet in length, and the number passed over in twenty seconds is the speed per hour the train is running.

For instance, if a passenger can count thirty clicks on a rail joint in twenty seconds, the train is running at the speed of thirty miles an hour.

Actually the method falls a little short, as the example given above would be nearer thirty-one than thirty miles, but it is near enough for all practical purposes.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

A Woman's Success With Cotton.

The only young unmaried woman of the South who is exclusive proprietor and practical business manager of a large cotton farm is said to be Miss Allice B. Farley, of Port Hudson, La. A fragile little woman, one would scarcely think, to judge from her physique, that she posessed the strength necessary to meet the combat a thousand and one vexing cares connected with raising the staple. Nevertheless, Miss Farley not only oversees Greenwood plantation, but by her prudense, skill and sound judgement has won an extended local reputation as a successful farmer. Her history is as melancholy as it is remarkable. Born in New York City, she lost in quick succession all the members of her family, and at majority found herself the proprietor of a handsome Southern property, with not a near relative in the world. Duty, to her logical mind, implied action, and no sooner did responsibilities arise than she found strength to meet them. Observation, and economical turn of mind, extensive reading on agricultural subjects consultation with those experienced in the craft soon taught all there was to know. She threw into planting all the enthusiasm and perseverance many women bestow in acquiring feminine accomplishments and today no cotton place, far or near, ranks higher than the will-tilled, fruitful and wisely cultivated lands of Greenwood. — *New Orleans Times-Democrat.*

Said to be the Proper Caper.

It is the proper thing for the young man who can afford it to keep the photograph of his best girl, framed in solid silver, standing on his writing desk. The frames are about an inch broad, and are plain or fancy to suit the taste, but the majority of those imported from England are fancy. The figures include cherubs and cherubs' faces, heads of beasts, heads of goblins, forms of elfs, masks of fierce aspect, and a running vine of some sort, that twines in and out among the figures. The inner edge of one very pretty frame is made of a rope, with a square knot where the ends of the rope come together at the bottom. The frames cost on the average $30.—*New York Sun.*

Rifling Gun Barrels.

By means of recent improvements made in the manufacture of rifles, as many as 120 barrels can now be rolled in an hour by one machine. They are straightened cold and bored with corresponding speed, and even the rifling is done automatically, so that one man tending six machines can turn out sixty or sexenty barrels per day.

With the old rifling machine twenty barrels was about the limit of a day's work; but the improved machines attend to everything after being once started, and, when the rifling is completed, ring a bell to call the attention of the workmen.

BEAUTY WELL ADORNED.

Trimming Dress Fabrics with All Sorts of Flowers.

There is no branch of work in flowers more especially adapted to gentlewomen than that of the application of natural blossoms to drapery, says the New York *Sun.* It must be done by deft hands. Men accustomed to stemming flowers on wooden pegs and to wiring stems are too clumsy to use the needle and thread, and have not the taste or patience necessary to put flowers on to fabrics with neatness and elegant effect. For this reason, the average florist hesitates to introduce the most charming of all fashions, the garnishing of robes with natural flowers. He is really incapable of accomplishing an elaborate decoration on fabrics with such dainty material.

It is a simple matter to trim a dress with natural flowers, and there is no ornamentation so exquisitely beautiful. All that is required is to know how, and then "many hands make light work," and do it quickly. All the things for gowns must be applied to pieces that should be fitted exactly by a dress-maker. Sometimes the trimmings should be cut out of soft or stiff net, sometimes out of silesia, or perhaps of silk. When an entire train for a wedding gown is to be covered with flowers material must be selected that will hang with proper effect. This train, like all trimmings covered with natural flowers, must be applied at the last moment. Bretelles and panels for gowns should be made of net, to which the blossoms are easily attached. Fine sewing silk well waxed (the color of the stem to be held) is the strongest thread and shows the least. Where foliage, vines and greenery is to be applied to fabric it is usually put on as tracery or passementerie, and is sewed on to the material of dress or drapery.

In these days, when young women are so clever in art needle-work, there are in most every family circle these who excelin tasteful handiwork. These are the ones to choose for garnishing what ever is to be beautified with natural flowers. The flowers should be prepared by snipping off the stems, so that all are uniform; every ragged petal should be removed, and the flowers laid in water in a position that will keep them fresh without soaking the petals. A few at a time must be laid out on a dry cloth and the water should be removed from them with absorbing cotton before they are applied to any fabric. Each leaf, blossom, or spray sets better the fewer the stitches that are made to tack it on.

There is no flower so handsome and so generally useful for garnishing robes as the lily of the valley, for with one or two stitches it can be sewed firmly on to fabric, and will fall with fringy effect. It looks like a shower of white pearls on white satin. It makes an elegant girdle or sash and tasels to finish the ends. A train and back breadths to a gown of this flower is a rich addition to a wedding dress. For fringing the decollete bodice and finishing the armhole of a sleeveless waist it is perfect.

Next to this the Roman hyacinth is useful for trimming. Cape Jasmine, or gardenias and camellias, are lasting blossoms to apply for holding drapery, and when there is a rosetting of flowers for triming. One of the loveliest blossoms to apply to a wedding gown is the edelweis, the bride's flower of Switzerland, the language is purity. It is sent to this country pressed, but the rich, fleshy fabric of its petals is brought out by steaming over hot water, when it will look almost as fascinating as when freshly gathered. The starry white blossom trims satin or tulle beautifully.

Moss rosebuds and the little mignonette roses may be applied with thread and needle, but these are the only varieties of the Queen of flowers that can be sewed on in elaborate patterns so that they will last an evening. Large roses must be applied in clusters with safety pins. Crushed roses are a most suitable garniture for dowagers' silks; but for velvets a heavier flower, such as stephanatis, japonica or gardenia is more appropriate for trimming.

Foliage is frequently more effective than flowers for embellishing fabrics. A tracery of asparagus plumosus above the hem of a flounce of tulle is a lovely ornamentation, and may be applied very easily. The mossy Seligmella tacked on white or rose colored is an exquisite garniture. Ivy leaves are always handsome, the small leaves of the Heidelberg ivy should be selected for this use. The dried foliage of the Imperial silver tree of the Cape of Good Hope makes an elegant ornamentation for a gray silk. Clusters of statice should be worn on the bodice with such a robe.

It seems that it is especially fitting to have a funeral decoration accomplished at home and by the family. The "no flowers" addition to a death notice is one of the results of carelessly made designs and uncouth pieces of flowers which have been sent to the house of mourning. It is meet that the members of the family should arrange the flowers that surround their dead. A pall of flowers or foliage shaped gracefully over the casket is a simple and rich design. It can be made of roses or of ivy leaves; the latter is most suitable for an aged person. A pall of very dark green cloth or of a heavy cashmere s covered with ivy leaves and sprays sewed on. Clean the leaves by polishing each one with soft tissue paper. This will make the foliage of India-rubber trees, camelias or ivies shine like satin. Apply the leaves so that they lie in one direction. A pall may be so draped over a casket that it is lifted in front and fastened with palm leaves (cycas revoluta), or a cluster of violets and lilies. For the casket of a young person a pall of pink or red roses is a beautiful embellishment. A scarf of lilies or daisies is suitable for the infant's casket.

It is frequently the case with persons living out of town that at the season when interments are given there is not the right kind of material in garden or greenhouse for filling vases or making a display with long-stem flowers. An elegant decoration may then be accomplished with floral drapery by sewing the short-stemmed flowers on to cambric, silesia or cashmere, and tying scarfs to easels or pictures, or making rugs and afghans for couch and wall embellishments. Large pieces of floral drapery may be sprinkled while making with a rose spray.

A Capital Idea.

Mr. Levy (who had just sold a suit of cloths to a countryman)—I tole you, Repecca, dot vas a goot idea to gif a sthanding collar mit effery suit of clothes. Dey can't look down and see 'em schrink up all de vile.—*Texas Siftings.*

CHEWING DECREASING.

Reasons Why Dealers Do Not Sell as Much "Plug" as Formerly.

When the elder Charles Dickens was in this country on his first visit there was no one of the American habbits which called forth from the great novelist more condemnation than the one of chewing tobacco, says the New York *Press.* But times change, National as well as personal habits change with them — America is no longer a nation of tobacco chewers, and that manner of using tobacco is gradually, but surely, passing away.

Every tobacconist recognizes the great change that is taking place in what in one sense may be termed the public taste. A tobacco dealer, whose trade is not almost exclusively among sailors, say that he does not sell one half as much chewing tobacco to-day as he did ten years ago, and not more than one-third as much as twenty years ago. Said one of them a few days ago:

"The falling off in the use of chewing tobacco is a great deal more apparent here in the east than in the south and west, but it is noticeable everywhere. One cause for the decadence of the habit is undoubtedly due to the growth of public opinion that it is an uncleanly habit. It is hard also for a man addicted to the habit to keep from showing evidences of it on his clothes and person.

"But the principal causes are right here. There is a great deal more dyspepsia and stomach trouble now than there used to be, and no person with a weak stomach can chew tobacco. The action of the tobacco juice, which trickles down the throat of a chewer is to paralyze the action of the stomach. It will accomplish that long before tobacco smoke will leave any perceptible effect upon the lungs. Then, again, the cigarette has done a great deal to put an end to the chewing habit.

"The growth of the cigarette practice in this country is and has been phenomenal. The consumption of cigarettes has multiplied many times during the last fifteen years. About seven out of every ten boys now growing up smoke cigarettes. After a boy has smoaked cigarettes for a few years he has not only no taste for tobacco in any other form, but he has no stomach or constitution left to stand chewing tobacco.

"The suffering which an inveterate tobacco chewer endures when he first deprives himself of his accustomed 'weed' are popularly supposed to be almost intolerable. Some ex-chewers say they are, while others mantain that they are nothing which a resolute will and clear head cannot easily master. All agree, however, that they have to use some substitute at first, be it only a match or a wooden toothpick."

An Old Shop Sign in Boston.

I remember with what interest I used to gaze when a boy on the sign of the Blue Ball, which stood in front of a little three-story building at the southwest corner of Hanover and Union Streets. There was a noticeable touch of antiquity in the appearance of the ball, the blue color of which was considerably faded, and it did not need the date 1608, which was marked in black upon it to remind me of its venerable character. But it was the association of the old sign with the father of Benjamin Franklin, who kept his tallow chandler's shop on the spot, which his boy used to visit, that gave it such a peculiar interest in my eyes. I believe the building was taken by the city for the widening of Hanover Street, some thirty years ago, and I always regretted that the plan of the owners to remove it to some other location was found impracticable. If my memory serves me, the Blue Ball is still in existence and in private ownership, but a historic relic like this should be in the possession of the Bostonian Society.—*Boston Post.*

"Fan Your Boots, Sir."

The uptown bootblacks have adopted a new wrinkle. A reporter was strolling along Sixth Avenue, when he witnessed the novelty, and as soon as the chair was vacant slipped into it to try the experiment. The manipulator of the brushes soon had a glossy shine on the leathers, and when his labors in this direction were finished grasped the fan—a Panama leaf affair—and gave a perfect illustration of the new scheme.

"What's the meaning of this new racket?"

"That? Why, that's to cool the shoes," replied the bootblack, "You see," he continued, "a man's shoes are briskly rubbed the leather becomes heated and in five minutes the shine is likely to disappear to some extent. I experimented a good deal before I struck this scheme, and now I find that by waving the fan briskly the leathers are cooled and the gloss is better retained."—*New York Evening Sun.*

Married in a Boat.

Quite a romantic marriage took place at West point Ga., recently, the contracting parties being Dr. E. Hill and Miss Mattie Pratt. The ceremony too place on the "yellow waters of the swift rolling Chattahoochee. The bride and groom were seated in a light yawl boat and the latter deftly plied the oars, bearing his lady to the rocks half a mile above the landing. The hour was splendidly suited to the occasion. The sun was just hiding its glorious outlines below the horizon when the Rev. W. R. Briscoe pronounced the solemn words that bound them together irrevocably. The river was dotted here and there with boats of the Chattahoochee Club, filled with joyous friends of Dr. and Mrs. Hill. All repaired to Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Jenning's, where a bounteous supper and hearty congratulations awaited them.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Learned Waitresses in Hotels.

There some dozen of public school teachers who went from New York and Brooklyn to wait in summer hotels last year. There is always a small contigent of Boston teachers who go. There is hardly one of the co-educational colleges which has not sent out its girl waiters. Vassar, Smith and Wellesley have furnished waitresses, though never so many as the co-educational schools. Boston University has quite a number of pretty waiters at seashore resorts this summer. It is not a business at which fortunes are made, for only the smaller hotels employ women. Twenty dollars a month is large wages, larger than the average, but even that goes a long way towards filling the aching void in a student's purse.—*New York Cor. Savannah News.*

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20, 1888.

How We Struck Oil.

Mr. Editor:—The recent excitement at Pit Hole, and the fact that the oil wells in that region have again commenced flowing, brings to mind the fact that Ypsilanti figured a little in that section of the world in those days of excitement. Although the circumstance may have escaped the recollection of many, there are some that have still an abiding memory of hard earned dollars buried in a very dry hole, in this land of fabulous fortunes. A company was formed, decidedly exclusive, and only participated in by a few favored ones, who bought a claim, and sent one of our keenest and most enterprising citizens to superintend the drilling of that hole "Chinaward," which was to be the source of fabulous wealth to the stockholders. Daily bulletins were received, and at last the glad news was wired, "Ypsilanti has struck oil!" Then there was excitement among the favored ones, and many plans for future investments formed, and some patriotically resolved to see our government through the financial difficulties that then surrounded it, and lend the United States enough to pay off its war debt. It was whispered among them that "C—— was coming and would bring up a specimen of the stuff." A few days passed passed, when one forenoon a mysterious crowd of expectant millionaires were seen to collect at G. C.'s hardware store at the depot, and on the arrival of the train, a general but dignified stampede was made through the back door, and then what a handshaking began! Soon, a four ounce vial was produced from the inside pocket of the newly arrived passenger's coat. Words can never portray the scene that followed. That bottle became the center of attraction. 'Twas held to the light; 'twas tasted; 'twas smelt; 'twas rubbed on the hands; and on all sides you heard, "We have it," "That's the stuff," "I knew Chit. would fetch it." Dr. A., in those dulcet tones for which he has ever been remarkable, observed, "Boys, the quality is very fine, and I have no doubt she will prove a gusher. We have the right man in the right place." It may be remarked here, that the most "gush" ever got up, was the enthusiasm on this occasian. The most practical remark made, was that by our old friend Gard. C., when he said, with that hospitality that has ever distinguished him, "Boys, let us go to the Follet House." We understood the allusion, and went.

It has never been satisfactorily determined which could be bought at the cheapest percentage, the hole at Pit Hole, or the stockholders in Ypsilanti, in one month after the above occurrence.

"OUTSIDER."

From The Seat of War.

For The Ypsilantian.

The two gentlemen, Grover Cleveland and Allen G. Thurman who, a few weeks since, The Ypsilantian spoke of, as trying to make their way to Washington, are still at the forks confronted by their deliverance about the dangers to the republic lurking in the eligibility of a President to a second term. Since that writing, "the zeal born of benefits and fostered by the hope of favors yet to come," has become so apparent as to lead to desperate effort to break through the barriers, but these efforts are all fruitless.

The first attempt was by a side passage, but here they met the warning: "No free trader can pass this gate." They thought to deceive the guard by putting on coats, into which was woven "Protection to home industries," but the guard after reading the President's message stripped off the covering and let loose a Michigan ram at them. Forthwith, a "stern array" disappeared in a cloud of dust. Discomfitted by this exhibition of "free wool," with a hundred pounds of mutton supporting it, they next attempted the other side. Too much haste led to a violent collision with the pummel of a cavalry saddle when Grover, with hands clasped over his "abdominal surplus," retired to meditate on that veto and his "witty" jibe at the old soldier's injury from the same "pummel." He concluded that "contemptuous wit" should have no place in a veto message. Then he thought of how William, the Conqueror, died of a collison with the pummel of his saddle, and wondered if his time had come also. After a generous dose of paregoric, however, he felt better, and made another break through what seemed an opening in the center, but here he met a genuine array of one armed and one legged soldiers whom he had turned out of office after promising that they should not be disturbed except for offensive partisanship. The array was formidable and supported behind by widows and orphans, whose hope for sustenance and a decently comfortable old age, had been blighted by the one man power, after 401 chosen men had pronounced their claims just.

"Really Allen," says Grover, "this looks serious. Is it possible they don't intend we shall go to Washington at all? It appears so, certainly. We must devise some way to trick those fellows into letting us pass. First, though, let us try those Irishmen, yonder, on our flank. They used to be good democrats, you know, Allen. I think they will help us out, and there's time to make Washington, yet, before November, if we travel briskly. That saddle gave me an awful punch, Allen. I wish I didn't have so much 'surplus,'" and again Grover clasped his hands in front over the troublesome abundance, and sighed.

They approached the sturdy sons of the Green Isle, with bland words and friendly salutation, but alas, in vain. "Be gorry, you can't pass here," they said. "We have enough of free trade in the auld counthry, be jabbers, and nary a fool can ye make of us here. Away with ye, and don't ye be after foolin' around here any more, at all, at all." Then they added: "Under free trade in Ireland we lived in hovels; under protection in America, we live in cottages, painted and carpeted, with music instead of moaning, and gladness instead of gloom. No English policy for the Irish-American. Salt River's where we'll sind ye. England can't use Irishmen in America any more to vote free trade."

"The most unkindest cut of all," said Allen, as the two retired slowly to an obscure nook to meditate. They meditated long and silently. Through Grover's mind, kept running scraps from Milton: "Whichever way I turn—er—er—I myself am—Allen, do you know how that line runs?" Allen told him, whereupon, Grover resumed his own vernacular and let go what your correspondent need not repeat. The conclusion finally reached was that whether he had been right or wrong in the past, at all events, the time had come "to twist the lion's tail." "I'll lead an army into Canada," said Grover. "I'll draw the sword against the outrages on our poor fishermen, and make the British lion gnaw a file and flee into the mountains of Hepsidam; that I will," said Grover. Just then, the lion put in an appearance. "That's right," said the lion, "and here's me tail, doncher know? Give her a good twist, Grover. Any thing for the American market," and the beast was as gentle as a cooing dove. So Allen wrote the message, and Grover now watches for the gates to open, while he sings, "I've waited long, I'm waiting still."

S. P.

AT THE FORKS, Aug. 30, 1888.

The Innocents Abroad.

Ypsilanti Commercial.

The two letters of acceptance were both given to the people this week. Our views concerning Mr. Cleveland's letter are pretty accurately expressed by what we overheard a prominent republican saying Wednesday. Speaking of Cleveland he said, "He is a pretty sharp old fellow, anyway. He has kept his letter back until he has learned the state of the popular pulse." That is just what we believe. Mr. Cleveland's letter is in entire accord with the present tide of public opinion.

[Keep it back until he could learn from the "popular pulse" what beliefs to profess! We fear the democrats will not accuse the Commercial of being a pretty shrewd old fellow.]

Right to the Point.

Harrison's Speech to Indiana Miners.

One fact is enough for me. The gates of Castle Garden swing inward. They do not swing outward to any American laborer seeking a better country than this. The men who toiled at wages in other lands that barely sustained life and opened no promises to them or to their children, know the good land of hope as well as the swallow knows the land of summer.

John Van Fossen of Ypsilanti, grandfather of Dr. John B. Van Fossen, was one of the Harrison Electors in 1840, and was elected by a vote of 22,972, against 21,098 for the Van Buren Electors.

A petrified man has been found in Wisconsin. It is probably the body of the man who fell "stone dead."

Neighborhood.

DENTONS.

The weather is quite refreshing after the recent rains.

Mr. Lewis Palmer has bought of Dr. Jenks six acres with house and barn. The premises are now occupied by the Doctor's brother.

Rev. S. W. Bird from Whitmore Lake, is our new minister. Mr. Lowery goes to Ridgeway.

Mr. Geo. B. McLeod has returned to his home at Kingsville, Ont.

Mrs. Lowery was taken suddenly ill while attending the conference at Detroit, and was obliged to return home. She is at this writing convalescing.

Notwithstanding the damp weather, Saturday evening, the sociable and dance at the rink was a grand success. After three or four hours of enjoyment, the company dispersed feeling well repaid for venturing out in such inclement weather.

Two of our most prominent deacons at the prayer meeting here, Sunday evening, had the disposition to indulge in some caustic remarks to the young people in the audience, in regard to roller skates and dancing. The church whip was brought out and used freely, sarcastic remarks were made with much vigor, condemning the rink and all the people that had anything to do with it in unmeasured terms. The young people and the proprietor of the rink received an unmerciful scorching, and quite a few left the church in disgust. These are interesting facts and it seems a little selfish on their part to begrudge the young people one evening during the week to have a little diversion from the hum drum and hard work incident to life upon the farm. It is hardly necessary to say that the rink here is run for the special benefit of the young people for their amusement and diversion at a nominal cost, where the highest respectability and moral behavior can be found. The rink will be opened regularly hereafter every Saturday evening, and all that come will have a good time.

STONY CREEK.

Mr. S. Davis and wife spent last week with friends at Detroit.

Rev. Mr. MacMahon and family are at conference.

Mr. Culver's people are entertaining friends from near Jackson.

Mrs. E. Shuart and daughter Anna, are visiting friends at this place.

Mr. W. Lowden has the addition to his house nearly completed.

Miss Stella Harris is teaching in the Hardy District.

WILLIS.

Martin Breining's barn and sheds burned Friday of last week together with contents, partially insured.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Breining a girl, last week.

Bert Bissell and wife were visiting at his father's, Monday.

Eli Alban is still suffering with rheumatism.

D. W. Potter is about again.

Charles Childs and wife are visiting his mother, Mrs. J. W. Childs.

Edward Tabor and wife and Mrs. Butts, went to Ann Arbor, Monday.

Mr. J. M. Breining went to Monroe, Friday last, to meet his regiment, the 17th Michigan.

Abbott Russell and Wm. Heath went to Columbus last week to the encampment. They report a pleasant time.

George Russell ploughed four acres in 13 hours one day last week.

Jack Frost did quite an amount of damage in this neighborhood last week.

A telegram announces the fact that Daniel Freeman is not expected to live.

For Sale.

2 brick blocks on Congress street,
3 houses and lots " "
3 " " Huron "
2 " " Hamilton "
1 house and lot on East Cross "
1 " " Prospect "
1 " " Adams "
1 " " Forest avenue.

Also houses to rent. Inquire of
E. B. MOREHOUSE.

Three More Harvest Excursions.

At Half-fare Rates. To Points West. Northwest and Southwest from Chicago.

Only three more chances at extraordinary low rates, to see the wonderful country and crops of the Great West, during the Harvest Season of 1888. Improve the opportunity afforded by the Great Rock Island Route, which offers (in addition to round-trip half-fare tickets) the inducements of a delightful journey in its famous palace cars.

Dates of Excursions: Leave Chicago Tuesday, September 25th; Tuesday, October 9th, and Tuesday, October 23d, 1888, for points in Kansas, Nebraska, Northwestern Iowa, Minnesota and Dakota.

The rate, one fare for the round trip. Tickets first class, and good 30 days for return passage. Be sure your tickets read via the Great Rock Island Route, which enjoys the superior advantage of operating its own lines to principal points in the above-named states.

For rates and full particulars, address C. H. Holdridge, Northeastern Passenger Agent, cor. Larned and Griswold sts., Detroit, Mich., or E. A. Holbrook, G. T. & P. A., Chicago, Ill.

See advertisment of Ballard's auction sale of horses.

Produce Markets.

YPSILANTI, Sept. 20, 1888.

Wheat	85@ 90
Corn, ears	25@ 30
shelled	50
Oats	24@ 27
Rye	45@ 50
Barley, ℔ cwt	1 00@ 1 25
Buckwheat	50
Hay	8 00@10 00
Beans	1 00@ 1 20
Potatoes	20@ 30
Turnips	20
Onions	25@ 35
Parsnips	45@ 60
Cabbage, ℔ head	3@ 5
Butter	15@ 18
Eggs	15

New Fall Millinery!

During the fair week by calling at No. 6, Union Block, you can see one of the choicest selections of

MILLINERY!

Ever brought to this city. Desiring to please my customers, I have taken extra care in making my selections of Fall Millinery in all its branches, which I shall be happy to show the ladies during the week of the Fair.

E. M. CURTIS,

No. 6, Union Block, Ypsilanti.

Local Excursion for September.

Art Loan Exhibition at Detroit, Sept. 1, to November 15. Tickets will be sold on Thursday of each week until November 15, good returning on following day at one fare for round trip with 25 cents added for ticket of admission.

The Postmaster,

Winchester, Mass., says: I am personally acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Carleton, and was astonished at the remarkable effects of your Sulphur Bitters in curing their son, and its large sale is undoubtedly due to the fact that is an honest medicine. I know of many others who have been cured by its use, and I do not think too much can be said in its praise. Yours truly, GEO. P. BROWN.

I HAVE FOUND THAT PLACE.

It's No. 29 Congress St.,

E. Washburn's

and anything you want in

Fruits,
Cream Candies,
Pan Candies,

ICE CREAM,

Oysters as you like,
Sodas, Mineral Waters,
Tobaccos and Cigars,

The best line in the city, can be had there.

On Monday, September 17th, commences the sale. On every trade of Ten cents or more is given a ticket or credit for three valuable presents to be glven away Jan. 1, '89.

☞See ad. in Commercial.

CALL AT

STEVENSON'S

ART GALLERY while visiting the fair and get

FIRST CLASS PHOTOGRAPHS?

Copying of all kinds at Reduced Prices.

Studio Over the Post Office.

C. E. COOPER, Artist.

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

We are now showing the largest and handsomest assortment of

White and Fancy Shirts

Tourist's and Lawn Tennis Shirts,

FALL NECK-WEAR, HATS, &C., &C.,

Ever brought to Ypsilanti.

CLARK S. WORTLEY & BRO.

Art Exhibition Excursion.

The Michigan Central will run a special train to Detroit on Friday, Sept. 21, leaving Ypsilanti at 9:24 a. m., and returning leave Detroit at 7 p. m. Tickets good only on this train. Fare for round trip 75 cents.

Attractions on that date are Belle Isle Park, Base Ball between the two great teams, Detroits and New York, at Recreation Park, Art Exhibition at the Detroit Museum of Art, Battle of Atlanta at the Cyclorama building, and Wonderland. 55

Five Harvest Excursions.

The Burlington Route, C., B. & Q. R. R., will sell on Tuesdays, August 21st, Sept. 11th and 25th, and Oct. 9th and 23d, Harvest Excursion Tickets at Half Rates to the Farming Regions of the West, Southwest and Northwest. Limit thirty days. For circular giving details concerning tickets, rates, time of train, etc., and for descriptive land folder, call on your Ticket Agent, or address P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agent C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago. 3759

A FEW FACTS.

GOODSPEED & SONS

ARE DEALERS EXCLUSIVELY IN

Boots & Shoes.

THEIS MOTTO:—HONORABLE BUSINESS METHODS, HONEST GOODS, "ROCK BOTTOM" PRICES.

An Old Saying---"Drowning People Grasp at Straws." Intelligent people are not easlly deceived, and will not countenance unscrupulous dealers who seek patronage through the unlawful channels of Snide Gifts and Lottery Schemes.

We offer till closed out, 24 pairs of Women's Bright Dongola Hand-Sewed Turned Boots at $2.17 per pair. Former price, $3.00.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

8 CONGRESS St.

ANNA B. WORDEN

Is now prepared to show the Largest, Cheapest, and Prettiest stock of

MILLINERY!

Ever seen in this city.

Flowers, Feathers, Ribbons, Bird's Breasts, Wings, Ornaments, Beads, Feather Bands, Bandos in Feather, Gold, Silver, Green, Blue and all the leading colors. Nuns Veiling and Crepe a specialty, all of which are offered at Very Close Prices. Buy your Millinery of her and save money.

No. 11 Congress St.

A FULL LINE OF LAWN FURNITURE

CHAIRS and SETTEES, STONE RINGS, Etc.

VASES with PATENT Reservoir Attachment.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX,

Fine Granite and Marble

MONUMENTS AND TABLETS

IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC.

We are now prepared to make prices that defy competition. We have no traveling agents. We found by experience they were expensive attachments, and have concluded to give our customers the discounts saved by this change. If you will come to the works we will convince you of this fact.

No establishment in this section can compete with us, for we have more stock finished ready for engraving than any three concerns in the state. You will readily see why we can undersell them.

LOUGHRIDGE & WILCOX.

YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN.

Tycoon Tea House

Any quantity of PEACHES this week. We want 1000 Bushels of New Oats.

Harris Bros. & Co.

JOHN P. TERNS,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE & FANCY GROCERIES

44 East Congress St.,

Carries a full line of all kinds of Groceries. Try some of our HONEY-BEE COFFEE and Japan Teas. Fruits in season, and prices always the lowest at the

Fifth Ward Grocery.

AUCTION SALE.

A Large Team of Four-year-olds.

17 Hands high, weight 3000 lbs., one jet black gelding, and one dark bay mare. All those desiring to buy such a team ought not to fail bidding on above team at W. E. Ballard and Bro's Auction Sale, on Wednesday next, Sept. 26, at their farm, one mile west and one-quarter mile south of Willis Station. They have also seven other horses to be sold on the same day. Sale commences at one o'clock p. m.

Don't forget the date.

Wednesday, September 26, '88.

CENTRAL MARKET

ALL KINDS OF FRESH AND SALT

MEATS!

AT BOTTOM PRICES.

We take great pains to suit the taste of our patrons. Give us a call.

F. C. BANGHART,

South Side Congress St.,

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Great Bargains for Sept.

E. SAMSON

Is now receiving a large and elegant stock of

Books and Stationery

for the STUDENTS of the Normal and Union Schools.

Over 100 kinds of Note Books and Pads, and a full line of

Second-Hand Books

Prices can't be beat. Everybody Welcome to Call.

Also a large stock of

Perfumery and Cosmetics, Fine Toilet Soaps, Tooth Brushes, etc., etc.

COME ONE! COME ALL!!

BLOW 'EM UP.

Hercules Powder

—FOR—

Blasting Stumps and Boulders

—AT—

W. H. JUDD'S GUN STORE,

WASHINGTON STREET.

IT IS SAFE, AND EASY TO HANDLE.

A. B. BELL, DENTIST,

VanTuyl Block, Congress St.,

YPSILANTI, MICH.

Nitrous Oxide Gas administered when necessary

SUPPLEMENT.

THE TARIFF.

Protection or Free Trade as the Pending Issue,

Presented in a Joint Debate at Britton,

Between Captain E. P. Allen, of Ypsilanti,

AND WILLARD STEARNS, OF ADRIAN,

Republican and Democratic Nominees for Congress.

The speeches at the joint discussion held at Britton, on Monday last, are herewith submitted, as they were short handed for THE TIMES:

MR. STEARNS'S REMARKS.

MR. CHAIRMAN: I was looking over this audience to see a millionaire farmer or workingman; if there is one in the audience will he please rise. If, to-day, I ask in Detroit, in an audience of this magnitude for the millionaires to show hands, ten men would have stood up at once, worth not only a million, but one to seven millions each, and made millionaires by the American system of protection. (Applause.) I look out to-day upon an audience of workingmen, who for intelligence have no superiors in the United States; I behold the two counties of farmers, two counties that are better than not only the best two counties in Michigan, but the two best agricultural counties in the United States, and I fail to find in this entire audience a single man who is worth his million dollars, although it comprises men who have lived in these counties for fifty years, and who have enjoyed all the benefits of this American system of protection, yet no laboring man or farmer can be found worth half a million, nor a quarter of a million, nor a tenth of a million, and I doubt if there is a farmer in this audience, or a workingman, who is worth $50,000 to-day, made by farming, though fostered by the American system of protection for the last twenty years. Yet, if I go to Detroit, I could run across more men in twenty minutes worth five hundred thousand dollars, than there are republican stump speakers in Lenawee county, to go over the country. I have come here to-day to talk to you about the tariff of which they know no more than a kangaroo does of Revelations. (Applause and laughter.) It is to discuss this great question of political economy, and the results of it that I am here to-day. Taxation is coequal with government and a component part of it. Taxation, to be just, must be levied equally upon all. Taxation is justified only by great public needs and necessities or great moral benefits; any system of taxation that levies the burden upon one person, one business, or one class, for the benefit of another person, system or class, is just as much highway robbery as though the man had met you in the street and taken the money from your pockets and given it to the other fellow. Taxation is direct or indirect. Direct taxation is that taxation which you pay directly, whenever your township treasurer makes out your state, county and municipal taxes upon the property you possess, and you pay so many cents on the dollar. Nobody advocates this system of taxation for national revenue. In the United States, to exist, we must have national revenue, and therefore resort must be had to some other means of taxation; national revenues are derived from two systems of taxation, both indirect; one, the internal revenue system, and the other the tariff taxation system. I am going to speak of this at the beginning, because every young man here, from twenty-five to forty years of age, has lived in a time when this tariff taxation has never been discussed. From 1860 up, other questions have taken its place and have crowded out this question of tariff discussion until four years ago, when it first began to meet with more discussion than formerly, although it had always been a cardinal plank in the democratic platform—a tariff for revenue only. Tariff taxation is taxed upon the imports brought into this country. For instance, if you make a wagon in the old country, worth one hundred dollars, and you say that the man shall pay twenty-five dollars on that wagon before he can get it in here, that is a tariff tax, when the person brings it in and pays the twenty-five dollars imposed, and that money goes into the treasury. Internal revenue taxation is a certain revenue; tariff taxation is not certain revenue; tariff taxation depends entirely upon whether you import goods or not; if you import goods, you pay a tariff on that upon which it is levied; if you put the tariff so high that you can not import goods, then there is no revenue. But the internal revenue tax is just as certain as death, just as certain as anything can be. The internal revenue tax was resorted to during the war, because tariff taxation could not produce enough revenue. Now, mind you, the higher the tariff taxation, the less revenues you get, because, the higher the taxation, the less goods you bring into the country. Internal revenue taxes were placed upon nearly everything imaginable; it was placed upon writings, deeds, bonds, mortgages, notes, receipts, upon beer, tobacco, liquors, upon all proprietary medicines, matches, and matters of that kind; they were placed upon incomes, on business; for a doctor had to pay ten dollars for the privilege of killing a man and a lawyer had to pay ten dollars for lying, and it did not make any difference whether he lied as much as my brother Allen or myself or not, it was ten dollars just the same, no matter how much he lied or how much he won. This was a system of revenue that could only be justified by necessity; it could only be justified in time of great need; you can not create a tax on a man because he is a lawyer any more than you can tax a man who preaches, except upon the ground of public necessity, and of great public necessity, and it was because of great necessity that it was resorted to. This revenue tax, mind you, for internal revenue has all been taken off except the tax on oleomargarine, the tax on whiskey, on liquors and tobacco; please keep these matters in mind and do not get them mixed up with the tariff tax. Tariff taxation, as I said before, may or may not produce revenue; if you bring goods into this country then you get revenue, and it depends altogether upon what goods are brought in and what taxes are applied to them; and the question the people want to decide is how much tariff must be collected and we shall levy that taxation upon what classes of goods. I have said before that tariff taxation is always a direct one, but sometimes it is higher and sometimes it was lower; if it was high enough, if we import goods, we get more money, but if we put it down, of course we do not get as much money, and the question of adjusting this tariff just as you want it has always been a difficult question, because, if you put the tariff too high, there would not be anything imported; now then, there is where the trouble comes in, and maybe I can illustrate it easily by a little local application. In Adrian, we have a cracker manufactory; it makes and sells crackers at six cents a pound; suppose the city of Adrian wants a revenue, and goes to work and passes an ordinance that nobody shall bring any crackers into the city of Adrian, except he pay a cent a pound tariff; so whenever a man goes to Tolcdo and buys a hundred pounds of crackers, he has to pay one cent a pound for tariff into the treasury of the city of Adrian; that is all right; whenever crackers are brought in and the tariff paid, the city gets the benefit of the tariff and the consumer goes to work and pays one cent extra per pound for his crackers; he might get a better cracker; however in this case, he would not, because Bowerfind makes a better cracker than they make anywhere else. (Applause.) Now then, suppose the city of Adrian goes to work and instead of putting a tariff of one cent per pound upon crackers they put a tariff of five cents a pound, why then, you see at once these men from abroad can not bring any crackers in there for eleven cents, when Mr. Bowerfind can sell them for six if he wants to. What is the result? No crackers come in, and no tariff goes into the treasuary, and Mr. Bowerfind begins to look around and he says, I guess I can fill my sack a little; they can not get any crackers now that cost less than eleven cents per pound, and I will put my crackers up to nine cents; I will not make a better cracker but I will make more money. That is tariff taxation under the American system; in other words, it is protection. (Applause.) Now, then, you say the people do not pay the tariff: I say that when Mr. Bowerfind increases the price of his crackers, you pay it, because you can not help it; but they tell us that they will not do it, but I never saw a man yet who would not take an advantage of that kind and increase his price, and I never saw a man, who, when he had an opportunity to increase his profits, would not increase them; and if there is a workingman here who ever saw that class of men, I want him to say so. (Laughter and applause.) Now, my friends, the policy of the two parties to day, that are contending for your votes, is right upon this question of tariff. The democratic party was informed, as well as the whole of congress, by the president of the United States, that there was a large surplus of money in its treasury that had been received through a tariff taxation from the people; it was more than was necessary to meet all expenses, and than could be used in paying the expenses of the government, and therefore, he said, there is danger to your industries; you are throttling your industries by taking away money from the channels of trade, and he asked them to make a reduction, to reduce the system of taxation, and not take from the people any more money than they needed for legitimate expenses; the debt had been paid; the bonds let and the sinking fund taken care of, but still there was one hundred millions of surplus derived from the increase of the tariff, the revenue tax, more than we needed. Both parties grasped the situation; the democratic party at once introduced into the house what is known as the Mills bill; in which they proposed to make a reduction of the tariff; they made a reduction on certain articles; they put salt, wool, lumber, tin plate, and some other articles, on the free list, and said they should come in free, and thereby reduced taxation to the extent of about eighteen or twenty million dollars; they went to work and took off between eleven and twelve millions of dollars tax on sugar, and they went all over the list, but I have not time to read you the list now; they left a tax on all woolen goods and manufactured articles, on steel and iron and everything else of that sort, they left the tax so high that a man could hardly see over it, and the tax is still left at an average of forty per cent. So when a man says that the democratic party is advocating free trade, he is either an idiot, lunatic or liar, and may take his choice; the democratic party never was in favor of free trade; the president said that there should be a reduction of the revenue and the tax in a great degree should be taken off; that you should not injure any particular industries or do anything to injure the workingmen in these industries, but you should take the great tariff burden from the great masses of the working people; the farmer and the workingman should be protected, but you should put no more money into the treasury than is needed. Both parties went into convention, and both parties passed platforms, and on these platforms this discussion exists; the democratic party placed upon the free list certain articles; they approved of free wool; they approved of free lumber, of free salt and free tin plate, and they made a small reduction of seven per cent. on all classes of manufactured goods. Now, it is not free trade, when you leave a tariff of sixty per cent. on woolen goods and forty-five per cent. on steel; that is not free trade. Take the case of manufactured goods, whose first cost is a dollar, and you must pay forty cents to get them into this country; the tariff is so high that I apprehend that you would not get any more revenue than you needed; in fact, I doubt if you get enough. The republican party went into convention, and they said in their platform that there was a surplus that was dangerous. Now, my friend Allen made a speech in congress—he did make a speech in congress and a good one, too, for he can make a good speech—he made a speech in which he undertook to prove that there was not any surplus; the president told him and the secretary of the treasury told him that there was over one hundred millions of dollars, but notwithstanding that, the republican senate added an increased appropriation to the appropriation of the democratic house; still, they are not able to spend enough with their increased appropriation, and we are still taking money from the people and taxing the business industries of the country when you have money that is lying idle in the treasury vault and there is less business and less work for labor to do, and the republican party said, we will make the necessary reduction of the revenue. I do not believe much in reading from any speech, but I will have to read a little that will show you I am right: "The republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue." Now, mind you, I told you there was two systems of revenue, the indirect tax, called the tariff tax, and the direct tax or the revenue tax, which exists to-day, such as the tax on oleomargarine, liquors, and tobacco; these are the only three things on which any revenue tax is raised, as a tariff tax. "The republican party would effect all needed reduction of the national revenue by repealing the tax upon tobacco, which is an annoyance and burden to agriculture." I suppose a boy plowing the ground could not chew and spit his tobacco without its being a great annoyance to him, and therefore they want to take the tax off tobacco. (Applause and laughter.) "The tax on spirits used in the arts and sciences." There is more art and science in using it this way than in any other, where you get it from the bottle. (Applause and laughter.) Then what do they do? They say they will revise the tariff laws, so as to check the import of such articles as are produced in this country by our people; they would check imports; in other words they would stop them from coming in by putting the tariff higher and keeping them from coming in at all. Third. "If there was remaining a larger revenue than is requisite for the wants of government, we favor the entire repeal of the internal revenue tax, rather than surrender any part of our protected system." Now, there is the tariff on sugar; we paid last year fifty millions of dollars on what sugar we brought into this country; and there is a tariff on almost everything that we buy, and yet the republican party says, we want no reduction of the tariff on sugar and no reduction of the tariff on wool, no reduction of the tariff on salt, no reduction on lumber, no reduction on manufactured goods or anything else, but we favor the American system of reducing the revenue, first, by taking it off of tobacco, which takes off about twenty-two millions, and if that is not enough, then to take it off of spirits for the arts and sciences. (Applause.) And third, by the entire repeal of the whiskey tax, rather than to surrender any portion of the tax on sugar or anything else of that kind. Now there are the two platforms. The democratic party is in favor of revenue; the republican platform is in favor of robbery. The platform of the democratic party is a platform to get money for the natonal treasury, for national needs and national convenience, and not to take money out of one man's pocket to increase the cost of goods and to put it in the manufacturer's pocket, and therefore make it the great robber's roost of the United States. (Applause.) Now, gentlemen, the republican party has passed or undertaken to introduce a tariff bill; but the republican party set about to make a tariff bill of their own. When Mr. Blaine, the man of brains from Maine, came in from abroad he went around and said to them: "Gentlemen, you are making asses of yourselves in the senate; why, you have declared that you will not reduce the tariff not only on sugar or anything else; let the Mills bill alone and then you can get before the country for protection." And so they are figuring over a tariff bill now. Now, my friends, when the democratic party came and offered to take off the tariff from wool, lumber, etc., and reduce it on other articles, it was claimed that they made a mistake, and that they have favored the south and have taken the tariff off for the south; we have offered to take off almost twelve millions of dollars from sugar, and the republicans will not have it at all and they kick because we do not take it all off. Now then, my friends, there are only a few sugar refineries in Louisiana, a very small amount as compared with those in Massachusetts, which are protected by the woolen tariff; they say that it is sectional; that we have taken the tariff off of wool which is our great industry. I say that that is not so. I say that the greatest wool producing state in the whole union, is Texas; salt is also produced in other states, there are not as many men engaged in the manufacture of salt in this state as will vote for Mr. Allen for congress this fall, so that will not make any difference one way or another, but if you want to get a good grade of English salt, you have got to pay well for it, and that is all I have to say about that. One thing further, the farmers will be called upon to give allegiance to the principles of the republican party by their saying, "Will you consent to the removal of the tariff on wool," and you farmers will be asked and demanded to support the American system of taxation which imposes a tax of ten cents per pound upon wool. And, first, in touching this wool question, I want to say, and the figures are plain, that we do not produce less than we import, but we produce more, and there is no use of further discussion upon that. Last year we imported about one hundred and twenty-four million pounds of wool and we raised three hundred million pounds; we used up all we raised and imported one hundred and twenty-four million pounds more, and we paid a tariff tax on that which we imported; the importers paid it and the manufacturers paid it; the tariff was from two and a half to five cents per pound on the wool which we do not raise in this country, and that certainly is not a benefit to the American farmer, for upon this there was a tariff of so much per pound. Now, my friends, the manufacturers tell us that they use our wool with foreign wool, and make a finer class of goods, in the proportion of about one pound of foreign wool to four pounds of domestic. They buy one pound of foreign wool and bring it into this country, and their tariff and insurance, of course, increases the cost per pound. Let me concede, just for argument sake, and that is all I will concede it for, that wool can bring ten cents a pound more by reason of the tariff. We raise three hundred million pounds of wool, which represents thirty million dollars that the farmers get for their wool; they raised four hundred million bushels of wheat and sold it abroad; they raised four hundred million bushels of bread stuff, aside from what they sold here; they sold that, besides what was consumed among the farmers themselves; they paid for what they bought with that four hundred million bushels, for they paid a tariff on an average of fifty per cent., which was about two hundred million dollars, and that is what it costs you for the American system of protection. You get thirty millions for your wool, and pay two hundred millions for your goods; in other words, you pay three dollars for twenty, and that is the skin game that people are forced to stand. (Applause.) Every time you undertake to buck against one of these skin games, you never break the bank. Again, suppose you get ten cents per pound more for your wool. They imported last year, one hundred and twenty-four million pounds, and there was added five million dollars for tariff; they imported forty-six million dollars worth of manufactured woolen goods, and in addition to that, paid twenty-nine million dollars on it, and then, my friends, you, as farmers, take these same woolen goods that are made up into clothing, protected by a high tariff, you as American farmers, buying the clothes, have to buy the woolen goods right back again, so that you pay the tariff right back; you have simply taken it out of one pocket and put it in another, only in the transfer, the manufacturer and monopolist has taken ten cents out of every dollar. Once more, take your three hundred million pounds of wool and take it right out of the market here, and take it over to the old country and sell it in the markets of the world and get what you can for it, and you can buy more goods in the old market of the world, than you can by selling it here with your added ten cents per pound, for you pay sixty per cent. more for your goods here. Take ten thousand bushels of wheat and go over to England and buy ten thousand dollars' worth of shoes, coats, hats, tools or dishes, and come back to this country, and when you get to American stores, what do they say? They say, you must give me five thousand dollars more before you can get into the country. And what for? Why, to protect these American manufacturers. But it does not protect you. Farmers of Lenawee county, you have been doing that for twenty years; if you continue to do it, it will serve you right. (Applause.) Now, then, this talk that protection gives better wages can not be true. We imported last year over five hundred million dollars' worth of goods; and the agricultural products of this country paid every dollar of it; it was your products that paid every dollar for these goods imported into this country. Now, I ask you, my friends, whether under this system of tariff taxation that makes these goods higher—but they say it does not make them higher, they say that you can get calicos cheaper than you ever could, that you can get woolen goods cheaper. Well, my friends, we are making things cheaper than we ever could before; we are building railroads and telegraphs and everything else, and if the tariff does not make goods any higher, why do they want to keep the tariff on? They say it is the high protective tariff. Maybe that is the reason, but my time is up, and I thank you for your attention. (Applause.)

CONGRESSMAN ALLEN'S REMARKS.

MR. CHAIRMAN, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: I regret exceedingly that the train which brought my friend and competitor, Mr. Stearns, was late, as it necessitates shortening the time of our discussion, which would have been very interesting but for that. No man in the brief space of time allotted can begin to touch upon the skirts of the argument, much less give a full and intelligent argument upon it; I am obliged to speak at Ann Arbor to-night, about thirty miles from here, and because my friend was dilatory in getting here, I am obliged to drive across the country, instead of riding upon those palace cars he was speaking of, but I am going to Ann Arbor just the same. I want to say, however, that I am not blaming him for the train being late; I simply blame him for not coming down and taking dinner with me, as he ought.

My friends, the discussion of this question should come to you and me not as partisans; the man who cannot get above mere partisanship has no business in this country. There never existed questions of the mighty import of this before; so if a man is going to vote the democratic ticket because he always has, or the republican ticket because he now does, then there is no use in having discussions. The question for you to decide by your ballots, is far above and beyond mere partisanship. It is a question not alone what is better for you, but for me as well; and not only for Michigan, but for the entire United States as well; and we are not to confine ourselves in this discussion to our own narrow selves. I am obliged in referring to some of the points that my brother has made, to ask your attention carefully to the position he has taken. It is against a tariff for protection. I am for a tariff for protection. (Applause and cries of "Good.") and it is for the American people to decide at the coming election which of the two great principles shall prevail in the United States for the next quarter of a century, whether that system which has existed since 1861 shall give way to the system which prevailed in this country from 1846 to 1861. It is for the people to say, and whatever they say, every loyal and honest man will say Amen. (Applause.) Now, let me refer briefly to a few of the points that my brother made, because it is of no earthly consequence whether Stearns or Allen is elected to congress to you; the question is, What will they do when they get there? Now, I want to say to you, that my friend, whom I have known for years, and respect highly, and who is a gentleman worthy of my esteem, or that of anybody else, if he had been in Washington representing the Second congressional district, when the Mills bill was voted upon on the 21st day of July last, would have voted for it. I voted against it. (Applause.) And it is a question for you to decide, and in order to settle it intelligently we must look at a few of the ground principles that control the whole matter. Before I do it, however, I want to refer to one or two points that my brother has made. As to his slaps at millionaires, I have nothing to say; we would all be millionaires if we could. As a matter of fact, my friends, the millionaires of Detroit, and there may be a good many of them, I do not know anything about that, but Detroit is a democratic city by about five thousand. (Applause and laughter.) I do not know but that is what makes millionaires (Applause), but I do not believe it. George Washington was a millionaire in his day, that is to say, compared to his neighbors and friends, he had millions, for he died worth nearly a million dollars in landed estate; and yet no man will say that George Washington was a robber, and that is the word my brother uses; and the second law that George Washington, as president, ever signed had a whereas, which stated that in order to pay the public debt and sustain the public credit and protect American manufactures, thus and so; and they passed a tariff law. The second law that was ever passed by the congress of the United States, was a tariff law, and in that tariff law it expressly said that they must protect the manufacturers of this country; I do not suppose George Washington was a robber, or that the first congress was a robber. But that has been the principle that has prevailed in this country more or less from that day to this. Now, let me see—as I get old, I get blind physically, but mentally I am clearer than ever. (Laughter and applause.) My friend says that taxes must be equal to be just; that is true; nobody disputes a proposition of that plainness. But the tariff is not a tax, as I will show you, and I might as well show it just here in the illustration that he uses of my friend Bowerfind. I do not know but he hopes that Mr. Bowerfind is going to vote for him, for advertising his business, but I tell you, my friend Bowerfind is not that kind of a man. (Applause and laughter.) If Mr. Bowerfind could have a law passed that every pound of crackers coming into the city of Adrian should pay six cents a pound and he was the only man in Adrian selling crackers, he would have a bonanza. But the trouble with my brother's argument is right here, that if any such thing as that happened, Mr. Bowerfind would have twenty competitors right in the city of Adrian. (Applause and laughter.) And that is the effect of a tariff always. If you do not believe it, look at this great country before you, and that settles the question. Now, then, would that be a tax, that six cents a pound upon crackers? If so, will you tell me how it is that things to day are sold for less than the tariff upon them.

A voice—That is all republican policy.

Mr. Allen—My friend, I want to say to you there are a large number of democrats and republicans here, and ladies as well, and if you can not keep still, I want you to go as far as you can and go until sundown, and be a gentleman. (Applause and laughter.) We will excuse you at any moment and you may go. Now, then, just let me proceed without being interrupted again. My friend says that that illustrates the tariff. It does, only he did not tell the whole truth; he does not lie, he would not do that; but he did not tell the whole truth; if he did, he would have stated that it was impossible for Mr. Bowerfind to control the market at Adrian because of the fact that competitors would set themselves up under those conditions and would compel him to compete with them, and the price would go down; that would be the result. Now, then, another point that my friend raised here, I want to call your attention to: he says the higher the tariff tax is, the less revenue you get. What have we been talking about for these many months? Have they not been telling you that our revenue was too big. Now, what will prevent the revenue from getting too big. He says the higher the tax, the less the revenue, and that is true. (Applause.) And, my friends, the converse of that proposition is true, the lower the tariff, the higher the revenue, and it is an actual fact that whenever the tariff in this country has been reduced upon any articles of necessity, that instead of less money going into the treasury, more went in, because more goods were imported; and my brother is exactly right when he says the higher the tax or tariff, the less the revenue; and so we see that under the Mills bill, you will find more revenue coming into the treasury of the United States, than you have to-day. So that, as far as any reduction of the revenue is concerned, the bill is an entire failure. My brother also stated that the whole question is here; the president says, there is too much surplus; he did say it in December; he said it was a standing menace to the country. He has had half-a-dozen standing menaces; he is a very good man, Mr. Cleveland is; I have nothing to say against him personally; but Mr. Cleveland does not know any more than any other man who has had just as good opportunities as he has. Because he is president it does not follow what he says is any more true or any less true; we have got to judge him by what he knows. Mr. Cleveland says there is too much surplus; that is true. How do they propose to reduce it? My friend here stated the debt was out of the way, that the bonds were paid; he is mistaken in both cases. It is true that this administration for the first eleven months never paid a single dollar of the public debt, and it is also true that from the time that Lee surrendered at Appomattox until Chester A. Arthur left the presidential chair, there never was a month when the republican party did not pay toward the public debt, and that is the difference (Applause.) Mr. President Cleveland says there is too much surplus; he did not use it to pay bonds. When he was asked by congress this winter why he did not, he said he did not think the law justified him in taking that money to pay bonds; congress said they thought it did; but the funny thing about it all is this, that the same law and appropriation which authorizes Mr. Cleveland, or rather the president of the United States, whoever he may be, to use the surplus in pay bonds, that same law made the salary of the president of the United States fifty thousand dollars. Mr. Cleveland said he did not think the law was sufficiently plain to authorize him to take money to pay bonds, but under the same law Mr. Cleveland drew his fifty thousand dollars and did not say a word about it. (Applause and laughter.) My brother tells you that this taxation is robbery; he takes especial care also to tell you that the democratic party is not for free trade. If you take one of these brick buildings down here in your town and knock out a brick here and another there, and half a dozen elsewhere, and take out a stone or two from the cellar wall, you may go and say, Oh, no, I have not hurt that building, I am not in favor of taking that building down; yet, if you keep on, down it will come. What makes free trade? I once heard of a boy who cut his dog's tail off an inch at a time; asked why he did it, he said he did not want to hurt the poor fellow so much as to take it all off at once. (Applause and laughter) That is what they have done in the bill that we have been fighting; they have taken every interest of the great state of Michigan and put it upon the free list; they have taken lumber, salt, copper, wool, and many vegetables raised in this state, not all of them but more than before and put them upon the free list. Is that free trade to that extent or not? What would you call it? It is cutting off the dog's tail an inch at a time, I will admit, but it hurts you to-day, and to-morrow it will hurt somebody else; because do you suppose the farmers of this district are going to allow free wool, to submit to free wool, and at the same time allow woolen goods to be taxed forty per cent.? They can not do that; and the next tumble will be upon woolens and then something else will go, and the result will be, the whole policy of this government will change from protection to revenue only, which is equivalent to free trade. That is what this next election is to settle, and when you look about you to see whether you have got a tag marked democrat or a tag marked republican, let me say to you, do not look at your tag at all, but decide what is best for you and your country in the coming contest.

Labor is the foundation of every industry; ninety per cent. of all the money that is paid is for labor right out and out, and anything that disturbs these great industries strikes labor the very first thing. The manufacturer of lumber means to take care himself; he will not run his mill at a loss and he will not run his mill in competition that brings him no premium; and if he is obliged to do so, what will be do? In the first place, he will say to the men who are working for him, I can pay you only so much, and compete with the others. Ah, but my friend says, take your stuff over to Europe, and buy your stuff there and bring it over here and you will get more for your wheat by so doing. Why, my friends, that is just what we are fighting about. We say, instead of taking your wheat to Europe and getting your manufactured goods there, that you will take the same wheat and the same amount of corn in this country and eat it up while they are making those manufactured goods for you here; that is what we say. (Applause.) That is just the question at issue here, whether the laboring men of Europe shall make the things there, or whether the laboring men of America shall make them here.

A voice—Make them here.

Mr. Allen—Certainly; the best market in the world. Instead of looking for other markets, my friends, the shrewd men of the world are trying to get into your markets. But, my friend says, we can fight it out on the question of free wool. Right he is; that is what we are going to fight about. How much do you think this district is interested in that wool question, my friends, for I am coming right down to that; in the brief time given me, I shall be unable to say anything upon general propositions. Do you think the farmer is interested in the Second congressional district upon the wool question? How many sheep do you think you have in this Second congressional district? How many sheep have you in this county of Lenawee? Who is there here who will tell me?

A voice—Eighty-six thousand.

Another voice—One hundred and twelve thousand.

Mr. Allen—My friend says there are one hundred and twelve thousand sheep in Lenawee county. Well, you are right, so far as you have gone, but you have not gone far enough; there are one hundred and forty-six thousand sheep in Lenawee county; there are thirty-eight thousand in Monroe county; there are one hundred and twenty-nine thousand in Hillsdale county, and there are one hundred and eighty-six thousand in Washtenaw county, making in the four counties of this congressional district over five hundred thousand sheep, that are in this district, exclusive of the lambs, exclusive of the spring lambs; over half a million sheep in these four counties of the Second congressional district, in the year 1884, and the wool was two million, seven hundred and sixty-two thousand pounds. Ah, the wool question is an important one for your congressman to consider, and if free wool is a good thing for you, you ought to vote for the man who will vote as you want, and don't you forget it; that is the issue between Brother Stearns and myself; that is the issue in this congressional district, and as he says, the only issue. Now, then, my friend here says that free wool benefits the farmer. Mr. Mills says so, and I will read you what he said in Boston the other night; I quote from the Free Press of September 7th, and the paper comments upon his speech: "On the free wool question, Mr. Mills said that the democratic party is not looking out for the sheep." Now, that is true; Mr. Mills is from Texas; if he was in Michigan, running for congress it might be different; he would not dare to say that "the democratic party is not looking out for the sheep; wool will grow on the back of a sheep in the night as in the day time; there is no labor in it at all." No labor in it at all? Now, there is labor in raising sheep. In the first place, you have got to invest your money; in the second place, you have got to care for your sheep for the first year before you realize; in the third place, you have got to shear your wool, and in the fourth place, you have got to market your wool; now, there is labor in raising wool? But my friend tells us that we want free wool; Mr. Mills says so, and he says so, so that you laboring men can get cheap clothing. If that is true, will you tell me why Mr. Mills did not put woolen goods on the free list? If it is true that the tariff is a tax, that the man who buys the clothes has to pay, tell me why he keeps woolen goods at forty per cent. and at the same time pretends that he wants to get cheap clothes for the consumer?

A voice—What is the matter with raw material?

Mr. Allen—Do you call wool raw material?

A voice—Of course, it is raw material.

Mr. Allen—Well, my friend, you are not a farmer and do not know anything about it or about the labor that it costs; I have already proved that it is not raw material. Why, the people of the state of Michigan have paid millions of dollars to improve their wool, and what has been the result? Why, they have raised the average weight of the fleeces in the Second congressional district, from three pounds to five and eight tenths pounds right here in this congressional district. Do you think that has not cost some money? To take the long, coarse wool, and by breeding and by care, bring out the fine fleeced sheep that you have got in this country now? I want to ask you another thing, my friend, over there, you talk about raw material, you talk about being a friend of the laboring man. Who in God's world is it who works upon the raw material? Why, it is the very cheapest priced labor in the United States. (Applause.) And the very moment that you strike at raw material, you strike at the laboring men and the poorest paid laboring men in this country; don't you? Why, who is it that takes out the iron ore? It is not the man who runs the engine; it is not the man who is trained to a trade; he is the skilled mechanic; but the man who takes out the iron ore is the man who picks away from day to day at the very hardest work, at work that requires less skill and consequently receives less pay; and hence, I say, that the men who bring out raw material, are the men who are at the very bottom of the ladder, so far as labor is concerned, and if you put raw material upon the free list, you strike at the labor of the very poorest men in this country. Is not that so? Talk about free wool? Why, my friend here says, that the farmer does not get anything, because he has to buy his clothes back again; clothes are made in this country, and the men who are making the clothes are eating up the products of his farm. Is there a man here that does not know that a factory established in a village or city enhances the value of the property of the farmer about the city. What makes farm property more valuable around the city of Detroit or Adrian than it is around some hamlet where there are no factories? Because there is a population that is eating up all the farmer can raise; that is the only reason. Let us see; the farmer is not protected, he says, and therefore he puts wool upon the free list. He did it for the purpose of reducing the revenue, but he leaves it on sugar, and Mr. President Cleveland says that the tariff is a tax, and it is added to the cost. The Mills bill leaves sugar at sixty-eight per cent., and if it is true that he is correct, then for every dollar's worth of sugar you buy, you pay sixty-eight cents of tariff. And to protect whom? Seventy thousand people who are engaged in that industry, in the state of Louisiana for the most part, while there are more people who are engaged in the sheep industry, and the product is three hundred million pounds per year in this country. Do you think that is an industry or interest that is worth looking after in this country, and especially in this Second congressional district? Will you tell me what justice there is in a tariff where it reduces seven per cent. by taking it off from the industries in the state of Michigan; you can reduce it down very easily by taking the tariff off of nearly everything and putting it on one thing; they have left rice at forty per cent. and sugar at sixty-eight per cent.; do not tell me that the interests of Michigan are served by any such legislation as that.

A voice—What is the matter of whiskey?

Mr. Allen—Well, sir, you ought to know. (Applause and laughter.) And if you were a gentleman, which you are not, you would keep still. I want to say to you, my friends, that the subject of the tariff upon wool, in the state of Michigan, you are entirely familiar with. If you believe that free wool is a good thing, then you want to vote the democratic ticket, because that party believes it so; if you believe that wool ought to be protected, there is just one thing for you to do, and that is, to vote for the party that believes in protecting wool, with other commodities. To be sure, you never can make a tariff that will be exactly equitable; it is impossible to do it, but it is not necessary, in order to reduce the surplus, to stab at every industry in such a state as Michigan.

Look at the salt industries; why, they had to put salt upon the free list. How much does salt cost? You can buy a barrel of salt to-day at Bay City, weighing two hundred and eighty pounds, for sixty cents, the barrel itself costing twenty cents. You get your salt then for forty cents a barrel of two hundred and eighty pounds in Bay City, and that is cheaper than you can hire a man to go upon the road and shovel up a barrel of dirt. And yet they must put salt upon the free list. Will it do you any good to do it? No. What effect will the reduction of the tariff on salt have upon the price? Not a single dollar. Why? Why, because it will simply allow imported salt to take what they paid before in tariff, and pay it to the railroad companies to carry it that much further in the country, in competition with American salt; that is all. You do not think they are going to give you the benefit of that reduction, do you? Not at all. Why? Because they have not got enough to control the market; and they can not get enough anyway to control the market. Why then should salt be left upon the free list, and sugar be left at sixty-eight cents on the dollar, when the infant just born and the dying octogenarian both must have sugar: when you eat a teacupful of sugar to a tablespoonful of salt; will you tell me, if they want to reduce the revenue and get things cheaper to the people, why they did not take this industry that is absolutely necessary to human life and happiness, instead of salt and put it on the free list? I will tell you, because Louisiana is a democratic state; (Applause) that is the reason. Michigan is a republican state, and the Mills bill and the authors of the Mills bill have no more thought or idea of carrying Michigan than they have of carrying Vermont; consequently when they shaped the bill, they shaped it for the men in congress who could come to them and say, I am a democrat, and if you strike my district I will give you—Goudy.

My friends, there are other questions here that my friend Stearns raised, which I ought to treat upon, but my time is running away so rapidly, and there are some things that I want to say independent of what he said. My friend here said that the democratic platform is for revenue, and the republican platform is for robbery. There is a difference of seven per cent. in the robbery; how much will that make to you? Why, if the tariff is robbery, then any tariff is robbery; if it is robbery to put a tariff upon wool and imported goods, it is robbery to put it upon woolens; and yet they left it upon woolens, and took it off of wool, that they might have the free raw material, that does not cost anything, as Mr. Mills says, because it grows itself, as Topsy did. (Applause and laughter.) I ask you now, in conclusion, you men who are over fifty years of age, for these younger men never lived under any other system than that of tariff, this young man who put his lip in (which seems to be a little shaky,) who has interrupted all the afternoon, is too young to know anything about the old democratic tariff; but you older men, now, I talk to; I do not care what your politics are, but I ask you whether you do or not, to-day, buy every necessary of life that you have to buy, cheaper than you did before 1861?

Voices—Yes, Yes.

Mr. Allen—Every one of you knows you do; now, I want to ask you men who are over fifty years of age, who used to work for a living by the day, week or month—some of you may do it yet, I want to ask you whether you do not get more for your day's work by far than you did, before 1861? Every man knows that he does. And I say to you that it is true that you can get goods cheaper to-day than ever before, and labor is better paid to-day than ever before. Why? Why, because of competition between the manufacturers of American goods in the American markets; is the reason; that is the reason and the only reason. But you are told, and my friend tells you, that the tariff is added to the cost. Is that true? You have got a great railroad here; it is laid with steel rails; the rails used to cost one hundred and sixty dollars a ton; there was no tariff upon them, but congress put a tariff of twenty-eight dollars a ton upon steel rails and the price has gone down until to-day, with a tariff of seventeen dollars, you can buy steel rails for thirty-two dollars a ton. Is there anything to show for that. Why, ten thousand miles of railroad were built last year in this country—three times across this mighty continent, from ocean to ocean; more railroads than you could lay between the Atlantic and Pacific three times over were built this last year in the United States, giving employment to thousands, and tens of thousands and hundreds of thousands of men who otherwise would be driven to dig the soil and compete with you farmers. (Applause.) Unless there had been a tariff upon steel rails England would have been making them to-day; but the tariff stimulated and protected American industries. "Protection," that is the word Washington used, and that is the word I use; the protection gave the American people a chance to build up their factories and go to work and make steel rails, with the result that I have shown you. The president says that the tariff is added to the cost. You can buy a keg of cut nails in the city of Philadelphia for two dollars per one hundred pounds; the tariff is one dollar and twenty-five cents. Now, if the president is correct and the tariff is added to the cost, if you take the tariff off this keg of nails, you ought to buy it for seventy-five cents. Can you do it? Was there a time you could ever do it? They are worth to-day, anywhere and everywhere in the world, one dollar and fifty cents, and you can not get them for any less. Is the tariff added to it? Take another illustration. You go right to your own homes here and look at the calicos that you buy every day; the tariff upon calicos is three and a half, four and six cents, according to the quality, and you can buy the very best quality for how much per yard? Eight or ten cents, can you not? You can buy a good article of calico for seven cents; the tariff upon that being six cents, do you think if they took off the tariff you could get your calico for a cent a yard? (Applause.) Tariff simply does two things: It keeps things that we can make in this country from coming into this country in competition with our own shops and our own laboring men; that is the first thing it does. And it stimulates competition and supplies this great market of ours, so that things are made at the very lowest margin of profit, and that is the second thing it does. It is for you, my friends, by your vote to say which of these two theories you believe in. There is no use of talking about millionaires, there is no use of arraigning them; the question is right before you and you are to settle it; you are doing no kindness to Mr. Stearns or myself to send us to congress, for there is no money in it, if a man is honest, and I know we are. (Laughter and applause.) So that you need not stop to consider us at all. The question for you to consider is which system is best for this great country; the system that Washington and Jefferson and Andrew Jackson were in favor of, or the system which was made the fundamental law of the confederate states of America in their constitution, when, by an article there, they absolutely forbade the levying of any tariff upon these goods at all. It is free trade against protection; you can not call it by any other name and be honest; and the people understand as well as you and I do, that to-day the question is between the two great economic principles—one a tariff for revenue, the other a tariff that shall protect the people of the United States in manufacturing and raising things that this great country is adapted for. The republican party is in favor of letting into this country, absolutely free, everything that we cannot raise or manufacture here; we have done it too; we are in favor of protecting so that the difference between the labor of Europe and this country shall go into it as a factor; we are in favor of protecting to that extent, things that are raised and things that are manufactured in the United States. If some of these men that I see before me to-day, could not have done better under a government where a tariff for protection has been the law since 1861, they would have stayed in their own country, because their skies are as fair, their suns are as bright, and their lands are as fertile as they are here; but they come to this new world of hope and promise, because of the fact that here labor is protected, labor is rewarded, and labor is honored. (Applause.) To be sure, dishonest men and dishonest companies will, in violation of law, import cheap labor from the old country; but because they do that, it does not follow that labor that is honest, that comes here to become part and parcel of this great government, should not come here and partake of our blessings.

My friends, I must leave you, for I see the train coming; and if possible I would like to take the train and get as far as Milan, which will save me at least nine miles; but I shall see you later in the campaign. My friend nor I can not do justice to this subject to-day, because of the want of time, and I want to say to you that while I am down at Washington tending to my business strictly, the best I know how, I can not get away to electioneer here, because if I did, very naturally you would say I was more anxious to be in congress

S ALLEN.

no Doubt as to Would be the Candidate.

of the Nominee Delivered the Convention,

to a Large Delegation of Outsiders.

mittee appointed by the re- congressional convention, to E. P. Allen of his renomina- ed with that gentleman, who he convention and the attend- n as follows:

IRMAN, AND GENTLEMEN OF THE CONVENTION—I come to give an my stewardship. You are the tives of the republican party of congressional district; to you legated the authority and the ecting a candidate for represent- ngress from this district. That ave discharged as you understood best. The result of your work, e crowned with the approval of , will largely, as I fully appreci- d upon my own conduct.. ars ago the standard of the repub- ty in this district was entrusted to s, and the verdict of the convention roved by the people. I went to ton; I have endeavored, so far as I , to represent this district—not as can, not as a democrat, but as one ng the oath of office, that he would constitution of the United States harge the duties of a representative ess with the best of his ability by of God. That is a broad oath to one who takes it, knowing the it, and appreciating its importance, ssarily rise with the responsibilities thrust upon him, and endeavor to t the people whom he has sworn to t in this unmistakable way. As to my or failure, it is not for me to speak; d know that I am not conscious by voice of doing anything detrimental nterests of this great congressional . (Applause.) If I have, then I ade mistakes of the head and not of rt. y understand the needs of this dis- n many respects, it is the most im- t in the state of Michigan, and in all ts, for intelligence, and for worth, it and the peer of any congressional dis- n the United States. (Applause.) It is nearer the district that Giddings repre- sented, that Garfield adorned, than any ongressional district in this country. The eople in that and this have always in emer- encies that called for patriotism and for onor, been found upon the side of the right nd the side of the flag. This district is largely agricultural, and yet there are many and diversified interests here. Our manu- facturing interests run into the millions. There is not in the state of Michigan, nor anywhere in the United States, the same ex- tent of territory outside of the cities that has more newspapers, more graded schools, more colleges, more granges, more farmers' associations, than the Second district of the state of Michigan; and it behooves anyone, who aspires to represent this district in congress, to be capable of reaching, or ris- ing above rather, all selfish interests, and to remember always, even if it is not natural for him, that he stands in the van of a dis- trict that requires at all times gentility, honesty, and a gentlemanly bearing; be- cause what the representative does, effects upon his district for weal or for woe. Hav- ing said that much, I accept, and I accept gladly this indorsement at your hands.

Had I proven so recreant to the trust you have reposed in me, that anyone should have said it is better that we send some one else there, I should have felt to-day that I had signally failed in doing what I believed to be right and what you approved of. But my votes in congress, while they have been upon party lines where the great funda- mental principles underlying the party were in contest, my votes in congress have been of that sort that wise men and broad-mind- ed men, and men who have author- ity, would approve of. I have stood not for a section; I have voted not for section- alism, but I have voted for the best interests of the American people as I understand those interests to be. (Applause.) I voted and strenuously worked to have the direct war tax that was levied upon the state of Michigan repaid to the state. During the throes of war the government had to depart from the usual mode of collecting a revenue by levying a direct tax upon the people, upon the states; the state of Michigan assumed half a million of dollars. That tax was levied upon all the states, but it is needless for me to tell you that South Carolina, Florida, Missis- sippi, and all the other seceded states were in a condition that forbade our enforcement of that lien. And they never did pay it; Virginia paid hers, and some of the other states paid theirs in part, but there were eighteen millions of dollars paid by the loyal north regardless or party. You men here who have farms can go back to your tax receipts for 1862, and you will find that they were increased by that amount; as long as the seceded states did not pay their share of the tax, we felt that it was no more than right that what had been paid by the north- ern states should be refunded; we had the money in the treasury; there was a surplus then—there is no surplus now, it has disap- peared, and men will open their eyes to that fact within the next sixty days, that that grand surplus of one hundred and thirty million dollars that the president speaks of in his letter of acceptance, is gone, faded away, so that there will be not to exceed fourteen million dollars on the first day of July next, according to the estimate of the secretary of the treasury.

Now, you would naturally suppose that I would vote to bring that money back into the state treasury of Michigan; it is ours. Two parties agree upon a certain thing, but the one party fails; the party who has put up the money is entitled to have it returned to him; that is an argument that is so plain, so honest, that no man can dispute it, and they do not dispute it. Every democratic member of the house from the north, and every democratic member of congress from the state of Michigan, voted with me at the first to return that tax. But what was done? Why, the democratic party is in power, simply and solely and only because the lately seceded states are solidly democratic; if it were not for that fact, the re- publican party would be in a majority of two to one in congress. But the seceded states that did not pay their tax called a democratic caucus, and a democratic caucus is like a democratic tiger, a terrible animal; and when that caucus was called, it was decided that that money should not be returned, and then every democrat from the state of Michigan, and almost every democrat from the northern states, voted to sustain the deadlock which for ten days kept the house of representatives as still as though frozen by an iceberg—and we did not get the money, and we never will get the money un- til congress becomes republican in the lower branch. (Applause.)

I cast another vote—I cast a good many that I will not tell you about—but I cast an- other vote that is of interest to this Second congressional district, regardless of politics or people. I voted upon the Mills bill. My name being near the head of the list, I did not wait to see how my democratic brethren were going to vote, I did not wait to see how the leaders of the democratic side were going to vote, but when my name was called, the first, second or third upon the list, I voted No, upon the Mills bill. (Applause.) The democratic caucus had decreed that every democrat should vote aye upon the Mills bill, and as a result, every democrat voted aye, except two or three, when they knew, when they admitted, that it was unfair, dishonest, illogical and sectional. Is there a democrat in the state of Michigan who believes it right [illegible] salt remain taxed 68.100 per cent. Now, that is the question before us. My friend Stearns, who is contesting with me for this high place, said yesterday that I refused to vote to reduce the tariff on sugar twelve per cent. He was right, but if he had gone on and said that when I refused to vote to reduce the tariff on sugar twelve per cent., that I did it when I voted against the entire Mills bill, he would have shown that frankness for which I would have been very grateful. We never voted separately upon the question of sugar. We all tried to get them to reduce sugar, not twelve per cent. but fifty per cent., and not a mother's son of them would vote for it. (Applause.) That was the amendment that we offered to the bill which was rejected by the democrat- ic house. And yet my brother tells the peo- ple that I refused to vote to reduce it twelve per cent. Certainly I did, because it was in the Mills bill; and if I had voted for that I had voted for every iniquity in that bill. Do you suppose I would do it? No. I am not anxious enough to be re-elected to congress, to do a thing that I believe unmanly; and when I get so anxious to be elected to con- gress that I would be willing to strike at one of the greatest, if not the greatest, interest in this agricultural district, then I hope you will see that I stay at home by an immense majority. I voted against the Mills bill, because it put wool on the free list. I rep- resent a district of farmers; they are known by the zealous advocates of free trade as "Greenhorns," and were so designated by the leading paper which is supporting the democratic party during the discussion of the tariff bill. But I made up my mind to one thing, if my people were greenhorns, I would not be as green as they were, and vote for the Mills bill, for I knew you would not do it, and put wool upon the free list, which affects this district. It is a wrong to this district, and no man should go to congress from this district who is in favor of it. Take your county of Lenawee. You have or did have, in 1884, 165,000 sheep; the average weight of fleeces shorn that year was 5½ pounds. The president tells us that the tariff is a tax added to the commodity. There is a tariff of ten cents on wool; the lowest, I will place it at that. The county of Lenawee sheared 1,200,000 pounds of wool that year, and if the ten cents is a tariff added to the cost, it was in the farmer's bin, it was in his wool, and to take it off would be to take off just $120,000 from this county of Lenawee. But the presi- dent, in his letter of acceptance, says that a county of 50,000 people, under the present wicked law pays $108,000 more taxes than they ought to, and by one stroke, he proposes to take from one class of the community, to-wit, the farmers, $120,000 more, than, he says, the whole county loses. Now, I am not in favor of that kind of arithmetic; I am not in favor of that kind of reduction. The revenue from wool amounts to $6,000,000 a year; they want to reduce the revenue; the revenue from sugar amounts to $12,000,000 a year. Why don't they take it off from sugar? If the object is to reduce the revenue, why not take it off of sugar, which brings $12,000,000 to the treasury, instead of taking it off wool which brings only $6,000,000? Well, I will tell you why, I will give you the reason, and if there are any democrats in this house, I want them to ponder it. The reason and the only reason is that sugar is raised in Louisiana, which is a democratic state, and the democratic administration listens to what the representatives from democratic states want. Michigan with her wool, the great northwest, with its wool, the men who keep flocks of sheep, they for the most part reside in states that are beyond all question republican, from which the democrat has no hopes whatever; and if anybody is to be struck in this world of striking, my friends, it is needless for me to tell you that we always strike our enemies and not our friends.

Now, the question to be voted upon at this election, is not a new one, my friends; your fathers had the same thing to contend with. It is coeval with the age of the government itself, aye, and long before that. It was the main thing that produced the war of the revolution, this very question of a tariff for revenue or protection—free trade or protection; this one question had more to do with bringing about the revo- lutionary war than all other causes combined. What was the result? As soon as the federal government was established, the second law that was put upon the statute book and signed by George Washington, was a law that established a protective tariff, and used the word protection as we use it, saying that it was necessary for the public credit to pay the public debt, and to protect the manufac- turers of this country that we should levy a duty, and they did it. That act of the first congress, sanctioned by Washington, was indorsed by all administrations that follow- ed it, regardless of party, until it became necessary, under the orders of Divine Prov- idence, for men to take sides on that great question of human slavery; and then the south became free trade. So strongly was it impregnated with the doctrine, that in the confederate constitution of the confederate states of America, a clause was inserted forbidding forever the levying of any duties for the protection of domestic commerce. Abraham Lincoln, in 1860, with that manli- ness and that courage and that greatness which constituted the man, declared in a few brief words, "I am in favor of internal im- provements and the protective tariff." The republican party to-day stands declaring the same thing, and the question to be voted on is whether we shall have a tariff which shall be for revenue only, or whether we shall have a tariff that shall also protect the industries and labor of the United States. Laboring men, under the protective tariff, have to come into competition with other laboring men in the United States.

The laooring man has to come into com- petition with the cheap pauper labor import- ed into this country, but it is imported into this country in violation of law. The law must be enforced by the executive; shall I declaim against Mr. Cleveland and say that all this pauper labor that has come into this country, and been crowded into our own and other great labor marts, causing strikes and lockouts there; I thall say no such thing, for I do not propose to bear false witness against any man or any party. It is simply fair and honest and true to say that this imported labor has come in under the present administration like a flood. It came in under the administration of Arthur almost in equal volume, but in both cases, in vio- lation of the law of the United States; and it was done by men who look upon men as they do upon horses—to see just how much they can get out of them. But it is not the fault of parties; it is because men who are rich and corporations that are rich will take their chances; and we are trying now, regardless of party, in Washington, to digest legislation that shall send the pauper home, and the importer of the pauper to the state's prison. (Applause.)

Now, there is another charge, my friends, that you will be called upon to meet, and that is that the republican party has never reduced the debt. The fact is this, for I shall not go into detail with you to-day—that for the twenty-two years last past, it happens that the house of represen- tatives for eleven years has been democratic and eleven years republican. The total reduction in taxation by removing it upon imported articles and the internal taxation during the eleven years of the republican administration was $286,000,000. Represented by what? Taking the duty entirely off of tea and coffee, and the bal- ance, for the most part, upon the internal rev- enue taxation of the country. I need not tell you gentlemen who have been in the habit, years gone by, of giving notes, that you had to put a stamp on notes, mortgages and deeds; this was internal revenue taxation, and these are specimens of taxation that the republican party swept away. The democratic party for the eleven years that it has been in power in the lower house has to show for its work a total re- duction of $6,000,000, and that is all; and yet they say, we have never reduced taxation and that we are paying war taxes to day.

At the beginning of this session, the president of the United States told us that there was great danger of a financial crash, that all the material interests in the country were likely to be over- whelmed because of the surplus in the treasury. We asked him why he did not use the surplus to pay the debts of the nation. There never had been a day, there never had been a month, from the time that Lee surrendered at Appomattox until Chester A. Arthur left the presidential chair, there was not a month that some of the bonded debt of the United States was not dis- charged and paid. For the first eleven months of Mr. Cleveland's administration not a dollar was paid. I say we asked him why he did not take the surplus and pay the debt that was drawing interest; and the president, whom I be- lieve to be a well meaning man, and whom I know personally and regard highly in many re- spects—a president who never had any more opportunity of knowing any more than we do, except he was more favorably situated—a presi- dent, who, because he never had much public experience, did not know as much as some men who had more—said that this was a crisis that confronted the safety of the people. He did not dare to take this money and pay the bonds, and wanted congress to pass a joint resolution say- ing that it thought that he had the power, under the present law, to pay the bonds with this sur- plus. But it is a singular thing: the president said that the law conferring upon him the power to pay bonds was in an appropriation, and he feared that it was placed in there incidentally, and that it did not confer that necessary power which he ought to have, and being conservative he declined to use it. But that same appropria- tion and that same law that authorized him to take the surplus and pay the bonds also named his salary at fifty thousand dollars a year. Upon [illegible] branch of the law he had grave doubt [illegible] doubt, honest ones; upon the oth[illegible] if he ever had any, they did not come to the surface. (Applause.)

My friends, this election will settle for the next quarter of a century at least, the financial conduct of this government. We are told that they are not free traders, but they are. They are free traders as far as Michigan is concerned at least. You may knock out one stone here, and another there from a building; and still persist you are not tearing the building down; but if you knock out stones enough, down the building will come. They have knocked out wool to- day, and there is nothing to hinder their knocking out woolens to-morrow, and by and by we shall have those halcyon days that free traders dream of, when everything that we want shall be brought to us ready made from across the ocean, and in ex- change for it, we will give our raw material; and the men who make our goods, if they want to continue making them must go where they are made, to-wit, Europe. We say no. We do not believe it; we do not believe that anything that can be produced in this country or made in this country; should come into competition with labor anywhere else in the world that is cheaper than ours, so we insist that there shall be a duty left upon everything that is brought into this country that we ourselves can raise or make, that shall represent the difference in the price paid for the labor that goes into goods, in this country and any other country upon the face of the globe. In so doing, we protect American labor. In protecting labor, we protect the very foundation of all things in this country, and it is for you and me to say whether we shall eat that which is raised here, wear that which is raised here and make the things people want, or whether we shall let somebody else do it outside our jurisdiction and beyond our flag. Your votes will settle it. It is beyond congress; the fight that has been going on there for nearly a year is simply a conflict of ideas; it is a conflict of sys- tem which the people at the coming election must decide for themselves. If you belief in a tariff for revenue only—if you believe it right to tax sugar sixty-eight cents on the dollar, for that is what is done, if the figures are correct, and to let your wool, which has been improved at a great cost of money and of time—if you are willing to admit that in competition with the other wool of the world, then you will say so, and every loyal man will abide the decision. As for me, I must return to my duties; I shall not be able to talk to the people of this congression- al district, I fear, because I know that if a man is so anxious to be a member of congress that he will leave his place there, and electioneer for himself here, that very fact would convince me at least, that he was not fit to be there. (Ap- plause.) But while I am here to-day, I want to say to you that I do not believe in the Mills bill—I do not believe in a system of tariff reduction founded upon such unequal factors. I do be- lieve that the tariff can be modified in many cases and reduced so as to do no harm to any of the industries of this country, and there is where I stand. If you believe as I do, then your votes will say so. If you do not, then I shall say that, under the terms of the constitution, you having exercised the right given you, if you defeat me at the polls, I shall know that I am mistaken, and that the people, whose right it is, rule. (Applause.)

TEXAS JOURNALISM.

The Breezy Salutatory of a Southwestern Editor.

A Texas journalist, who had been summer-fallowing himself on a stock ranch for a couple of years, suddenly assumed control of a country weekly, and in the first issue after he struck the quarter deck, he published a small and unpretentious card, in which he said:

"The former editor of this sheet is practically and politically dead, but The Sausage still survives. It is just as well, though, and a mighty sight better, as I am a hoss at editin', and sling one of the most caustic and fluentest quills west of the Red River. I have a record behind me which doesn't need a new coat of whitewash every spring, like that other editor which recently peyunked and drawed out of the game.

"At gitten up obituaries I'm a tossel top, and if there's any hitch in the program I can generally furnish a fresh corpse on short notice, and at the usual slight ad- vance on cost of insertion. I merely throw this out as a feeler to the opposi- shun, which, I hear, is a massing its forces agin me and my paper, and, by the freckle- faced, bow-legged, cock-eyed gods of war, there'll be a power of high-priced opera music floating in the air, if any of them try to clime me.

"If there is enny corte house ring in this sweet-scented locality, I'll get on to it, sure as you're a foot high. If there is to be any munkying with the free-born, untrammeled country delegates to the next county convention, I'll be there with my face washed and hair combed back of my ears.

"I've licked many a good man, and I've been licked once or twice in my variegated career, but I've always noticed that them fellers who whipped me were not the same men afterwards, and drooped along for a while like a sun-struck tomato vine, and finally dropped into the grave with a dull thud, having kinder outlived their useful- ness.

"I want it distinctly remembered that I'm in from the back counties, and ain't up to the corte etiket of the strawberry blonde or the pulpy dude. If I make any miscues it will be more an error of the head than the heart, but for all that I propose to run a jam up, sizzing hot, nifty little paper, and move along with the best kind of har- mony, but if harmony bucks and tries to do any sort of dirt on me, harmony will have to git off the track and let me glide right inter the confidence of the public.

"If this journal says anything out of the way and grieves any mottle-faced ten- derfoot, remember I'm the man he wants to see about it. There ain't no back stairs or back windows to this sanctum sanc- torium. I'm always in. I'm ever on the tripod, and now with these few brief re- marks I cordially invite everybody's co- operation and subscriptions. The tone of the paper will be pure in sentiment, chaste in expression, and typographically bang up and delirious."

SAW A SPOTTED SERPENT.

A Jerseyman Knocked Down by a Swipe of a Big Snake's Tale.

The people of Elmer, N. J., and vicini- ty are much excited over an unpleasant visitor in the shape of a monster snake. A few days ago John Van Meter, a farmer, was cutting down the scrubs and suckers along the fence between his farm and that of Horace B. Shoemaker. While at work he was struck with the tale of a large spot- ted snake and knocked down. When he regained his footing he made tracks for home. While fleeing he hastily observed the monster, and pronounced it as being fully twenty-five feet long and as thick as a stovepipe. When he had recovered from his fright he organized a gang of a dozen of the local residents and went in search of the huge reptile, but the monster could not be found. Frederick Vineyard, who occupied the same farm about twenty years ago, stated he saw the same reptile when he was a tenant. It was just as long as it is now and was exceedingly bold. Daniel Hitchner, who was a farm hand at the same time, for years related startling stories of the "yaller cover" order about the "boay-constricter that hankered around the lower sawmill and swallowed negro babies." This is supposed to be the tra- ditional snake, and, in consequence, the whole locality is somewhat uneasy when wandering abroad. The serpent is said to make its home in a swamp jest below El- mer, and parties are now out every day hunting for him.

A Lost Car.

About two months ago an east-bound freight train over the Union Pacific broke in two near Laramie City, Col., while go- ing down hill in the night time. The front half, going around a curve, whipped off the rear car, which went rolling down a steep embankment. The car was filled with choice silks, and yet its departure from the front end was so clean and un- attended by any unusual shock that the train men did not notice it. They coupled up again and went on to Cheyenne, where the loss was discovered. Since that time search has been made for the car along the whole line, but to no avail. Last week a cowboy found a car lying behind a big pile of rocks and covered with bushes down a deep draw. He chanced to be go- ing to the nearest station, and casually asked the agent why the company didn't clear up that wreck. The agent accom- panied him back and discovered that it was the missing car. Aside from being broken in at the sides slightly the car was not damaged, and its valuable contents were found intact.

BLACK-LISTED IN GERMANY.

The Punishment Visited on a Man Who Voted the Liberal Ticket.

Not very long ago an officer who had retired with distinction from the German service settled in Cassel. He had married an attractive and wealthy lady, had sev- eral grown-up daughters, took pains to make his house agreeable to his brother officers stationed in the neighborhood, and soon acquired the reputation of being one of the most agreeable of hosts. On one occasion his wife gave a large ball. The day before a deputation of officers from the garrison waited upon him with the request that they might see him alone. As he entered the large drawing-room he detected immediately by the formal atti- tude of his visitors that they had come under orders. He was not kept long in suspense. The officers of the neighboring garrisons had been "ordered" by their su- periors, never mind who, to cease visiting his house or to have any social intercourse with him.

"Give me a reason!" asked the amazed man.

The reason he received was that it had reached the ears of the government that he had at the last election voted for a —— Liberal!

This is not an idle tale, nor is it an in- dividual instance only. It illustrates Ger- many to-day as no laws, constitution, or official report can. It shows us that the government can not only suppress public meetings held by Liberals; but that it can imprison editors who criticise officials. It can do far more than this. It can order its aristocracy, its officers, its official classes to choose their friends and asso- ciates according to the favor or disfavor of the crown in its prime minister.

If the plague had suddenly struck the home of this German retired officer the effect could hardly have been more disas- trous. He, his wife, and daughters at once dropped to social insignificance. No officer thereafter darkened their door, no entertainments could be given—there was no one to entertain. Had they been or- dered into exile by the Emperor we shou'd have said he was a tyrant. They were, however, subjected to a persecution which, in the eyes of Germans at least, had more terror to them than banishment. And yet the Germans say they have a constitution, and even pity the poor Russians who have none.

MADE FROM WORN-OUT SAWS.

The Finest Surgical Instruments Fashioned from Broken and Castaway Saws.

A wagon, heavily laden with a nonde- script assortment of old saws in every stage of decreptitude, was slowly wending its way along a New York avenue the other day. The curious collection caught the eyes of a reporter, who, hailing the driver, inquired whither he was bound with his unique load.

"Jump aboard and I will show you."

The reporter clambered to the lofty seat and there obtained a closer view of what appeared to be the most valueless lot of rubbish imaginable. There were hun- dreds of saws in the load of every kind and description, from the long and broad two-handled instrument of the lumber camp to the delicate scroll saw of the cabinet-maker, and there was not a whole one in the wagon.

Proceeding slowly to a neighboring street, the driver turned into the yard of a large factory, where the broken and rusty relics were dumped upon the ground to be sorted into separate piles according to their worth.

"You will be surprised," said one of the proprietors of the establishment, "when you learn the use to which these old saws are put after they leave our hands."

Then leading the way into the exhibi- tion-room of the place, the reporter's at- tention was called to a showcase contain- ing a collection of engineering and surgi- cal instruments of delicate make and exquisite finish, including rules, sextants, quadrants, compasses, and lancets, and knives of the finest manufacture and all highly polished.

"Every one of these scientific instru- ments," continued the proprietor, "are made from the same stock which you saw dumped upon the ground a few moments ago. We make a regular business of buy- ing used-up saws from carpenters, cabinet- makers and others all over the country, which we transform into these delicate tools, and they are the best materials for our purposes. It is not generally known that saws are made of the finest and best- tempered steel, but it is a fact, and there- fore, as we get them at prices usually paid for junk, you see it is much cheaper than manufacturing our own product."

AN INDIAN FEAST.

The Ceremonies and the Cur Which They Consecrate.

"In company with a friend I visited an encampment of Indians at the Pipestone quarries, Minnesota, and witnessed one of the national feasts of the Sioux," says a writer to the Detroit Free Press.

"The Indians belong to the Yankton tribe, and numbered about sixteen lodges, or eighty people, including in their num- ber bucks, squaws, papooses, boys, girls, old and feeble warriors, not counting the large number of dogs. To many the In- dian cur would appear a worthless piece of property, but at the feast in question the most gaunt and hungry-looking dog of all played an important part. A trench about three feet in length and one foot in depth had been dug and into this the lean old dog was placed and covered over with sticks, on which dirt was piled, leaving the head only to protrude. Two days was he confined in this artificial oven. At the expiration of the two days the master of ceremonies or the medicine man, pro- nounced all mystical rites properly ob- served and that it was time to carry out the completing act. This was done by re- moving the dirt and piling on more sticks, covering the animal completely. Fire is now applied to this heap of brushwood and the once respectable cur made a roast dog.

"Upon our arrival the roasting had just been finished and the whole camp was crowding around the smoldering embers to get a portion of the much-prized "medi- cine dog," which, when eaten, is sup- posed to prolong life and to instill into the ordinary savage the qualifications for a warrior. While we were not altogether welcome guests, courtesy seemed to for- bid the savage from ignoring us, which many would have preferred to the dainty piece of roast dog, offered first to me and then to my friend.

"The medicine dog feast seems to be of both a medical and religious character, an ancient custom to which the Indian clings with tenacity."

A CONDUCTOR CONFOUNDED.

How the Man with Two Worthless Tickets Managed to Ride.

In a town in the Mohawk valley lives a man who may be called, for the time be- ing, John Smith. Smith stands about six feet two in his thinnest stockings. In the good old days, when a ticket from Chicago to New York—or anywhere else—was "good only for continuous trip on day and date," Smith and his wife left the wicked Western city one day for the metropolis.

At Lockport they stopped over night, and the next day started on again with two young ladies, acquaintances, who purchased tickets for Palatine bridge. When the conductor came along to punch the tickets he pronounced the Chicago tickets worthless—stamped and partly used the day before. Smith must pay his fare, he said. John expostulated, but in vain; he must pay two fares or leave the train. The conductor agreed to take up the rest of the train load and come back, while Smith thought it over.

When he returned Smith still looked dubious. He held up the four tickets—two to New York, two to Palatine—in his hand and said slowly: "Now, you say these two to Palatine are good?"

"Yes."

"And these two, from Chicago to New York, are not good?"

"Not worth the paper they're printed on; no, sir."

Then the conductor began to grow im- patient and continued, sharply: "Well, sir you must hurry up. Pay your fares or I'll put you off."

Smith held up the tickets again and said, with exasperating deliberation: "Well, here are four tickets and four people. Who are you going to put off?"

The conductor looked at Smith a mo- ment, bit his lip, punched the four tickets, and left the car.

RETURNED TO STATE PRISON.

The Penalty of Breaking a Temperance Pledge Made to the Governor.

One of the strangest cases of a drunkard returning to his cups, recently came to notice in Minnesota, under circumstances that leave no doubt that the unfortunate man loved liquor more than he did his liberty. Charles Dahlheim has been re- turned to the State prison at Stillwater on account of a violation of a temperance pledge he made to the Governor of the State. The circumstances of the case are these: Dahlheim had been convicted of immoral practices, his own daughter being the victim of his lusts, and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. Last February, on the petition of his wife and neighbors, who showed that the crime was committed while Dahlheim was drunk, he was pardoned conditionally by the Governor. The condition was that the man should forever abstain from the use of intoxi- cating liquor, otherwise he would be sum- marily returned without ordinary process of law and made to serve out his term. A few days ago complaint was made to Gov. McGill that Dahlheim had sold his farm and removed to Minneapolis; that he was spending the proceeds of the sale in de- bauchery, and also abusing his family and neglecting to properly provide for his wife and children. Thereupon the Gov- ernor notified the warden, and a deputy went to Minneapolis after his ticket-of- leave man. Curiously enough, after a very long search, the deputy found Dahl- heim in a saloon, and in the very act which vitiated his parole. When he had finished his drink he was taken into cus- tody and brought to Stillwater, where he will serve an unexpired term of three years. Dahlheim was astonished, but said: "I know I have no one to blame but myself."

OBJECTED TO THE JUSTICE.

Why a Chicago Girl Delayed the Wedding Ceremony.

On the 10th of August the marriage li- cense clerk of Chicago issued a license to Charles A. Hurd and Lena Burr, and the same day the young couple visited one of the justices of the peace of that city to have performed the ceremony which should unite them for life. The person they sought was Justice Eberhardt, but they had scarcely stepped inside the door till the bride turned and fled like a fright- ened fawn, and her lover could not per- suade her to return or to explain her ca- price. Early the next morning they went to exchange vows before Justice C. J. White. Again the fair Lena ran away. During the three succeedings days the couple visited Justices Doyle, La Buy and Scully, but in each instance the result was the same. Monday they called on Justice Blume, who tied the knot, and did it in a hurry, at the groom's special request. The latter has since obtained from his wife an explanation of her capricious conduct, and told it to Justice Bloom. She did not want to be married by Justice Eberhardt because he wore spectacles. Justice White was too small. Justice Doyle was bald headed. Justice Scully more so, and Justice La Buy looked too cross. Justice Blume, however, came up to the bride's ideal of a judge, and she stood her ground.

THREE BLIND MEN.

Wonderful Feats Accomplished By a Trio Bereft of Sight.

The things that three blind men who live in different parts of the country can do are astonishing. John S. Wemges, of Brecknock township, Massachusetts, is a merchant and machine agent. He sells binders, reapers, grass mowers, and other farm implements, ships them away and puts them in running order. Simon Coll- ins, of Marietta, has just finished a pretty canoe, eighteen feet long, greatest width thirty inches, and weighing fifty-six pounds. When the canoe was ready to use he inspected it carefully with his fing- ers and said he was perfectly satisfied with his work. He walks the streets of his town without any assistance except a cane, and attends to the meeting of the local lyceum and takes part in debate. When he feels like taking a trip to New York or Boston he takes it, and goes alone, too, Aaron H. Engle is totally blind, like the other two. A snowball de- stroyed his eyesight when a boy. He is well known for miles around Mount Joy. He walks miles into the country alone. He is an agent for organs, and is a skill- ful performer on and can repair such in- struments. He is very fond of flowers, cultivates many, and takes pleasure in showing them to his friends.

How a Minister Came Nearly Puffing a Patent Medicine.

Speaking of curious advertising, they tell that a certain fashionable New York pastor was taken in, but not quite done for, by a manufacturer of patent medi- cine. It seems that he does not very care- fully examine the requests for announce- ments sent to him until he stands up to read them in the pulpit. They usually consist of notices of prayer meetings, so- cial gatherings, and other matters relating to the congregation, but along with them are communications from other churches, and these commonly consist of printed circulars. After reading out a number a few Sundays ago, the minister started with a neatly printed page that began with a scriptural quotation about longvity, and proceeded with an argument in favor of the possibility and duty of attaining old age. He is a good elocutionist, and he de- livered a paragraph in good style. Then he furtively glanced down towards the bottom of the page and found that the reading matter led into an advertisement. He made the discovery in time to save himself, although he had to stop awk- wardly, and his hearers were at a loss to know why he did not finish.

An Immense Sum of Money That No One Knows What Became Of.

According to a recent writer, what Na- poleon Bonaparte did with the enormous fortune he left somewhere when sent to St. Helena has since remained a mystery. In 1812 he told Marshal Berthier, and also Bourrienne, his private secretary, that he had nearly 100,000,000 francs, or $20,000,- 000 in our money, in his personal fortune. That he did not expend it is certain, for there was no occasion to do so. Then, as Emperor, the national exchequer received and honored his drafts. In 1805 Napo- leon, after having enriched all his family, had $15,000,000 of his own. The money received from the United States for the Louisiana purchase he used in re-equip- ping the grand army that fought and won at Austerlitz and Wagram. At least $5,- 000,000 of that money was never account- ed for by the Emperor. Where did he hide this enormous sum? He was by far the richest man in Europe in 1814, and not a trace of the money was left behind him. The French government thinks it has a clew. The result will be watched for with the greatest interest.

REFORMING DRUNKARDS.

How a New York Business Man Secures Efficient Clerks.

Business men of enterprise frequently have novel ideas, says a letter from New York, but probably the most curious mode of conducting trade that has come to light even in this city of odd freaks, is that adopted by a wholesale dealer in no- tions and dry goods on Broadway near Howard street. His name is known to dealers in that line of goods throughout the country, and his store is probably one of the largest of this kind, but, as his secret was confided to me under promise not to reveal his identity, I feel bound to withhold it, at the same time vouching for the correctness of the story.

My friend became acquainted with this merchant's peculiar idea through a busi- ness intercourse. A week ago he entered the store, intending to purchase some dry goods that had been advertised very cheap. As he stepped over the threshold he was accosted by a clerk who at once attracted his attention. He was a man past middle age, with a shabby genteel air that was very striking. His face was rather bloated, his eyes blinked and were red, his hands trembled, and his breath was redolent of strong drink. My friend was amazed, and looked around to see if some salesman of more prepossessing appearance would not present himself. To his intense suaprise, of the half dozen clerks in sight all had the same air of dilapitated gentility. Be- fore he could collect his senses the man beside him had begun to inquire as to the particuliar style of goods he desired to see. His voice, although harsh and discordant, had some pleasing and attractive qualities, and it was evident that his understanding of the business was thorough.

A few days later he met a person who was thoroughly acquainted with the pro- prietor of the dry goods store, from whom he learned the secret of the salesman's ap- pearance. It seems that the merchant conceived the idea of employing as sales- men as many broken-down merchants in his line of business as he could find. He discovered that most of the ex-employers who had failed, and whom he could ex- pect to secure at such salaries as he was willing to pay, were men whose downfall was mainly due to intemperance.

He discharged all the sober clerks and employed a new batch of broken-down merchants. Then he gathered them all together and told them the conditions under which they would have to work. He first reminded them of their failing and told them that they would have to curb it.

"Now, gentlemen," he is alleged to have said, "it is not to be presumed that, inasmuch as you could not keep sober when your own business interests were in volved, you will be able under ordinary circumstances to stop drinking because I want you to do so. Even if you don't get drunk during business hours your bats at night will probably incapacitate you for work the next day. The only way to pre- vent that is to keep you from temptation even when you are not actually at work. That will be for your interest as well as for mine. What I am going to do is this: I am going to fix up rooms for you on the top floor where you can stay at night and sleep. I will have your meals sent from a restaurant near by and you will be fed at my expense. You must not leave this establishment except with my permission, but I will see that you get plenty of fresh air and out-door exercise. I will pay you well and will expect you to do your utmost to sell my goods just as though you were yourselves the proprietors. At any time you want to quit, of course you only need say so. In order to satisfy your cravings for drink, you will receive regular rations of whisky every day. By gradual dimishing the quantity, the grip it has upon you will be loosened. You can save money and with perseverance you will be able to give up your bad habits and once more become respectable members of society.

Nearly all acceded to the conditions. Some have dropped out since by breaking the rules, for the proprietor is very strict, but most of them have observed them faithfully. A few have been able to over- come their passion and have started in bus- iness for themselves again. As they drop out their places are filled by new men, as far as the proprietor is concerned, he is said to have found it a profitable plan.

A Cyclone's Work.

Ex-Gov. Gilman of Minnesota thus re- lates an incident of a cyclone that passed over St. Cloud, Minn., a year ago: "Some things occurred during that cyclone that swept across my farm a year ago last spring that have never been told. I was in St. Paul at the time and went up to St. Cloud expecting to find my house blown into the river. In this I was happily dis- appointed, but there were evidences that the cyclone had swept through my back yard, and the next morning when I went out to look around I heard a bleat coming out of the air, and, looking up, I saw a likely-looking Jersey calf hanging in the branches of a large pear tree. I sum- moned my hired man, and together we managed to get the calf down and found that he was all right, with the excep- tion of his forehead. This part of the calf's head was bleeding, and upon examination we found that a por- tion of a glass dish that looked like the bottom of butter-dish had been blown into the forehead and was fixed there so tightly it was impossible to remove it. The ani- mal didn't seem to suffer from the wound, and, washing the blood out of its eyes, we gave it some cut hay and oats, which it ate ravenously. Up to the present time the calf has continued to grow strong and fat, and it has become a curiosity in the neigh- borhood, for through the bottom of the glass dish the workings of the calf's brain can be plainly be seen. The wound around the edges of the glass has healed, and the animal walks around like a bull's-eye lan- tern. One curious fact in the case is that I have never been able to discover where the calf came from, but it was probably picked up by the wind in its rush and brought down, and hung up in the tree. Yes, cy- clones are very funny things, but I don't want any of them to monkey around my premises, if you please."

The Worst of the Argument.

Said one of the girls about to graduate: "I've been writing my essay every Satur- day since the term began, and now I have sixty-seven pages and the subject is only half exhausted." "What's the subject?" "The intellectual superiority of women over men." Good gracious! does it take 134 pages of manuscript to prove that?" "Why, yes." "Then you must be on the wrong side of the question."

Street Scene in China.

A sickening odor pervades all the cities in China. Dogs and pigs lie in the door- ways, while heaps of filth and rubbish are everywhere in sight. Looking into a door, two or three men will be seen sucking the opium pipe, while in the next will proba- bly be seen an old woman with her work, surrounded by dogs, pigs, and fowls. The wonc or parrier dogs (almost an exact counterpart of the coyote on the American plains) rush out by the dozen and follow the stranger, snapping at his heels and making a perfect pandemonium with their howls. The natives stop and gaze with open mouths at the foreigner and laugh at the antics of the vigilant, mangy curs, but never attempt to drive away the vicious brutes. Joss houses are numerous, with their horrible-looking dragons and paint- ings of gods and devils about the doors. At the door of one in Swatow are two monster dragons, made of concrete and painted to express the most terrible aspect, that stand at least ten feet in height, with a length of not less than twenty feet. The three images worshiped, however (old Joss, his wife, and son), are always made very beautiful and are typical Chinese in feat- ure.

SHE LOVED A SAVAGE.

But Love Could Not Overcome the Savage Instinct.

In Australia several attempts have been made to educate the blacks out of their nomadic habits and into civil life, but in almost every case the philanthropic effort has failed to eradicate the instincts of bar- barism. Mr. Balfou, in "Under the South- ern Cross," tells the romantic story of one of these failures. A young native, a lad of ten years, was taken from his wild life and brought to Brisbane to be educated and to grow up in the home of a white family. Those engaged in the experiment secured the consent of the boy, of his pa- rents, and of the tribe. They did their best to make him comfortable and happy. During nine years everything promised success. At school he proved an apt schol- ar, and became a favorite with pupils and teachers. He was dressed like his associ- ates, and seemed so satisfied with a civil- ized life that many good men and women looked forward to the day when he would exert a strong and beneficial influence upon his own people. One day, shortly after he had passed his nineteenth birthday, he was missing from Brisbane. No one knew what had become of him save one young lady, and she kept her knowledge to her- self. After months of search he was found at his former home, living the nomadic life of a naked savage. No in- ducement could prevail upon him to re- turn and live among his friends. At last there came out the romance which re- veal d the secret of the young black's nine years sojourn among the whites of Bris- bane. He had fallen in love with the lovely daughter of the white family with which he made his home. She recipro- cated his attachment, for he was a fine